Redbook

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by Frank R. Adams

Also: Peter B. Kyne _ Achmed Abdullah _ Coningsby Dawson
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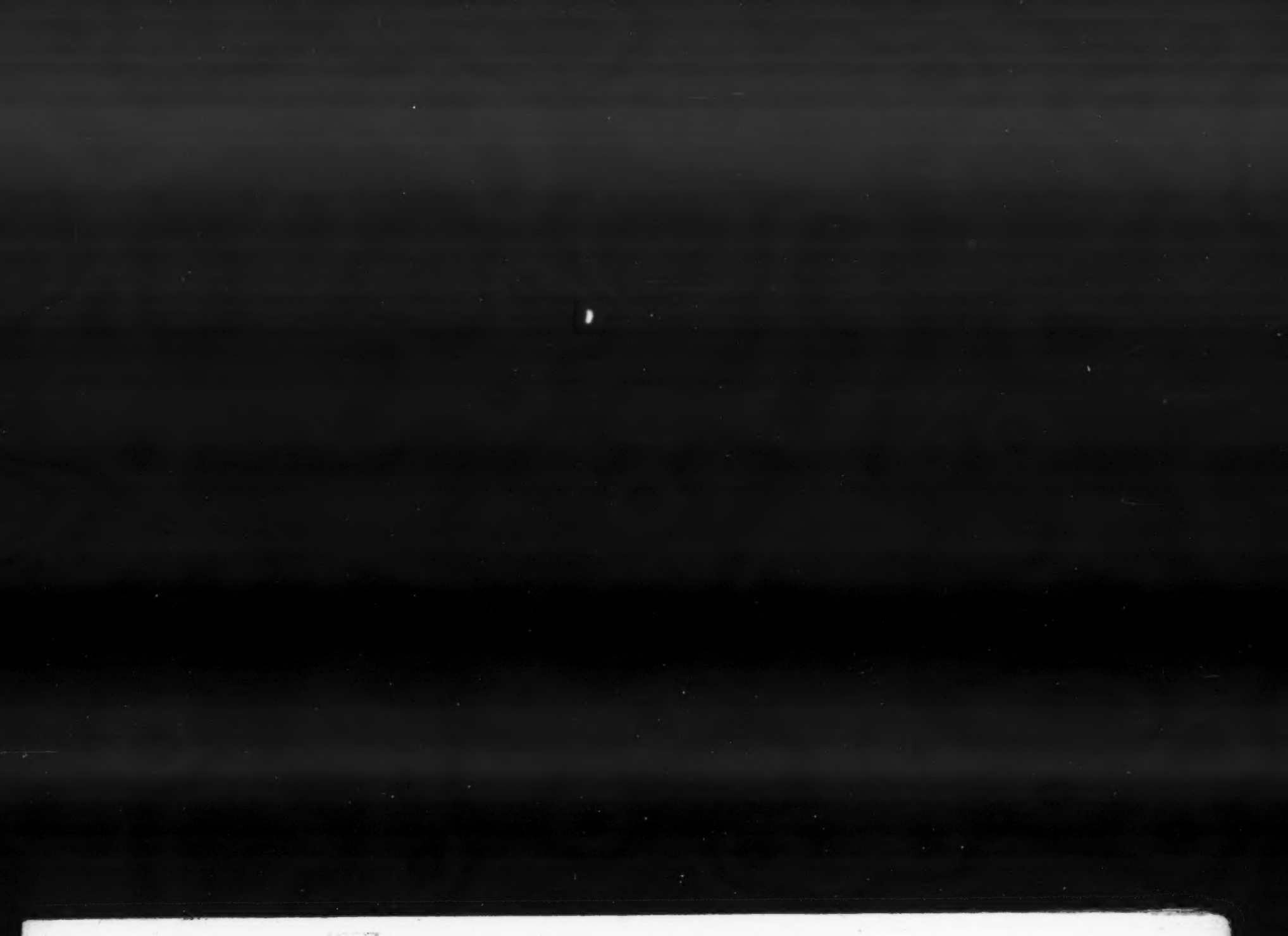
Ford



"Pink tooth brush" at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

"Pink tooth brush" is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea may follow.

But to prevent "pink tooth brush" with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste, is a simple and a wise precaution.

, , ,

A tinge of "pink", however slight, upon your tooth brush, is a sign the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

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So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana's ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon they regain their normal hardness and firmness!

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, , ,

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Street .....

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Redbook
Magazine

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor* DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

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SOPHIE KERR

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The Romance of Private Schools

By HENRY SUZZALLO, Ph. D.
Director, National Advisory Committee on Education

OUR private schools are just as much American schools as our public schools. They offer a public service on a private foundation, and offer it in wider variety than tax-supported institutions.

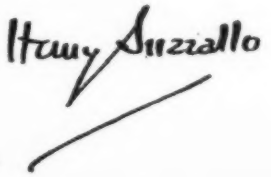
Private and public schools are supplements in the American educational system. Together they offer a complete plan. One type of educational management without the other would leave us impoverished.

Public schools are so managed that they are responsive to majorities. This is their strength and weakness. Private schools are responsive to minorities, and minorities are precious in a democratic plan of life. Minorities remember well established values when the mass has forgotten them; they work out new intuitions and adjustments in the handling of human nature when the mass of people is merely beginning to grope for them.

Institutions have characteristics as people do. Among our schools, those on private foundations have the quality of venturesomeness and of variety. This is what gives private schools a romantic role. They have a large capacity for beckoning to youth that is different. Somewhere in the range of schools on private foundations, there will be one that will appeal when other schools do not. This is what such schools are for. So America first appreciates, and then boldly encourages them in their freedom.

The common characteristics of the public schools are numerous. Those of the private schools are few. They are alike in the fact that they tend to be different. But just this freedom to be different from public schools and from other private schools is what offers the American parent a wide choice in meeting the personal needs of his boys and girls or his own personal ideal of what good schooling should be.

But there is a social service greater than this to the individual. The schools on private foundation contribute something vastly important to the whole institution of American education. Their range of variation offers a chance for the emergence of new and useful successes in educational procedure. Once demonstrated, these enrich teaching practice everywhere.



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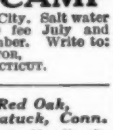

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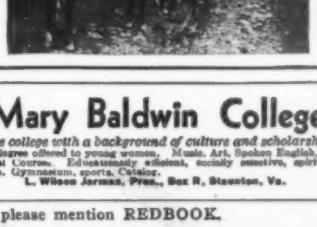

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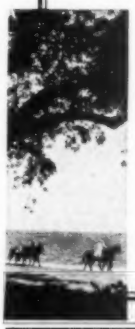

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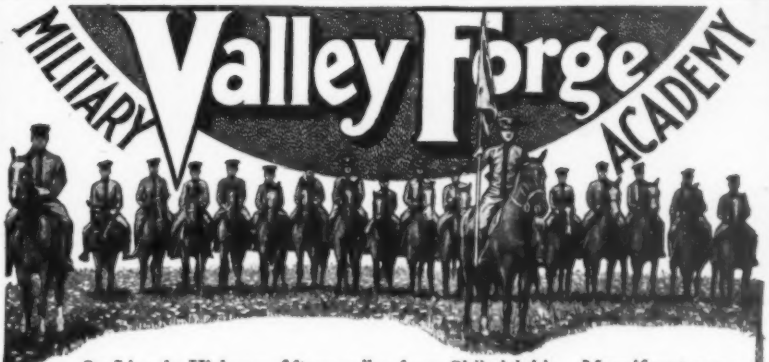

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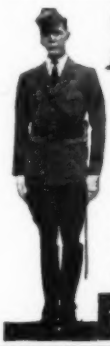

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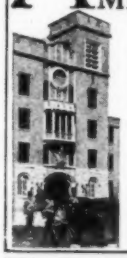

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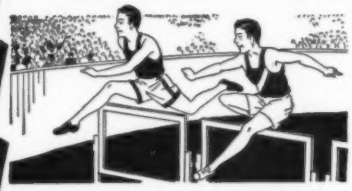

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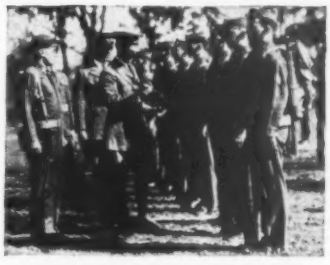

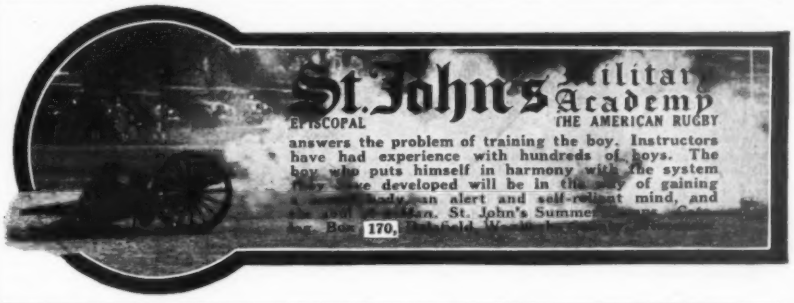
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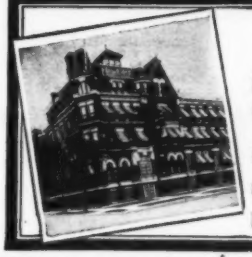

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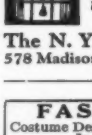

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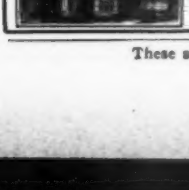

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In this comprehensive list, there are almost sure to be one or more schools or camps which will meet your needs. The principals are always glad to send catalogues and write you about the different phases of their work. Now is the time to begin the selection of a school for next autumn. The schools have only a few places open for new pupils each year and you should make an early decision. The selection of a camp is a matter needing immediate attention. Camps open July first.

If you do not find a school or camp which seems suitable or wish the assistance of one who has made a study of private schools and camps to give you impartial advice, we will be pleased to have you consult with us.

The Director of Redbook Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college women. During the past decade we have been privileged to develop the most complete educational information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once, but many times, boarding schools and camps of all kinds for boys and for girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Middle West, Far West and the South. Also, we are constantly in touch with the latest developments in education.

An interview at our office may be arranged at any time by writing two days in advance. If you prefer, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school or camp you wish. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service.

The right environment during school days has often proved the deciding factor in a young life. It is obviously impossible for parents individually to study any large number of schools and camps. We have a close personal knowledge of many schools and camps, their equipment, educational ideals and the personal qualifications of those who conduct them. We are glad to put this at the disposal of our readers.

Please remember this is not a paid service, but one of a great magazine's many ways of serving the American family. Address your letter personally to:

M. MERCER KENDIG, *Director, Department of Education*

REDBOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue, New York

I am interested in receiving information and catalogues about boarding schools —or camps. **(Please check and fill out.)**

For a Boy, aged.....years. For a Girl, aged.....years.

Grade in school.....Now attending.....
(GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL)

Health.....Your religious affiliations.....

Location of school—of camp—desired (name states).....

.....

Fee (Approximate fee for board and tuition for school year or camp season) $.....
(School fees range from $500 to $2,500 per year according to location and advantages. Camp fees from $200 to $400)

Remarks (Type of school or camp desired and special features).....

.....

.....

Please send catalogues and information to:

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address.....

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

NANCY CARROLL and her billion candle power personality! From Paramount.

K-34

ACCORDING to Biart, the historian, the Aztecs rarely lost their teeth. And, their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that you are only as young as your lips? Was it this that caused the Spanish conquerors to remark about the prettiness of the Aztec women? But how to keep lips young? It is now known that these wily enchantresses chewed gum. Doubtless this was their great and inexpensive Beauty Secret—since chewing is so very important for the attractive shaping of the mouth. Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum as the Aztecs', only more perfect. Chew it at least ten minutes a day and watch the new charm added to your lips. Try Double Mint, the delicious new peppermint flavor.

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces... but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

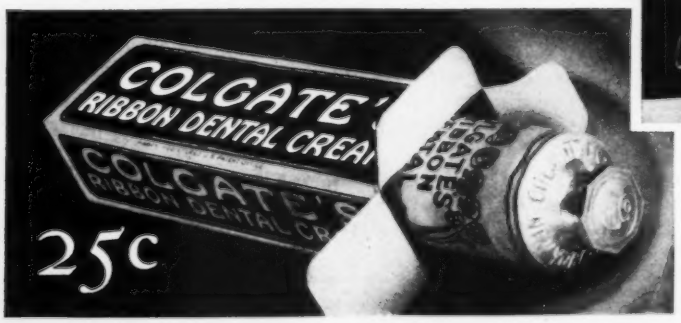
This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

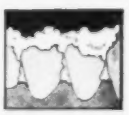
If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World



How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-613, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SACRED *and* PROFANE LOVE

An interpretation by José Segrelles

ALL ages know men and women who destroy for themselves and who would degrade for others the sanctity of love. Shakespeare dealt with them in these lines from "Venus and Adonis."

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain;
But Lust's effect is tempest after Sun.
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies."

For the moderns, Joseph Wood Krutch writes: "The greatest and most elaborate of our creations was love, and the process by which it is stripped of its meaning is a process by which man is dehumanized and life is made to sink back to a level nearer that of the animal. Intellectually we may find romantic people and romantic literature only ridiculous; intellectually we may convince ourselves that we regret the passing of love no more than the passing of the spring festival . . . but we cannot deny that life is made paler and that we are carried one step nearer to that state in which existence is seen as a vast emptiness which the imagination can no longer people with fascinating illusions."

Belleau Wood, June 1918. *It was after this attack that the High Command published to the German*

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Belleau Wood, June 1918. *It was after this attack that the High Command published to the German army:*

man army: "The moral effect of our own gunfire can not seriously impede the advance of the American Infantry."

Women America Remembers

by Arthur D. Howden Smith

Illustrated by W.J. Aylward

IN the gallery of women America remembers there is none whose destiny marched so inexorably in pace with tragedy as Margaret Fuller's. All she craved, this earliest intellectual of her sex, was a man's love and the ecstasy of bearing his children; but men were repelled by the harsh vigor of her mind; and when at last love came to her, and with it maternity, she was so fearful of the permanence of her happiness that she accepted the opportunity of death with a passivity pagan in the austerity of its resignation.

Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a friend of John Quincy Adams, Speaker of the Massachusetts House, Member of Congress, second honor man of his class at Harvard, a Puritan of the old school. From the time she was four, she was his companion; he taught her to read Latin when she was seven, French before she was twelve; he talked politics with her, as if she were his equal. Naturally she grew up to be a blue-stocking whom young men regarded with a mixture of awe and dislike. They said she wasn't feminine, which was untrue.

Homely, her body emaciated by the intensity of her emotions, she dressed with a taste and splendor which compelled

VII Margaret Fuller

Seventh in a series of intimate portraits of women famous for personality, beauty, wit or audacity, or because of the tragedy left in their train. Next month, Calamity Jane.

the reluctant interest of the very men who half-feared her; while the brilliance of her personality, her extraordinary conversational charms, made her stand out amongst other women like a figure in high relief. She was avid of life, whole-souled in all she did. Carlyle said of her: "Such a predetermination to eat this big Universe as her oyster or her egg I have not seen before in any human soul." Hawthorne, for whom she had a strange fascination, which he bitterly and secretly resented, made her the central character of his "Blithedale Romance," sticking the pins of his hatred in *Zenobia* as medieval sorcerers stuck pins in the waxen images of people they designed to slay. Emerson, on the other hand, accepted her as a close friend, tolerated her criticisms with good-humored resignation, and enlisted her assistance in launching the country's first intelligent magazine of criticism, the *Dial*, of which he made her editor.

In 1844 she published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a statement of the funda- *(Please turn to page 143)*

England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

"Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

Bertha Jacobson

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ POMPADOUR, LTD.
11/12 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W. 1

A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.

Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this expert.

Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon.

"WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

Dangers to skin beauty

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes... the preferred method of more than 19,800 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.

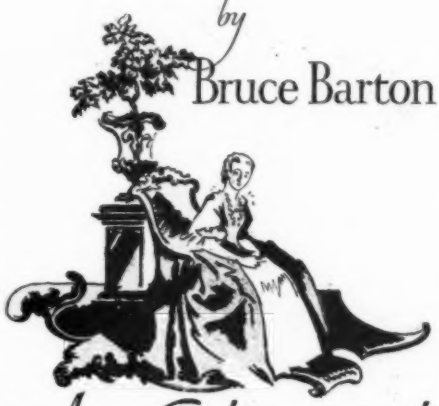
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

5249

Retail Price 10c

Mrs. Johnson's Ring

by Bruce Barton



An Editorial

I AM not what you would call a social success.

Usually I am tired at the end of a day's work; and if I am invited to a dinner where the other guests are strangers, I do not scintillate.

The lady on my right asks me how I enjoyed a certain play, and I tell her that I have spent so many evenings looking at the four walls of a Pullman berth that I haven't had time to see it. Then she asks me about a recent novel which I have not read. Then she says, "Isn't prohibition terrible?" and that about lets me out.

But last winter I had a real pleasant visit with a middle-aged woman—let us call her Mrs. Johnson—whose husband has happened to accumulate about twenty-five million dollars in the past ten years.

She is fifty-five years old, and she did not try to make anyone think she is thirty. She told me all about her two grandchildren, and nothing about her yacht or her big new house.

She was especially interesting when she talked about the old days, when she did all the cooking and darned her husband's socks. They had a splendid adventure, she said, and if she could have her youth back she would like to go through it all again.

She wore a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls around her neck, but on her fingers were only two rings—her engagement ring, a thin gold band with a diamond about as big as a flea, and an old-fashioned wedding ring. Their combined value would probably be less than a hundred dollars. . . .

So many people have made so much money in America that a fine thing has happened: *Money has lost its old-time power to confer distinction or evoke reverence.*

In the old days a man with twenty-five million dollars expected to have a fuss made over him. Today, if you are on the front porch of a golf club, and some rich old bore starts up the walk, you say to your friend: "Let's hurry up and get out of here before that stuffed shirt grabs us."

A man must *be* something as well as have something these days.

And who are the real aristocrats?

The folks who are doing interesting work. The folks who raise healthy and successful children. The folks who are happy, whether rich or poor.

The folks who keep a firm hold on the old-fashioned realities—who, like Mrs. Johnson, are smart enough to know that the two hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls do not represent anything half so precious as the little old flea-size diamond engagement ring.

Redbook

The artist, we think, has proved that the inside of the candies in the SAMPLER is at least as attractive as the outside.

Certainly its popularity depends upon the rare and fine ingredients and the careful workmanship we lavish on the hidden parts.

Samplers are sold wherever you see the Whitman's sign — usually the leading drug store. Consult "Where to Buy It" — the Bell Telephone guide.

Whitman's can be delivered by wire at once through any telegraph office.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia
New York Chicago San Francisco

©S.F.W.&Son,Inc.

Decoration by WALTER EVERETT

TAKE A LOOK AT LIFE

THERE was never another time to match, for fascination, the life in our land today.

"Wake Up and Dream!" And truly no dream in slumber, even though Pan pipes to you, can rival the reality which welcomes you when you awake.

The wonder of words is their power to display before you the pageant of the present. And a writer, really, is a companion who takes you into the company of his chosen acquaintances.

Peter Kyne likes a picturesque company, this time in a little Alaska town cut off from "the law."

Achmed Abdullah, born a Moslem and now living in a penthouse apartment atop a tall New York hotel, has had extraordinary experiences and acquaintances —whence came the story of "The Veiled Woman."

Dorothy Carman, on the other hand, has lived all her life in ordinary circumstances in a little New Jersey suburb; you meet, in her story, people probably very much like your neighbors or yourself; ordinary lives, indeed, but how she lets you look into them!

With Harvey Fergusson, suddenly you partake of a weird and poignant moment in the lives of two outcasts; and with Elmer Davis you return to a familiar street, into the home of the sort of people you know, to feel in quick succession their complete happiness— and then their sudden and smashing disaster.

What is it that John Erskine has to say?

Take a look at life; and if you want, instead, to attend "The Party at the Palace," you have only to turn this page.

"An oubliette . . . . . Whoever steps into that hole is never seen again."

THE PARTY AT THE PALACE

For which plenty of entertainment was ordered and much more was delivered

"Hold it!" he ordered. They comprehended the gesture and gun.

by Frank R. Adams

who wrote *'Help Yourself to Happiness'*

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

THE KING was not in his bed at that time in the morning when he might reasonably have been supposed to be there.

The First Lord of the Bedchamber was the one who discovered that, when he went in to waken His Majesty along about waffle time. Neither was he in his bath.

Archie, First Lord of the Bedchamber aforementioned, may be excused for not looking in the "counting-room," the place where the king in the nursery rhyme spent so much time. Archie was rather dumb, considering that he was an Oxford graduate (a class- and crew-mate of Peter, Rex, himself), and he had probably forgotten his nursery rhymes along with all other academic knowledge. Besides that, there was no counting-room in the palace, and the King would not have been allowed to count out his money if he had had any, Peter being such an absolute bust at "math."

There was quite a flurry of excitement in the royal household. To misplace a king overnight is as bad as a revoke, and counts seven hundred and fifty against you in the honor score.

But the First Lady in Waiting found him.

He was with his wife, the Queen. Her curly brown head was on his shoulder, and they were both asleep.

The sound of the curtains being drawn awakened the King, however.

"What the devil are you doing here, Sonia?" he demanded, apparently not quite aware of his whereabouts. "I'm a respectable married man, and—"

"I draw Her Majesty's bath every morning at this hour," Sonia told him, slightly miffed.

"Oh!" The King noticed the weight on his shoulder, and pulled it a little tighter toward him with a sort of defensive pride.

"It's really time to get up," declared Sonia.

"Sez you," replied the King, who was an ardent talking-picture fan and learned lots of things from them that he probably never

When they were quite at the edge, out of it crawled the figure of a

should have known. "Well, I say it isn't time to get up. That's a royal ukase. I'll let you know when it is."

Sonia was not in the least intimidated. She was the Queen's best friend, and she feared no man. "Is there anything you wish?" she inquired without any sweetness and light.

"No," the King replied pleasantly. "Er—wait a minute. Just turn on the radio before you go. I've always wanted to awaken slowly to music."

Sonia approached the ornately carved highboy and pulled out the switch that brought the world into the room.

A piano was tinkling briskly through the speaker, and a snappy voice was counting, "One, two, three, four! Halt. Now assume Position Nine. Lie flat on the floor, extend both legs into the air. Lower the right leg on the count of one—"

The King groaned. "Not what I expected at all. But I might derive a little amusement from it, Sonia, if you would do the exercise. It would doubtless be beneficial, also. Hurry, Sonia."

Sonia snapped off the radio.

"Sonia, would you disobey your king?"

Sonia obviously would, because she turned and marched out of the room, even slamming the door a little.

The noise partially awakened the Queen. But she apparently

weed-tangled, dripping man. "Hello, everybody, hello!" he said.

found nothing unsatisfactory about her pillow, and burrowed into it for another nap.

"Gwen, old thing," said the King, "do you know what day this is?"

The Queen half roused herself at that question. "Is it my birthday?"

"No."

"Christmas?"

"No."

She tugged thoughtfully at her tousled curls. "Then what is it?"

"Our anniversary. Married five years. I thought I'd like to tell you that I think you're rather a dear."

"Thanks, Peter. I've decided that you're a pretty good sort yourself. We've done quite well, considering the way we started five years ago."

"Agreed. I remember how you spent your honeymoon weeping all night every night because you had to look pleasant for the photographers during the entire day."

"You were pretty glum yourself, Peter. You hated me for being your wife."

"I suppose that was it. At least I was not as fond of you as a bridegroom should have been."

"You were a gentleman, Peter, and did not tell me how very

little you liked me, but I can't say very much more than that for you."

"And now look at us." The King gave the Queen a most democratic squeeze that deflated her lungs with a grunt, and pinched her.

"Yes, look at us. Take a good look before I close your eyes permanently!" The Queen struck at him half-playfully, the other half slightly mad at being pinched.

"I meant look at us for being just as affectionate as the average old married couple. It's propinquity, I suppose."

"No," doubted the Queen. "I think that I finally began to think of you as a human being instead of a terrible ogre that day you told me about that English girl you had cared so much for when you were at Oxford. Up to that time I hadn't realized that perhaps I wasn't exactly what you wanted to look at all the rest of your life, either."

"Meaning that I decidedly wasn't your ideal of a breakfast mate —not by comparison with that New York chap who used to spend every week-end helping you violate the rules of Smith College."

"Not that so much, dear, as that each of us, finding that the other had a broken heart, gave us our first common basis for conversation. You were sweet, the way you let me talk my heart out about Greg."

"Was that his name—Greg?"

"Gregory Gayl. You've not forgotten again, Peter? I've told you often enough. I remember perfectly the name of your beloved: Mary Griswold—English as anything. I always picture her in tweeds—a walking suit. But I suppose I get that from seeing tourists."

"No. She never wore tweeds or sports costumes at all. Mary was a bit old-fashioned. Mostly I remember her in different shades of blue."

"She was a blonde."

"How did you know that? I must have told you, I suppose. But you've a wonderful memory."

The Queen smiled. Why tell the idiot? He was a nice idiot, and she liked him just as he was—without enlightenment. He apparently had a wonderful memory himself, and the Queen winced a little at that. No woman is especially pleased at having her husband recall exact details about the dress of some one he has loved.

"Do you think of her often any more, Peter?"

"Well," he confessed, "I sometimes wonder a bit what she'd be like now."

"You do?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I do."

"Is she married, Peter?"

"No, I think not."

"Then you hear from her?"

Peter grinned. "No, I don't hear from her, my dear. But she has a brother who writes me an occasional letter. We were friends too, you see. He always lets fall some item about his little sister when he writes."

"Oh! And she's still wearing her heart away over her one romance?"

"Now, listen, Gwen, no fair kidding about Mary. Of course she hasn't found it easy to replace me—"

"Oh—you're a very remarkable fellow, then?"

"Well, I *am* a king, and you know kings don't grow on every bush."

"I don't think the king of a one-horse country like Alturich would be much of a show for a British subject."

"Treason!" muttered Peter darkly, taking a grip with his thumb and forefinger where it would hurt.

"You can't punish a queen for treason," pleaded Her Majesty, "not without a court-martial or something."

"Your ignorance of the laws of your country is appalling. I can punish anybody for anything."

"Not if I've got my fingers crossed." She held up her hand to prove it.

"Perhaps you're right," the King admitted reluctantly.

"Thanks. To return to our English muttons, I think it'd be nice to invite Mary to visit us. You say you often wonder what she looks like, and I suppose she must have the same feeling about you."

Gwendolyn had the inspiration to pick up ne of th

"Oh, she has my latest picture."

"You sent it?"

"No, but she could clip it out of any newspaper or magazine, and I've no doubt she does."

"May I call you Shrinking Violet?" asked the Queen, leaning on an elbow to admire him herself. "But even thousands of pictures would scarcely be like seeing you again. In that latest photograph you mention you really are rather deeply encrusted with medals and decorations of one sort or another. You look more like an Exalted Elk than just an ordinary monarch. And as far as your other rotogravures are concerned, I've seen photographs of cigarette-endorsers that are more thrilling than you are in that royal brown derby. No, I think we'd better have Miss Griswold over for a short visit. I'd like to meet her myself."

The King stretched his arms above his head. "All right, my dear; and to show you what kind of gooseberry I am, we'll invite young What's-his-name of New York and America to come and sit out a couple of phonograph-records with you, while Mary and I stroll in the old moonlight. See how you'll like that."

The Queen smiled, a vintage smile, very pleasant and mellow indeed. "I shall like it a great deal. I do hope Greg will come."

"Umph," agreed Peter. "And I hope he plays a darn good game of contract besides. He'd better."

And so, once upon a day, an American lieutenant of industry, who would eventually be a captain if he put his mind on it, received a note from Their Majesties the King and Queen of Alturich, which caused him to frown darkly. Already his life had been considerably shadowed, not by his broken heart, but by the fact that he was known wherever he went as the young man with whom the Queen of Alturich had had a romantic love-affair before she ascended the throne. Not many American business men in real life are prototypes of the *Prisoner of Zenda*, and the newspapers *do* have to make the most of one's peculiarities—on Sunday especially. Therefore, because a princess, incognito, attending an American school for girls, had danced with him a few more times than with anyone else, and had attended several football games in his car, he had become forever after a marked man. People were always misreading romantic motives into his every action. He could not be himself in public any more than if he had been of royal blood in his own right. Women sighed over him, and men said nothing, but he fancied that in private they thought of him as a silly ass. As a consequence he had withdrawn into a shell, there to wait until time or some fortuitous circumstance made it possible for him to move without the consciousness of a spotlight following him from the balcony.

This letter, now, what should he do about that? To go to Alturich might only revive the sleeping dogs that he fancied were beginning to forget him. On the other hand, this might be a venture of a sort that would entirely eclipse the memory of that five-year-old romance. Finally Gregory Gayl decided to go. Any other young man would have done the same. After all, Gwendolyn was not a person to forget, even if she were a queen. A very cute kid she was, and more fun than anyone he had ever known. He could easily picture her wearing her crown over one eye, and it seemed advisable to go and find out if that were so.

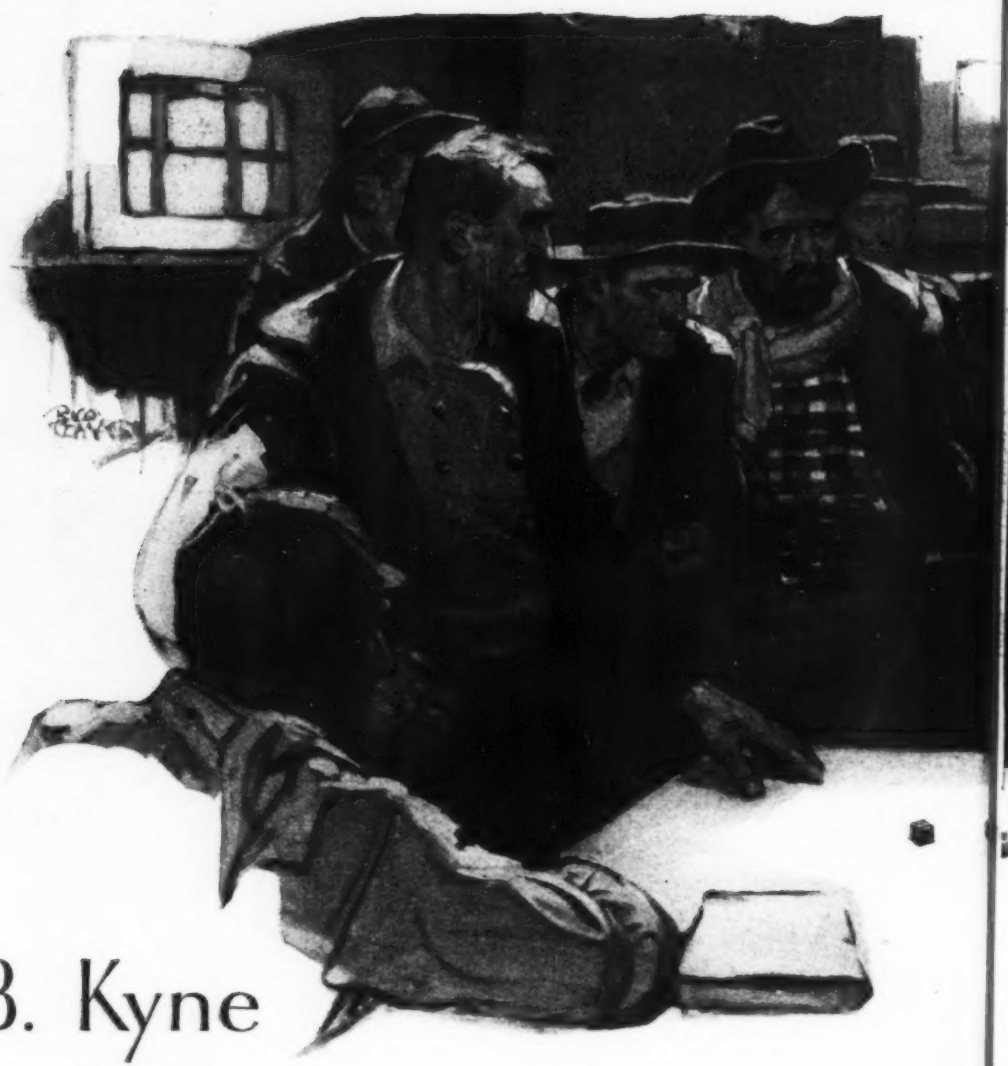
The King was probably a moron who had never understood Gwendolyn at all, and perhaps she needed a glimpse of an intelligent, if bourgeois, face to cheer her up through her declining years. . . . .

Miss Mary Griswold would not have gone to Alturich if it had not been for her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Griswold, beginning to pack as soon as she had heard about the invitation, "of course you cannot refuse. There are only a few courts left in Europe at which it is possible for a young woman to be presented. Even in Alturich, I presume, they have correspondents for the London papers."

(Please turn to page 108)

ne of the halberds and jab the halberdiers.



Peter B. Kyne

The creator of "Cappy Ricks" introduces Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid and Kathleen Devoux, of the Golden North Saloon—and her daughter.

FARO DAN and the Butterfly Kid were partners in business. Their business was gambling, and they followed the boom mining-camp circuit, because there the gambling laws were lax and often non-existent, while the play was high and the profits in proportion to the play. Daniel dealt faro, and the Butterfly alternated between dealing Black Jack or presiding over a craps table. At the time the incidents to be narrated occurred, the locus of the labors of these two excellent fellows was in the Golden North saloon and dance-hall, in the new mining camp of Kampost, Alaska, some four hundred miles from salt water and the civilization that flourishes in juxtaposition to it.

Of course there was a certain amount of law in Kampost, being vested in the persons of a deputy United States commissioner and a deputy United States marshal. Also there was a log jail for those who broke the law. If the commissioner decided that the crime was not of sufficient importance to warrant sending the culprit down to salt water and a trial before the district court, the case was handled in Kampost, and the log jail did its duty in the summer-time. After the river froze and the great white silence descended, shutting Kampost off from the world until the breaking-up of the ice in the spring, the log jail was always empty. Men serving time were then turned loose in Kampost. If they cared to attempt leaving Kampost without the commissioner's permission, that was perfectly agreeable to the commissioner. A few had tried it and had never returned, which was well; nor did they ever arrive at their destination, which was, perhaps, better. Old hoary-headed, cold-hearted Winter was a most dependable jailer!

The head of navigation on the river was eighty miles below Kampost; from there all supplies were brought to Kampost in very shallow barges towed by light draft gasoline launches. Dog teams were not employed, owing to the mountainous country between the head of navigation and Kampost. Of course there were mushers

"In event he loses, what is the sentence?" "Murderers get hung," the foreman said. Dice were flung on the table.

THE JUST JUDGE

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

who drove their dog-teams downriver when it was frozen, but these were old-timers wise in river lore and excellent judges of weather and rotten ice. It was a journey no novice dared attempt.

When winter came, and mining operations of necessity had to cease or be considerably curtailed, Kampost was a lively camp, for then the miners from the creeks came to town to spend the winter or the major portion of it. And this was the harvest season for Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid, the saloons and dance-halls and the sirens who labored therein. Chief of these halls of chance, of Terpsichore and Bacchus, was the Golden North; and the chief of the Golden North was Kathleen Devoux, known in Kampost as Catty.

Catty was a liberal-minded, golden-hearted woman of forty, perhaps a little less; the world had knocked the corners off her, and she was disillusioned and didn't care who knew it. Catty's nature made Kampost an ideal setting for her; she liked men and knew how to manage them; she disliked women and knew how to manage them also; she was warm and steadfast in her friendships, quick of sympathy, generous, hard-boiled but not vulgar, and (for a woman) singularly inflexible in what Faro Dan called her code of civil procedure. He always declared she could smell a real blackguard the instant he stepped into the Golden North.

Catty had been born to better things. She was intelligent, and once she had had culture. Indeed, she still had it—only she didn't use it very often. She was interested solely in making a fortune in the Golden North; when she had made it, she was going back to the States where nobody knew her, and be very respectable—join a church, perhaps. There was a reason for this, of course—a reason that men accepted as holy. She had a daughter whom she was bent on raising a lady. Beyond the fact that Catty was the proprietress of the Golden North saloon, dance- and gambling-hall, no man or woman in Kampost could impugn her virtue.

Faro Dan was deeply in love with Catty, but hopelessly, for he knew his limitations. He manhandled the English language; he had rolled much and gathered some moss which he knew from experience was evanescent; he considered himself spoiled and unfit for any pursuit other than gambling, so he had to go on at that to the finish. He knew how to deal crooked faro, but had never exercised his knowledge for pecuniary profit. Gambler, waster, wanderer and drifter that he was, he was honest. When he said a thing was so, men who knew him believed it to be so; hence in a country

where Victorian conventions had never entered, and would have gone by the board if they had, Faro Dan was regarded as one of the first citizens. Likewise the Butterfly Kid, whose youth had fled twenty years before this story opens. . . . .

It was a quiet night in the Golden North; and Faro Dan, wholly without patronage, was leaning over his faro-table, smoking, and idly watching four men dallying at the Butterfly Kid's craps-table. At midnight Faro Dan saw the Butterfly Kid yawn, stretch, grin at his customers and say: "Gents, I'm going to fold her up for the night. I'm tired and need a rest. Drop around tomorrow afternoon if you think your luck still holds."

He spread a cloth over his table, poured his money and gold-dust into a buckskin poke, and carried it over to Faro Dan's table. "Notice that tall, sallow man with the jet-black shiny hair, Dan? The fellow that made nine straight passes?" he queried.

Faro Dan nodded. "You mean that Johnny-come-lately, Bob Tandy?"

"Yes. Well, he's just too lucky. He don't play very long, but he wants to play for the limit and higher, if I'll let him; while he has the dice, he certainly collects. Dan, we been supportin' that chechahco for more'n two weeks. My guess is that he's a sleight-o'-hand performer an' that he introduces his own dice into my game."

"This is serious," said Faro Dan heavily. "I'll look into it."

He did—very thoroughly, within the hour. He had observed, not without a pang of annoyance, that the Johnny-come-lately in question had, in Faro Dan's own terminology, been lallygagging around Catty Devoux whenever the opportunity offered. So, when presently Catty drifted around for a brief chat with Dan, whom she liked and respected, he unfolded to her the tale of his partner's suspicions.

"Why doesn't Butterfly change the dice on him?" Catty asked.

"Me an' the Butterfly aint tin-horns, Catty. We never change lucky dice on a gent until we're sure he's too lucky. Most men resent the change and think we're cheap an' scary, an' as our trade's generally honest, we don't care to risk losin' it."

"He must have the loaded dice in his pocket now," Catty reflected.

"I'd like a look at them," said Faro Dan; and Catty nodded and walked away. Half an hour later she had the suspected one in a box buying her wine, and she rolled her eyes at him. Finally he asked for a kiss. The coy Catty was willing, but wished to make it a sporting event. She said her kisses were worth at least five dollars each, but she would roll him the dice, one flop, odd or even, one kiss against his five dollars. Tandy grinned, chose odd, produced his dice and rolled a seven. Catty gathered the dice, cupped them in her lovely white hands, talked to them, breathed on them—and rolled a pair of sixes.

"Five dollars, please," she said, and handed him back the dice. Abruptly she left him, went into her office and sent for Faro Dan; silently she handed him two green dice with which Daniel rolled four sevens and three elevens without stopping. "They are lucky, aint they?" he murmured, and rolled them half a dozen times more, always turning up a seven or an eleven. "Keep them," Catty suggested. "He doesn't know the dice I gave him in exchange are honest, so you may get your seed back."

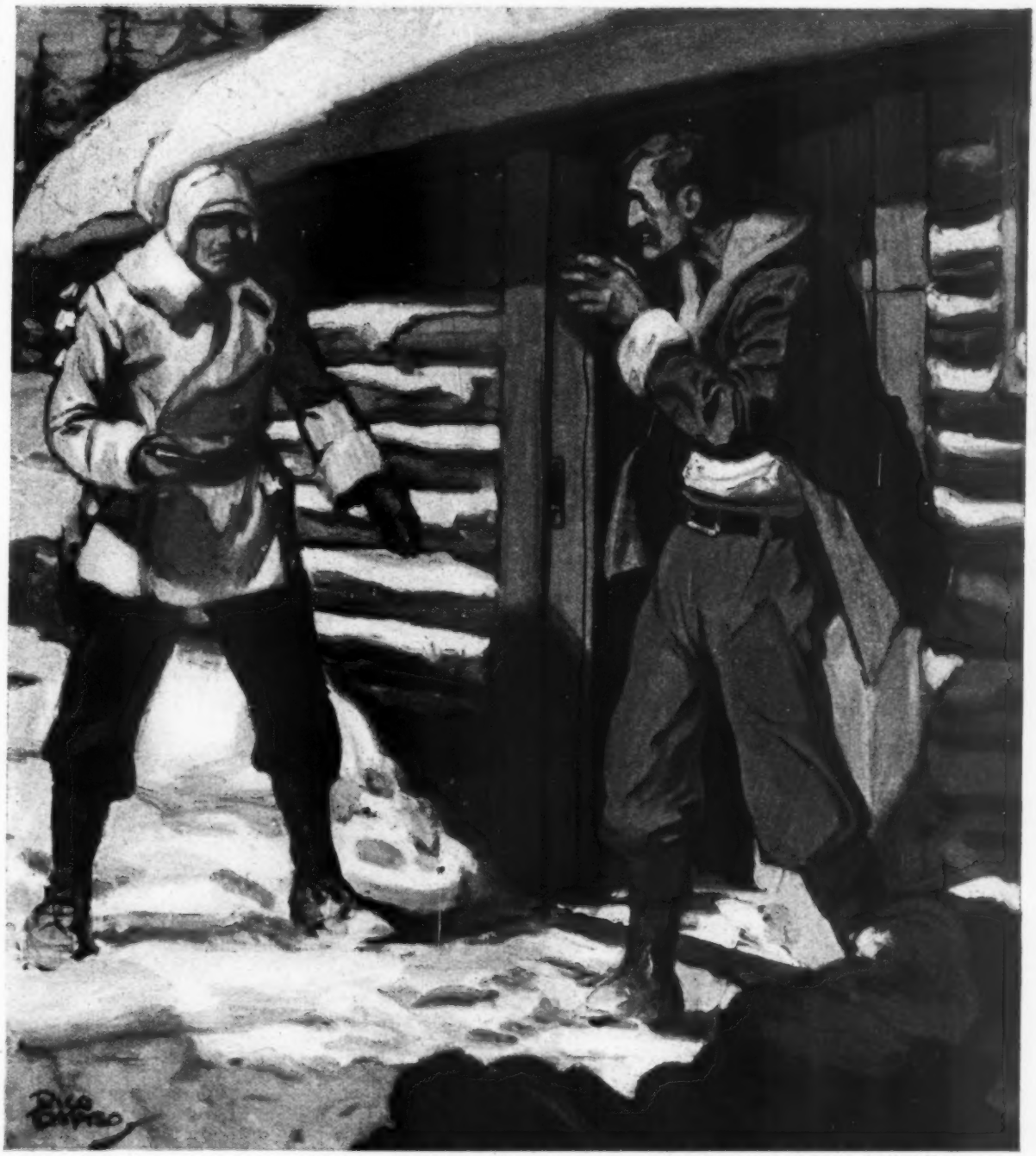
So Faro Dan kept them. Of course he knew how Catty had got possession of them. She had adroitly changed the dice on Tandy while he was looking at her eyes instead of her facile hands.

The following night Tandy again favored the Butterfly Kid with his patronage; and trusting not wisely but too well in his dice, he lost a five-hundred-dollar bet to the Butterfly. Well, even trained dice will occasionally disappoint their owner, so Tandy, nothing daunted, pyramided his bet—and lost again. And just then Catty Devoux tapped him on the shoulder. "Your room's more desirable than your company, Tandy," she told him in a voice that all might hear. "Get out of my house and stay out. If you ever come in again, I'll have the bouncer manhandle you, you cheap crook."

Tandy flushed and started to argue the question, so the Butterfly Kid slapped him across the mouth. "You've had your orders, Tandy. Vamose!" So Tandy vamosed, and in the quietude of his cabin sat down to figure it out. Not being unintelligent, he came, presently, to the realization that Catty had changed dice on him the night before, and in his wolfish soul there surged on the instant a yearning to be avenged on the woman.

Now, the fact that Catty had a daughter in a select finishing-school in New York was common knowledge in Kampost, for when Catty (albeit such occasions were rare) went over her Plimsoll mark in champagne, she was wont to talk of her daughter. So everybody in Kampost was aware that Catty's daughter believed her mother was the proprietress of the Golden North Hotel in Kampost. "Hotel-keeping is respectable—if you maintain a respectable hotel," Catty had once confided to a he-gossip. "Florence thinks I'm respectable, and before she discovers I'm not, I'll have made my clean-up and gone back to respectability. If she knew I was running this joint, she'd die. She's so sweet!"

Catty gathered the dice, cupped them in her hand.



"I aint much on law, Tandy, but I'm hell on justice; and you've asked to be killed."

It was three days before Tandy ascertained the name of the school Catty's daughter attended in New York City. Thereupon he wrote her, informing her that her mother was ill of tuberculosis and that if she wished to see her alive, she should come to Kampost before the river froze and the deep snows and blizzards in the mountains cut Kampost off from civilization for the winter. Her mother, he informed the girl, would have a good chance to survive if taken into a warmer climate, but she refused to take that chance—refused to believe she was seriously ill and would not sell her business while she was prospering.

His plan worked. The girl wired him she would start within a week, and asked him to meet her at the head of navigation and arrange for transportation thence to Kampost.

Tandy was happy—happier than he had been since the news had percolated gradually through the camp that he was crooked. He figured the trip of the river steamer on which Catty's daughter would arrive at the head of navigation, and made his plans to leave Kampost in time to pass her on the steamer going down to salt water, for he knew that Kampost would be no safe place for him after Catty's daughter should arrive. However, there is an old adage to the effect that man proposes, but God disposes—and God disposed, in Tandy's case. The day before he was to leave Kampost, he came down with a light attack of pneumonia and missed the steamer bound downriver. And the day the steamer bearing Florence Devoux tied up at the head of navigation, Faro Dan walked aboard and went to the girl's cabin. *(Please turn to page 133)*

The Veiled Woman

The love story of a young man of most modern Manhattan and a Moslem girl of Stamboul

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

The Story So Far:

IT all began that strange night in Constantinople when John Perrington ventured to explore the town alone, and was set upon by highwaymen, and was rescued by Captain Shukri Yar, a young attaché of the Turkish legation in Washington now at home on leave. For the young Turk took the young American home with him, and there he met Fathma, the Captain's eighteen-year-old sister. . . . .

Their father old Mustaffa Ali disliked Europeans thoroughly, because he knew them thoroughly; knew furthermore—and here fear blended with dislike—that, for all their vices and their lusting after pleasure, theirs was a machine-made, steel-clouted, brutally efficient civilization which slowly, mercilessly, was grinding his own Moslem Asiatic civilization into the dust. . . . . His was a small family. Deeply in love with his wife, who had died fifteen years earlier, he had not remarried; and his son, Captain Shukri Yar, who was more of a modernist than his father, had become an ardent adherent of Kemal Pasha, and had joined the Washington legation as a military attaché.

So there was now only his daughter Fathma left. She had been brought up in the staid, conservative Moslem manner. Of course, since hers were gentlefolk, she had been taught English, German and French; had also acquired a general smattering of European culture, about as much as the average American high-school graduate. But the basis of her education was Oriental.

Yet Fathma fell in love with John Perrington, and he with her. Nor did Shukri Yar, with his enthusiasm for things Western, oppose it. But when Perrington went to Mustaffa Ali with Fathma and declared his desire to marry her, the old Moslem was drunk with rage, insane.

"Kill—kill—kill—"

His brain telegraphed to his hands. His hands, more than his eyes, saw an ancient Circassian dagger on a taboret. He took it, unsheathed it, leaped forward.

It had all happened so quickly that Perrington was almost unprepared for the attack. Almost, not quite. He jerked a little to one side. The blade, instead of finding his heart, cut through his coat-sleeve.

He felt a sharp pain, saw, the next second, the door being flung wide open, saw something like a streak of white pass rapidly in front of his eyes.

Fathma had rushed in.

She reached her father as he was going to strike again. She caught his wrist. Her strong fingers twisted the weapon from his grasp. It dropped on the floor.

Perrington stood there, appalled, as father and daughter stared at each other.

Then Mustaffa Ali spoke:

"You are no longer my daughter!"

Her reply was as passionless:

"And you are no longer my father!"

She held out a hand to John Perrington. They passed through the house, the garden, out into the street.

Her face-veil was fastened to a brooch at her neck. She tore it off, tore it into pieces.

"Free!" she said. *(The story continues in detail:)*

FOR several days Mustaffa Ali Pasha kept to his room, locking the door against everybody except Gurma. Then one evening while Fathma, now Mrs. John Perrington, was already on her way to New York, he went up on the rooftop. There Shukri Yar joined him, and told him, precisely and truthfully, how it had all come about. The young man assumed the whole responsibility and

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Perrington laughed—how his friends would wonder, if they could see him now!

absolved his sister. She was so young and inexperienced, he explained, and had grown so bored with the monotony of life behind the veil. Suddenly romance had come into her existence, and had carried her off her feet.

"Forgive her, Father!" he begged. "Write her a line—"

The other shook his head. "No!"

Oddly enough, he did not blame Shukri Yar—partly because the latter was a man, and in Mustaffa Ali's curiously twisted Moslem reasoning, it was never the man but always the woman who must bear the blame; and partly because, having lost his daughter, he was afraid he might lose his son too.

But—forgive her!

"Never!" he went on. "She has sullied my honor, has sullied Islam. Her name must not be mentioned in this house."

"But—please—"

"Be quiet!"

"When you prepare to cut off your right hand for the error of your left, do you expect me to watch the deed in silence?"

"Why not? It is a good deed—a just deed!" The older man rose. "A just deed!" he repeated; and in the words he seemed to be tasting the delight of some amazing and mysterious, esoteric sensation. "I do not believe in half-measures. You of the younger generation, you are decadent, weak—"

"Because we are tolerant and forgiving?"

"Just so!"

Shukri Yar looked up; he saw the expression on his father's face—hard, yet agonized and queerly exalted; and he understood that it would be useless to argue or plead. The Pasha had braced his back against the wall of his haughty unreason, and nothing could budge him—though he loved his daughter, would always love her, felt her loss like a sharp pain.

"I suffer!" he whispered; and in the simple statement, in the very distress it held, he read an additional justification for the indulgence of his stubborn prejudice, an additional guarantee of his lofty sense of righteousness.

But this happened afterwards.

At the time when Fathma and Perrington hurried out of the house, Gurma heard the commotion. She ran up, saw, and hastened to Shukri Yar, who was in his room, nervous, expectant.

"Come!" she cried. "A foreigner—and our Lady Fathma! They—oh—" The old negress stammered. "I spoke to her; she did not listen. She—"

"I know!"

He followed quickly.

Fathma and Perrington had already crossed the garden, had disappeared. But in the streets the people, seeing a young Turkish girl unveiled and, judging by her clothes, of decent family, hand in hand with a Christian whose wounded left arm oozed blood, wondered and speculated and laughed, and rolled spiced gossip over thick tongues. And by this laughter and gossip Shukri Yar found the lovers' trail and caught up with them near the Egyptian bazaar.

"Look here," he demanded, out of breath, "what are you going to do?"

"Get married!" came the American's prompt reply.

"Get married!" echoed Fathma.

Her brother sighed. Of the East by birth, he knew the West. He was convinced that these two were doing a rash thing, that once the first glamour of their love had faded, once their glorious romance had blended with the drab cosmos of the workaday world, they would find themselves confronted by a morass of misunderstandings and disputes, mostly petty, yet leading to unhappiness. It was, perhaps, this very realization which, in his own life in America, in his own emotional experiences there, had kept him from taking the final step—to the altar and the rice-throwing and the "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden."

But he did not put into words what he felt. He knew that it would not do any good. He fell into step with the others, while Perrington continued:

"We'll beat it home to New York as soon as we can. End of the week—no later. This country, you'll admit, is rather exotic, rather excessive, for a plain Anglo-Saxon banker."

He was excited. For there had been this melodramatic happening in the Pasha's room—the dagger. Besides, his wound throbbed a little.

Fathma saw him wince.

"Oh," she asked anxiously, "does it hurt?"

"No, no—just a scratch."

"Better have it seen to," advised Shukri Yar.

They entered a drug-store. Its stock-in-trade was tossed about in dusty, fly-specked confusion: powdered henna, rouge and antimony in gaudy boxes, cheap French and German perfumes, English and American patent medicines. But the Greek proprietor was skillful. He washed and bandaged Perrington's arm.

Then he suggested:

"Rest for a few minutes, *effendi*, and sip a cup of coffee. It will quiet your nerves."

He pointed through the open door at a coffee-shop across the street. They went there.

It was crowded with candle-lit tables; and set into the farther wall was a great fireplace where two huge half-naked negroes were busy turning a quarter of mutton on a roasting-spit. Gathered about the tables, some pulling at gurgling, protesting water-pipes, others greedily and noisily eating, was a riff-raff of turbaned and fezzed humanity, the sweepings of the Stamboul gutters—dragomans, guides, stable crimps, panderers, and a motley of Levantine wastrels without money-earning specialties except an easy talent for cheating; also a sprinkling of unveiled women, engaged in no profession but a very ancient one already mentioned in the Bible.

They jested, shouted: "Yoo-yoo-yoo! Long life to the bride!"

. . . . . Men and women who because of the tolerance bred by their personal degradation, were all for minding their own business; who therefore paid not the slightest attention to the three newcomers; who would not have cared had the latter debated murdering Kemal Pasha or dynamiting the vaults of the Banque Nationale; and who, most certainly, would have been but mildly interested if they had overheard Perrington's question:

"How does one get married in Turkey, Shukri? What are the regulations? Must banns be proclaimed or—"

"Nothing of the kind. Any Moslem priest or Christian clergyman can perform the ceremony."

"Well—I'm a fairly good Presbyterian, whenever I happen to think of it. But"—the American turned to Fathma—"you'll be bidding farewell to Islam soon enough. So—let's go before a Moslem priest."

"Bash ustuné, zati aliniz!" was her smiling reply, in Turkish.

"Meaning—"

"Yes, my lord!"

"Don't 'my-lord' me! It's terribly un-American; and, if you pull that line of talk in New York, all the equal-rights sisterhood will excommunicate you."

He laughed. So did she.

The scene with her father had been a shock, a wrench. But it was over. She had chosen her path, her mate. Now, thinking of Mustaffa Ali, there was not even the faintest echo of remorse within her. For though young and inexperienced, she was of that strong race, that implacable breed whose own soul is the only gauge they have for others, whose own pride is the only touchstone they have for others. Her old life was finished; she stood on the threshold of the new; and she was happy.

"Very happy!" she whispered.

"So am I, dear. And I'll be more happy when—" Perrington interrupted himself. He spoke to Shukri: "Which reminds me! Let's get busy!"

"About—"

"Wedding bells!"

They arranged everything that afternoon. While Perrington saw to railway tickets and steamship reservations and passports, Shukri Yar took his sister to the house of one of his friends, Colonel Sabri Bey, who was married to a Frenchwoman. The colonel had recently gone to Berlin on an official mission. But his wife was at home, and Shukri Yar explained to her what had happened.

Madame Sabri was sixty, but she did not suggest any special age. For the passing years had not robbed her of a very feminine buoyancy, nor of a very French reaction to all the various facets and quirks of life. She moved in an atmosphere of kindly animation—the sort of animation which springs not from outer circumstance, but from the center of the heart. Besides, she was practical.

She proved both her kindliness and her common sense.

"My dear," she said to Fathma, "you and—*quel est son nom?*—ah—M. Perrington—you two will be my guests as long as you remain in Constantinople. It will be better for a newly married couple than the hotel—with all the talk, the gossip." She consulted her wrist-watch. "Not yet five. We still have plenty of time to do some shopping for you."

"Shopping?" Fathma was astonished.

"European clothes, darling! Everything from hats to shoes! You look adorable. But really, you cannot make your appearance in America in these delightful pink trousers, this charming, fantastic tasseled cap."

So they motored across the bridge to Pera.

There, as she did in her native Paris, Madame Sabri knew one of those little shops, just off the main street, where a woman, provided she has a large enough bank-account and knows the address—since this sort of place never advertises, is always on the second or third floor, and has only a small brass shield downstairs to announce its existence to the chosen—can buy anything that is *dernier cri,* from a tweed sports-suit to a gown of hand-embroidered poulette, from a Spanish shawl to an aura-tone silk wrap that looks like moonbeams on running water, from the latest underwear in the latest nuance of mandarin-yellow to a perversely simple blouse of velours de laine, from a gourah-feather stole to a bottle of water-proof rouge.

Madame Sabri bought liberally—and Fathma expostulated at the expense.

"My brother promised me money; but he has not so much himself—"

The older woman laughed.

"You are marrying an American—*hein?*" she replied. "All Americans are rich; and when they are not rich, then they are generous. It is the same thing. I like Americans. They are the last representatives of the age of chivalry—not at all like our prosy, penny-squeezing Europeans. I—ah—" She spread eloquent hands. "I know—I have certain memories."

They entered the car.

"Back to Stamboul," Madame Sabri directed the chauffeur, "to the Egyptian bazaar." She turned to Fathma. "Now we shall get you an Oriental trousseau."

"But you told me that—"

"That you must have French clothes—yes, for the street, for society. But what about your husband?"

"My husband?"

"When you are alone with him! My dear, I am an old woman, married to an old man—a Turk who, today, is quite Parisianized. But when I fell in love with him, he was—oh, so Oriental! That is why I insist that at times he must wear turban and flowing robes—just for me, to bring back to me a spice of romance, of glamour. You see, it is one of the minor guarantees for happiness."

"But—why, it is acting, masquerading."

"Precisely!"

"I do not like it."

"You will do many, many things in your married life that you do not like. It is so easy to do the things one likes. It is only by doing the thing that one does *not* like that one can express one's love."

They reached the Egyptian bazaar where the latticed palmwood roof filtered the rays of the dying sun on the treasure of age, treasure from half the Orient piled up pell-mell in the narrow stalls: things exquisite and grotesque, things delicate and baroque; where the paunchy merchants squatted amongst their wares like groundhogs on their winter hoard.

Robes of silk there were here, of brocade and velvet, from Persia, Bokhara, Anatolia, Samarkand, far Central Asia. A glorious, riotous embarrassment of choice. Fabrics blue as the sky after rain when viewed through a rift in the clouds, and blue as summer water, but with a white overweave like the thick-floating spawn of fish. Fabrics apple-green and lizard-green, jade-green and peacock-green and elfin-green. Fabrics flame-red and wine-red, fur-

nace-crimson and pansy-violet. Fabrics silver-gray like the trickling of tears, dead-gold like autumn leaves, sable-and-gold like a fervid spring night netted with stars, orange-gold like the skin of a peach. Fabrics with the amber bloom of grapes and the subtle blossoming of poppies.

Madame Sabri was in her element. She bought lavishly in spite of Fathma's protests.

"I am French," she said, "and I know men."

"You do not know John Perrington!" Fathma smiled.

"He fell in love with you, my dear. Therefore—he loves the beautiful." She turned to one of the bazaar merchants. "I shall take that purple robe. Eh? Twenty medjidiehs? Fifteen—and not another piastre! Send it with the rest!"

At last she decided it was enough. She leaned back in her car with a sigh of almost sensuous satisfaction.

"Home!"

There they found John Perrington and Shukri Yar. The former had bought the tickets.

"We leave for Paris tomorrow night," he said, "and sail for America the following Saturday." He added: "I cabled the news to my mother."

Fathma gave a start.

These last few hours, since the picnic in the larch grove near the Sweet Waters of Asia, had been so packed with shifting events, shifting emotions, that she had been unable to raise her eyes and look beyond. Now John spoke of sailing for America, spoke of "my mother." It was like a sound, intrusive and jangling and metallic; it frightened her—it represented something alien which soon she must face.

"You," she asked, a little nervously, "you think she will—oh—" She slurred, stopped, hunted for the right word, went on: "You think she will—object—to me?"

"Object?" Perrington laughed. "Why, she'll be tickled!"

But he too was nervous. He wondered what his mother would say—his mother who, about that time, opened the blue cable envelope, read the contents, and exclaimed:

"Heavens!"

"What is it, ma'am?" inquired Mary, the Irish maid who had been in her service over thirty years.

"John—my John! He—he is going—to marry—a Turkish girl!"

Mary crossed herself.

"The dear saints protect us!" she whispered. "A heathen—a murderous heathen!"

She was shocked, would have been more shocked could she have watched the ceremony that night, in a tiny mosque tucked away among the narrow alleys of the Chenghianeh Mahalleh.

The Chenghianeh Mahalleh was the Circassian suburb of Stamboul. So was the green-turbaned priest Circassian, so the wedding rites, so the guests: a number of Shukri Yar's brother-officers and their wives, young people, all adherents of Kemal Pasha, thus Westernized, yet tonight obeying the ancient customs of the Caucasus—the men raising naked, curved swords and shouting *"Aydinliq ichindé ol!"* and *"Bereket versin!"* and *"Rabbim bilenizjé olsoun!"*—and the women going the rounds of the sacred building, kneeling in each corner, and singing in unison:

"Here is the threshold of men-children!
Here is the threshold of sheep and cattle!
Here is the threshold of God the Eternal!
Here is the threshold of safety and peace!"

Then the priest's sonorous accents as he recited a chapter from the Koran:

"For the Merciful hath taught the Koran.
He created the male and the female.
He taught them clear speech.

Perrington questioned: "How does one get married in Turkey, Shukri? What are the regulations?"

He taught them desire and fulfillment,
An echo of His own creation.
The sun and the moon in their courses,
And the planets and the trees do homage to Him.
And the heaven, He raised it and appointed the balance,
And the earth, He prepared it for living things.
Therein He created fruit, and the palm with sheaths,
And grain with its husk, and the fragrant herb:
Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye twain deny?
Lord of the two Easts He is,
And Lord of the two Wests:
Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye twain deny?"

On and on went the nasal sacerdotal chant, in Arabic, unintelligible to John Perrington. Utterly unreal it seemed to him. He felt like a stranger, here at his own wedding. Something akin to fear, fear of the soul, stole over him. Then Fathma's hand slipped into his. Her fingers moved a little, caressing his palm—and his apprehension vanished, and a shiver ran through him, immensely delicate and immensely strong, as of a million feathery touches.

"It is He who sowed you in the earth,
And He to whom ye shall be gathered:
Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye twain deny?"

Perrington smiled. "For better or for worse!" he thought, would have been, at this moment, a Christian clergyman's terse, ritual words.

For worse? No! Always for better!

"Always for better," he said to Fathma in an undertone.

And then suddenly his whisper was drowned in a savage symphony of sounds as the priest's chanting stopped, while immediately the men and women broke into loud, throaty yells of *"Yoo-yoo-yoo! Yoo-yoo-yoo!"*—Islam's immemorial cry, in sorrow and in joy.

They filed out of the mosque, escorting the newly married couple, crowding about their automobile that drove at a snail's pace. The houses and bazaars spewed forth other people. They formed themselves into a wedding procession.

They laughed, jested, shouted.

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Long life to the bride!"

"Long life to the bridegroom!"

"Who is he?"

"A *feringhee*—a foreigner, the telling goes!"

"A foreigner—and our Lady Fathma! I spoke to her; she did not listen. She—"

"Long life to him just the same! Cry, *'Yoo-yoo-yoo!'* O Moslems!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"May the bride of you bear you as many men-children as there are hairs in my beard!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Remember!" an old woman's shamelessly practical advice. "Musk cut with amber to rouse love. A drop behind the ear, O Christian!"

"What sayeth the Koran? 'Forgive thy wife seventy times a day!'"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

Perrington laughed. He thought of weddings he had seen in New York, in some fashionable church, friends' weddings—and how his friends would wonder if they could see him now, with all this Oriental mob pressing about his car, reaching up to shake his hand, to slap him on the back—and some, who had hurried to the bazaar, returning with fireworks, lighting them, tossing them!

Bang went the crackers. *Swish* went the rockets. *Squizz* went the squibs. The alleys rushed with lights, scarlet-hearted, blue-tipped, yellow-frayed.

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo—" very faintly from the distance, a mere memory of sound, as Perrington, in the room on the top floor of Madame Sabri's house, took Fathma in his arms.

"Fathma is a Moslem," explained Perrington. "She never touches liquor."

He kissed her.

They were silent for a long while. . . . . The frontiers of Fathma's being changed subtly. They melted. They reached out across her past life and the realities of her past life, out across time and space, opening—opening wide—to include him.

Thoughts dropped away from her. Thoughts dropped away from him.

Sweet it seemed to them, and poignant and tremendously vital, and just a little tragic, as the sea is tragic, and the depth of the forest at noon, and the hiving of far stars. They felt the mighty strings of life within themselves, set aquiver as by the forces of the earth, pouring through them with huge cosmic vibrations. . . . .

"I love you!" she said.

And "I love you!" were her first words, the next morning.

He smiled. "Are you happy, Fathma?"

"More than happy, John!"

"More than happy?"

"Yes. I feel—" She hesitated.

"How?"

"It is so hard to express."

"Try, dear!"

"I feel—oh, right—just right." Again she hesitated, found it difficult to choose words. "I—I am more sure—"

"More sure of what? Of me? Of yourself?"

"No. Of—life. Life—it used to be two things: you—and I. Now life is one thing: you and I—together. You—you know what I mean?"

"Yes," he whispered.

Their train left late in the afternoon. They drove to the depot, which was near the Caique-Hanneh, with Shukri Yar and Madame Sabri.

For the first time in her life Fathma wore European clothes: a simple, smart little traveling suit of fawn-colored tweed, a soft, frilly blouse, a small toque, thin silk stockings, dark-brown pumps. She was not precisely comfortable. The clothes, she explained to Madame Sabri, smilingly, seemed too loose where they should not be loose and too tight where they should not be tight.

"Darling," laughed the Frenchwoman, "you are lucky that you did not—ah, *comment dire?*—that you did not change into a Western woman during the days of corset and bustle."

"Miss your veil?" asked John.

"Not at all!"—and boldly she showed her face at the window, taking a farewell look at her native Stamboul, floating past in an amazing tangle of race and color and faith, like illustrations from an up-to-date "Arabian Nights."

A Syrian monk, long-bearded, with shining bald head, fingering his wooden rosary; a black-coated, crimson-fezzed negro eunuch from a great Pasha's *haremlik*, strutting arrogantly after the manner of his breed; a Greek bootblack carrying his gilded box; an itinerant barber with bench and brass basin in hand; a frowsy gipsy woman with her child in a bag at her back; a black-veiled Armenian priest; a swaggering Cossack of the Don, another of the Ukraine, both left-overs from Count Wrangel's abortive invasion of Red Russia; a ruffianly Kurd mountaineer leading a tame bear by a chain; an Egyptian dandy with mincing gait and wanton eyes; a quack doctor offering to cure all mortal ills with a written prayer chewed and swallowed, or a mysterious pass of three dirty fingers across the forehead; an effeminate Persian in pyramidal bonnet of Astrakhan fur, an immense long-haired cat purring in the crook of his elbow; a professional story-teller in a necromancer's fantastic costume; an orthodox Hebrew in long yellow gabardine, with oiled love-locks framing his vulpine features; a fanatical dervish bellowing loudly:

"Aywah! Aywah! Aywah! Even so! Even so! Even so! I take refuge with Allah, the Lord of Daybreak, from Satan the Stoned, the Cursed!"

Camels, horses, sedan-chairs, motorcars, oxen, carts, casks on wheels, bleeding donkeys, mangy dogs—and always the long file of men.

(Please turn to page 122)

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

She invaded the barrel with less caution this time—a strange benign feeling creeping over her.

FANNIE'S FIRST SPREE

A Story of the Circus

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

BEING an elephant, Fannie possessed no way of learning just why life on the Brewster Dog and Pony Circus, of which she formed the amiable, though somewhat slow-witted backbone, had lost so much of its joy lately. She only knew that folks paid little attention to her any more.

Everybody seemed obsessed. Jim Brewster, his young features serrated with worry, led her wordlessly about her act in the ring and her work on the lot. Fair-haired Mary Brewster, his wife, came rarely to pet her. The offerings of peanuts and popcorn from showfolks and visitors had lessened terribly; the showfolks were too mournful to think about an elephant, and visitors were steadily fewer. The reason was Shifty Bill Moran. His big three-ring aggregation camped daily on showgrounds obtained as close as possible to those of the Brewster Dog and Pony Circus.

Tonight was worse than usual. The show was on, and Fannie's act in the ring was over. Now she shuffled about the lot, her rope harness crossed over her bulging back, and a heavy pad on her forehead, in readiness to load the little show train for its short journey to the next town. Usually this was a time of joy, roaming about in the soft night air of Southern California, with no keeper and nothing to do, except to visit and be petted and to pick up the various dainties which had been saved for her. But that was in the old days; recession seemed to have reached a high point tonight.

She had visited the kid-show, the dressing-tent and the performers' entrance to the big top without even having gained a handful of peanuts. At last, however, she extended her trunk, chirruped hopefully and tried another course. Jim Brewster, evidently returning from some mission, had just met his wife, coming from under the big top sidewall and still in her pink silk and tulle of the equestrienne. Fannie barged joyfully forward and rubbed her trunk against the man's coat sleeve.

"Oh, hello, Fannie," said Jim, turning abstractedly. As suddenly he forgot her. "Well," he announced bitterly, "I've seen the Honorable Mr. Moran. He's changed his mind, he says. Decided the show isn't even worth his first offer."

Mary gasped. "But that was only fifty per cent of what we've put into it!"

The man nodded gloomily.

"I guess he thinks he can name his own figure—when he feels like it."

"Then he's going to keep on fighting us?" The girl was pale. Jim straightened.

"Well, let him!" he snapped. "I'm at the point where I'd rather end up in the hands of the sheriff than to see him buy us for fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar. We'll at least cost him something to lick us, and that's— Oh, run along, Fannie!" he interjected. "We haven't anything for you, old girl. Wont you please run along?"

Fannie had been thinking about that anyway, so she obeyed. There was still the midway juice joint to be visited; sometimes the leftovers there amounted to as much as a half tub of lemonade. She grunted and shuffled off into the shadows. This heavy conference meant nothing to her.

Yet it meant a great deal, if Fannie only could have understood: the Brewster Dog and Pony Show was fighting extinction. Once upon a time, Jim and Mary had worked for Shifty Bill Moran. They had left with his blessing—Shifty Bill was generous with that which cost him nothing. They had started their little show and by labor and sacrifice had built it into a money-maker, at which time, Shifty Bill Moran had taken a renewed interest. He had made them an offer, and been refused, which is unfortunate when a big show decides that it wants to swallow a smaller one. So Shifty Bill had "jumped" their route, and for a month now, their little aggregation had been overshadowed by a canvas city owned by Shifty Bill Moran, which went where they went, willing

to take a loss if necessary that it might inflict a greater one. There could be only one end; sooner or later, the Brewster Dog and Pony Circus would go broke, and the World's Marvelous, owned by Shifty Bill Moran, would gather it in, thus turning a competitor into an asset.

But those were things which Fannie could understand only in the result which they achieved. At the present moment, this concerned a tremendous and unrequited craving for sweets, so the old elephant shambled toward the midway juice-joint, and sidling to one side, ran her trunk over the wall of protecting canvas, following it by a begging squeal. But the concessionaire, moodily staring over a cigarette, only gave the investigative proboscis a friendly whack and shouted:

"Nothin' doin', old gal! There aint goin' to be no leavin's."

Fannie had heard that before. She answered with a mournful note, and turned away into the shadows. For the first time in years she felt lonely and unwanted.

Usually, after she had finished her evening collections, Fannie loafed around the main entrance, awaiting the signal for work. But tonight, she was restless; deeper and deeper into the shadows she wandered, shuffling and halting, then chirruping sadly, and shuffling on again. Suddenly, however, she blasted wildly, and leaped. Something had roared out of the night, and smacked thunderously into her rear.

Fannie didn't know that it was a countryman's flivver, moving precariously off the lot without lights. It had whanged her in a tender spot and a moment of obsession; she didn't pause to look back at the fender-bent mass in the darkness, or to hear the squawking farmer as he pressed hard on the gas and swerved into the street for hasty flight. Instead, she extended her trunk, popped her eyes, and swung into a swiftness of stride which carried her across the circus lot, over a curbing and to the hardness of asphalt. Here going was good and Fannie made the most of it.

She ran until she puffed; Fannie was not as young as she used to be; she neither knew nor cared where she was going. An elephant fears the enemy which comes from the rear; this one had been tumultuous, mysterious and roaring. On went Fannie, eating up distance, until at last there permeated her fear-hazed brain, the fact that she hadn't been pursued for some time. A few moments after her brakes had finally worked, she realized that she was lost.

Her course had been achieved under the obsession of fear; she had no memory of whether she had turned corners, veered at angles, or run in a circle. So she only chirruped in dismay, straightened her trunk and wheeled her body in a slow circle, blinked at the lights of the city, distantly sparkling, sniffed the air, and then centered her attention upon the diffused gleam from beneath spreading canvas, a short three blocks away on a street which led to the right. Now she could hear a band; faintly she caught the odor of a menagerie. Fannie knew a circus when she smelled it. Reassured, she started forward. But at the edge of the circus ground, she halted, and rolling the end of her trunk along the ground, blasted dust. Something was wrong.

This wasn't the circus to which she was accustomed. The tents were bigger and more brightly lighted; the smells, now that she catalogued them, were vastly different. She chirruped forlornly—then suddenly brightened. A man had moved swiftly out of the shadows, and was walking toward her, gulping hastily at a mouthful of popcorn that he might begin cajoleries. He reached into the paper sack he carried and extended a handful of popcorn.

"Hello, baby!" he said thickly. "Eat hearty!"

Fannie grunted, accepted the offering and moved cheerfully nearer him, the ropes of her harness dragging behind her. The sack of popcorn was torn wide open now, to reveal its luring contents. Fannie's eyes popped; then as she champed delightedly, her shadowy acquaintance patted her on the trunk, felt the canvas pad on her forehead and stood for a moment in thought. Suddenly he whirled, and moving out from the wagon which sheltered them from the faint gleam of the far-away big top, shouted to a distant workman:

"Hey, you! Go get Shifty Bill and the bull-boss. Tell 'em Dopey Green wants 'em—right now!"

Five minutes passed in elaborate pettings; Fannie enjoyed it with the appreciation of one starved for affection. Then two figures stumbled across the semi-darkness of the circus lot. One of them was in shirt-sleeves and a checkered cap—Boston Harry, the boss elephant-man. The other was a heavy, though elegant person in white flannels and a Panama hat; he carried a cane and wheezed from haste. Dopey greeted them excitedly.

"It's that dumb-bell off the Brewster show," he announced. "Must of got lost."

She just wanted to bellow and gambol—five glorious tons of whoopee!

"Oh!" said Shifty Bill. "So she come over here." Boston Harry was silent in an examination of the head-pad and harness. Fannie chirruped and wrapped her trunk about him, fishing with her delicate finger into his coat pockets. The bull boss turned hurriedly.

"Beat it, Dopey!" he commanded. "Get six or eight sacks of peanuts."

"Yeh, and some of that sticky popcorn," added Shifty Bill. Dopey departed. The two remaining men went closer to Fannie for extravagant cajoleries, interspersing this, however, with staccato sentences which belied their petting. Then Dopey returned with the peanuts and popcorn. Fannie grunted joyfully. They all took a turn at feeding her.

"I got an idea," said Boston at last. "We could hollow out an apple, stuff it full o' cyanide, then lead her out in the woods an' feed it to her. She'd be dead in an hour."

"That's out," said Shifty Bill. "They'd know we did the poisonin'. Now, shut up and let me think a minute."

There was silence then, except for the sound of joyous crunching; Fannie did not know that these three pleasant men were contemplating her death. Finally Shifty Bill questioned:

"Wonder if she left tracks coming here?"

"How could she?" asked Dopey. "On a paved street? I seen her two blocks away, under an arc light. So I waited."

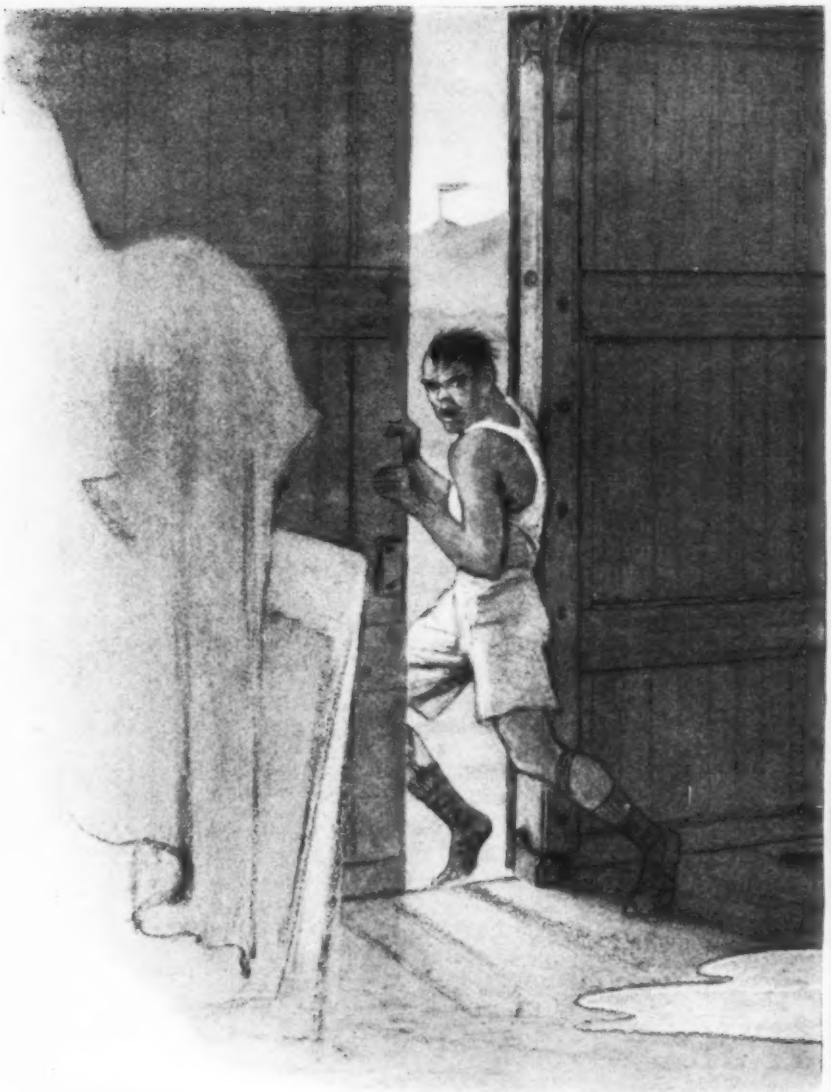
"Then there aint no tracks." Shifty Bill tilted his Panama. "Now listen, how about that equipment car?"

"The equipment car?" asked Boston Harry blankly.

"Yeh, the equipment car."

"Oh, the equipment car," interjected Dopey Green. There was a faltering quality about his voice which echoed the same sort of a tone in Boston Harry's.

"Are you guys deef?" asked Shifty Bill acridly. "I said the equipment car. Put a ring around her leg and chain her in there. Then, one of you guys stay with her every minute. And don't let nobody else in."



Dopey Green was dancing her, screeching as he leaped.

"Wouldn't it be awful crowded in there?" Boston Harry inquired nervously.

"Crowded, my eye!" snapped Shifty Bill. "They's all kinds of room in there." Then suddenly: "What's the matter with you guys?"

Dopey alibied hastily:

"Who us? Nothin'. But if you've got to store up a lot of hay for her—"

"Who said anything about storing hay?" Shifty Bill Moran was staring about him now in every direction. "We only got three days more in California, aint we? Then we start following the Brewster outfit across the desert. Well, somewhere around the Salton Sea, we slip her a big feed well doped up with alkali. Then we stop the train and turn her out. She'll be dead by morning, and no evidence of anything except that she'd wandered over there and drank some bum water."

"Easy enough for her to get there too," agreed Boston. "Us makin' short jumps right along the foothills. It'd be reasonable."

"That's why I figured it out." Shifty Bill made another quick survey. "Better hold to the paved streets and the dark ones all the way down to the yards. Slip her around the far end of the train; keep away from the lights of the runs. The fewer people that know about it, the better. Move fast; that car's on the first section. It's about ready to highball out."

Boston Harry raised the bull-hook he had brought with him, and sunk it gently in Fannie's ear.

"Come on, old gal," he said jovially, and the elephant obeyed, padding contentedly behind him. Long ago, she had become inured to a diversification of command; sufficient that her guardian treated her with the gentleness to which she was accustomed. But, now that Shifty Bill Moran was on the way back to the main entrance, Dopey Green and Boston Harry had no gentleness whatever for each other.

"What a smart guy you turned out to be!" snapped Boston Harry. "Now we got to move them barrels."

"Yeh, but how'll we move 'em?"

"Ask me somethin' I know, wont you?" growled the head bull man. "No brains—that's the trouble with you! What's it to you if Shifty swipes their bull? Jammin' up that equipment car an' us loaded with two full barrels of cider mash."

"How about you havin' no brains?" inquired Dopey, feeding the ecstatic Fannie another sack of peanuts, to keep her moving. "If you'd done what I told you, instead of dumpin' twice as much sugar as you'd ought of in that cider, it'd all been fermented an' run off by this time."

"How'd I know we were goin' to kidnap an elephant?"

"Yeh, how'd you know—how'd you know! You just knowed you wanted to put all the sugar in the world into that mash so it'd take a million years to stop fermentin'. Now we're stuck

about in his efforts to evade At last he reached the door.

with a bull in there, when we ought to have th' place all to ourselves."

They proceeded then for a long five minutes of silence, except for the click of their heels, the heavy shuffle of Fannie's hoofs, the crunch of her big jaws and a delighted chirrup at intervals at the receipt of new dainties. At last Dopey spoke again, more hopefully.

"Listen, kid," he said. "This aint so bad. We leave them barrels right where they're at, see? Just pile up a few things in front of 'em. Then we chain this old gal right in beside 'em, see? That shuts off anybody comin' around there, but us."

"Maybe you said something!" agreed Boston, sinking his hook deeper in Fannie's ear. 'Come along, Solid Ivory. We aint got all night!"

They moved more swiftly then. Dark streets were covered with scouting and care; the train was circled, and the equipment car approached from the shadowy end, avoiding the brilliantly lighted area about the loading runs where men might see and gossip. They shunted Fannie within the equipment car upon a runway hastily transferred from the regular bull-cars and as hastily returned. Then, with the doors closed and a flashlight gleaming faintly, they were within, moving odds and ends about for more room, and breaking open a bale of hay for their pachydermic quarry.

It was a car of varied contents. Extra wagon-wheels, gambling paraphernalia for use where Shifty could grease the proper officials, reserve canvas, hampers of worn-out costumes, a broken air-calliope and a half hundred other useless pieces of discarded apparatus occupied one end of the car—Shifty Bill's nature was somewhat miserly. The other end now housed Fannie. Beyond her was a pile of canvas, much smaller than it appeared to be, since it concealed two sizzling barrels, from which arose a heavy odor of fermenting applejuice. Bootlegging was profitable on a big circus like the World's Marvelous.

There was a clanking sound, as a heavy hinged ring went about one of Fannie's forelegs and was bolted tight, the chain which led from it being affixed to the floor with a heavy screw ring-pin. Fannie made no objection; she had been ring-pinned many times before. Then Dopey moved for a moment to the pile of canvas and lifted it.

"Say," he announced, "one of these barrels acts like it ought to be ready to run in a couple o' days."

"Never mind that," snapped Boston Harry. "Pay attention to what I'm telling you. Use that big-top canvas for a bunk. I'll get plenty of food to you. And don't let nobody in but me—you know, three knocks. Not even Shifty!"

"Swell chance for him," growled Dopey, "with this smell in here! Wish this cockeyed train'd start, so I could open a ventilator."

"Well, you got your wish," answered Boston; two sharp whistles had come from the engine. Wordlessly the bull boss slid open the door and jumped to the ground. Dopey closed the aperture swiftly behind him, and began the *(Please turn to page 118)*

A love story of that fairyland of tremendous temptations Hollywood

Two Offstage

HAZEL hadn't wanted to come to the Roosevelt. Rod had talked her into it. There were practical and temperamental reasons for her objection to dining at the Roosevelt. Her one evening frock was eight months old; it had an antiquated short skirt; the sequins were tarnished, and the chiffon flounces were frayed past redemption by needlework. Moreover, she knew that Rod couldn't afford to pay Roosevelt dinner-checks.

The temperamental objections were even stronger. She knew that in the Spanish lobby she would see groups of the Broadway crowd and their womenfolk: Gentlemen from Tin Pan Alley whose salaries ranged from five hundred to three thousand dollars a week. Ladies wearing frocks as new as last week's studio check, and fur coats that purred of theme-song royalties. And Rod would nudge her, saying: "That's Con Conrad. . . . . There's Buddy DeSylva. . . . . Look—isn't that Rudy Vallée?"

It would be worse in the Blossom Room. Clara Bow might romp in, flashing platinum bangles; or Joan Crawford and young Doug Fairbanks might appear; one was certain to run into a barrage of potent names—Schenck, Grauman, DeMille, Talmadge, Shearer, Davies, Vidor—tormenting, envy-provoking names. They represented the power and the glory of Hollywood.

She had tried to explain to Rod how she felt about it. "I can't stand to look at them any more," she had said. "They have everything and we have nothing. Why do we torture ourselves by sitting on the outside and looking in?" But Rod had laughed, an eager and slightly bitter young laugh. "It's good for us, hon," he had argued. "It keeps us remembering what we'll have some day when we get a break."

Hazel always had difficulty arguing with Rod. He was an incurable optimist, and his was only the bitterness of hope deferred. Rod liked to move within sight and sound of Hollywood success. Others had materialized his own dreams; he took vicarious delight in watching them from afar. Some day when he got

Hazel looked up—Rod and Pat stood there, with two faded, blondined women.

NOISES

by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by R.F. James

a break: "I'll have my name in lights above Carthay Circle—I'll have a Rolls like Jack Warner's—I'll have a yacht niftier than Dick Barthelmess'."

Her bitterness was different. She didn't believe they would ever get a break. She was afraid of her own longings—the sight of a Chanel frock, an ermine cloak; the sound of an ex-shopgirl's cocktail-tinctured merriment. Hollywood's preposterous rainbow hung too near the horizon; she was always reaching for it, always taunted by its cruel proximity.

Well—here they sat, Hazel Breuer, extra girl; and Rodney Kemp, actor (by grace of one "bit" part which had lifted him from extra ranks), at a side-table in the dimly lighted Blossom Room. George Olsen's orchestra was playing "Singing in the Rain." She had ordered enchiladas because they cost only ninety cents, and iced tea. Rod wanted her to have soup and a salad, but she said: "I'm not very hungry tonight." When it came time to have dessert, she would say: "Oh, I couldn't possibly eat another thing." She would say this, remembering that they could have had a full dinner at the Pig 'n' Whistle for a dollar each.

Rod was saying: "I saw Dave Binney out at M-G-M today. He promised to speak to Beaumont about a part for me. Beaumont will be casting next week."

She resisted an impulse to retort: "Your friends are always promising to speak to directors about you, Rod." Instead she said: "I certainly hope you get it, dear."

There was a stir at the doorway across the huge dining-room. A blonde beauty of fabulous success in the movies entered on the arm of a well-known director.

Rod said: "Heard some more dirt about her today. How does she get away with it?"

The girl shrugged.

"It isn't morality that gets your name in the lights."

She saw Rod's eyebrows lift. She was a little ashamed of the cynical bitterness in her voice. It was born of the reflection that the woman now mincing toward a choice table looked like Saint Cecilia on the screen, embodied the romantic ideal for thousands of young men, got twenty-five hundred adoring fan letters every week.

"Gee, hon," Rod said, "don't be like that. You're not forgetting the old fight, are you?"

"I know it sounded like sour grapes. I'm sorry."

"You'll get your chance some of these days. Sure you will. You're a type, and they want more sex just now. But it's bound to change."

She shook her head. "I'm tired of waiting, Rod. I can't kid myself any longer. I'll never be anything but an extra."

Fear darkened Rod's blue eyes; the dazzle of lights and pretty women and music and Hollywood's prodigality which Rod liked to keep before him as a shield from the truth faded away. His shoulders drooped. He said:

"I guess you think that about me too? Guess you think I'll never make the grade, either."

Hazel could face it for herself, but she couldn't bear to see Rod staring at defeat.

"Why did you lie to me, Rod?" she asked suddenly.

"You're different, Rod," she said hastily. "You've got something. You can't fail."

Rod groped his way back to the comfort of dreams.

"Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper and Bill Haines got there," he said doggedly. "And what those guys can do I ought to be able to do."

She nodded; and Rod started panning these and other movie stars.

The girl listened in silence. She could not censure Rod for his criticisms; she knew too well why Rod did it. Rod was trying to pull himself up by the process of tearing more successful rivals down. It made the heights less forbidding. She herself had tried that method months ago; she recollected telling Rod that Nancy Carroll had a bad profile and— But all this pointing at feet of clay didn't help any more.

"Tom Mix just came in," said Rod, breaking off. "Have you seen his new car? Boy, what a boat! There's Jimmy Cruze over in the corner. But they'll all flop sooner or later. Look, there's Georgie Jessel. Going back to New York."

Hollywood talk. Rod rambled on, deriding actors and actresses, directors and producers, recounting the weird ups and downs of this topsy-turvy world.

Instinctively the girl revolted. Rod shouldn't be talking Hollywood gabble. It was mean, small, vicious.

"Oh, forget it, Rod," she said. "Let's dance."

She noticed Rod's glance at her dress. Rod had on a tuxedo and expensive pearl studs. She didn't know where Rod had got them. He had been out of work for weeks and weeks.

"Uh — dance? Now? Let's wait awhile. There's hardly anybody dancing now."

She stiffened.

"Is it my dress, Rod?"

"Your dress? Of course not. Come on—we'll dance if that's what you want to do, hon."

He got up. She shook her head, knowing that it was her dress. Rod didn't want to be seen dancing with a girl in a passé dress. Not before the great ones of Hollywood. He would lose "front."

"Sit down. I don't want to dance."

Rod tried to cover it up with jocularity.

"You've got the heebie-jeebies or something, tonight, hon. First you say you want to dance, and then you don't. What's the matter?"

She looked at Rod searchingly. These months of waiting for fame and riches had done things to Rod. When they first met on the lot thirteen months ago, Rod was a bubbling joyous youngster confident of easy and magical success tomorrow or the next day. Now he was quiet and intense, almost desperate—like a gambler with a pitifully small stake looking for some elusive number which if played would win him a fortune. It had gone so far that Rod didn't want to dance with her for fear Hollywood might discover just how small his stake was. The great ones might say: "That's just some punk actor out of a job." You couldn't look poor in Hollywood. You had to keep up a front. You didn't dare look poor.

"It isn't I, Rod," she said slowly. "It's you. Something's got into you. You've changed."

Rod's scoffing grin vanished under the accusing earnestness of her regard.

"This is a tough game to beat," he said defensively, "an awfully tough game. I know you didn't want to come here tonight. But we've got to look as if we had plenty of dough. We've got to!"

They stared at each other.

"Do you think the game is worth beating, Rod?"

"Worth beating? Say—have you seen Charley Farrell's new house recently? Have you seen the clothes Eddie Lowe's wife wears? Go down to Wilmington and take a look at John Barrymore's new cruiser."

"I don't think you care so much about those things."

Rod laughed.

"Oh, no, not at all. I like mooching rides from my friends and doubling up with six other fellows in an apartment on Sunset." He sobered. "That's not the main thing, though. The main thing is getting on the screen. Being somebody. Playing leads in pictures that go into the Roxy and all around the world. I guess you don't think that's worth trying for?"

Her mother used to talk like that. Her mother, who had brought her and the small family savings from Sheboygan, Michigan, to Hollywood. Poor mother! Hazel still owed the undertaker sixty dollars on his bill, and the cemetery fifteen-fifty.

She tried to look at Rod impersonally, tried to draw conclu-

sions from Rod's hair and eyes and mouth and nose and voice. Did Rod really have a chance in pictures? She found that she couldn't answer that question. That was part of the cruelty of Hollywood. You couldn't say yes or no about anybody. Not when good-looking boys like Rod flashed to stardom overnight. Not when success in the movies depended upon such helter-skelter intangibles as the right break, the right story, the right director, the right appeal to that Great Unknowable, the Public. Hollywood kept you waiting, hoping—

"Maybe you're right, Rod," she said. "But—I I—I don't see how we're going to stand the gaff much longer. Tell me, honestly, how much money have you left?"

"Enough to last until I get a job," was his grim answer.

"Rod!"

"Well—eight dollars and thirty-five cents."

"Minus our dinner-check?"

"No. That comes out."

She eyed him steadily.

"You'll still have more than I."

"I'll lend you some of mine, hon."

"Thanks, but you wont."

They were silent while the waiter brought Rod's dessert. Pistachio ice-cream, forty cents.

"I'm going to get a job tomorrow," she said.

"In pictures?"

"No," she said flatly. "In a store, or an office, or somewhere."

Rod looked across the dining-room to where a movie executive about his age, who earned a hundred and fifty thousand a year, was dancing with a Hollywood divorcée.

"I guess you think I ought to quit pictures and go back to Quincy?" Rod said harshly. "Well, I'm not quitting. I'm going to hang on until I get a break. I'm going to hang on, somehow, no matter how!"

She didn't like the gleam in Rod's eyes. She was afraid of what Hollywood had done and was doing to Rod. It had taken the exuberance of his youth away; it had deprived him of the normal wholesome ambitions to succeed in life. It was driving him now to the edge of desperation. Hadn't Rod waited too long? Hadn't he already lost more than he would ever gain?

"Listen, dear. Couldn't you write your father and ask him to lend you some money?"

"I'll never ask him for a cent."

Rod's father owned a flour-mill near Quincy, Illinois. When Rod, fired by his success in "Green Stockings," the senior play at high school, and further triumphs as a member of the Masquers at the State university, quit school in sophomore year and ran off to Hollywood, his father delivered an ultimatum. "Dear son," he wrote: "When you have had your fill of the movies, I will send you the fare back to Quincy. I have a good job for you here in the mill, or you can go back to school." Rod's mother wrote at the same time, saying: "Don't mind your father, dear, I am sure you will be a big success in Hollywood, and I just can't wait to see you on the screen."

"Hazel! Hazel!" ..... It was Rod, but he was dressed so queerly!

"No, I don't suppose you could bring yourself to do that," Hazel said. "But why couldn't you get a job as an extra again, just temporarily?"

Rod snorted.

"Me an extra? After I've made a hundred dollars a week? I couldn't do that, Hazel. I'd be sunk forever."

At this juncture a Filipino bellboy came toward their table, evidently directed by some one at the door.

"Mr. McKayney wants to speak with you, sir," said the bellboy.

Rod got up, looking annoyed.

"Be back in a second," he said.

The girl watched Rod cross the room and join a tall, swarthy collar-ad young man. She frowned. Pat McKayney—what did he want with Rod? Was Pat McKayney a friend of Rod's? Hazel knew Pat McKayney by reputation. He was a Beverly Hills gigolo.

Rod and McKayney talked a few moments. Then Rod came back to the table. His face was flushed with embarrassment.

"I've got to go over to a fellow's house for a few minutes, hon. It's about a job. Would you mind waiting in the lobby? I'll pay the check, and—"

"Is it so urgent as all that?"

"Yes. The fellow wont wait. He's got several others in mind, and unless I see him tonight—."

"Is it Pat McKayney's house?"

"Well, no—not exactly. —Waiter! Check, please."

As she arose to leave, Rod held her *(Please turn to page 104)*

AFTER SOPHISTICATION

We are all becoming more and more—what? More sophisticated. What, exactly, is this thing called sophistication, which is seizing all of us? What does it do to us? To what does it lead us? And what next?

Illustrated by George Howe

THOSE who are satisfied with our own times, and those who are not, agree that certain of the old taboos and restraints have been abandoned. We have become sophisticated.

What do we mean by sophistication? If we are old-fashioned, we mean that the world is going to the dogs, that the young people, and their elders too, have lost their ideals, have lost reverence for what is fine, have ceased to be sensitive, have reverted to the animal in us. If we call ourselves liberals, we mean that out of much confusion is coming progress, that the modern world has re-examined its institutions and its standards, has informed itself as to which institutions and standards really are essential to noble ideals, and which are historically the product of ignorance, of fear or of stupidity.

But whether we take sophistication in the bad sense or the good, we all ask, now that we are sophisticated, what is to come next? Havelock Ellis recently reminded us that the next business of our times is to create new taboos in the place of those which have been abolished—to indicate by emotional and moral guideposts the direction in which the new world has elected to go. Unless we choose a direction, our unprecedented liberty is an empty privilege.

I am of those who believe that our sophistication has been not only inevitable but desirable. I wish we had even more liberty than we have yet secured. Sophisticated man is admirable if he is sophisticated enough. The half-sophisticated person, having discovered something of his history and something of the behavior of human nature, loses his ideals and becomes blasé. The thoroughly sophisticated man will learn all he can of his origin, of the origin of his emotions and of his ideals, and yet will keep the ideals, remembering that they too are natural, and the best part of nature at that.

Any successful school or college teacher illustrates true sophistication. Before him come generations of youth in categories which strangely repeat themselves. With a little experience he learns that all freshmen are alike, all sophomores, juniors and seniors. This general view of the student world is undoubtedly correct; yet the teacher must remember also that every student thinks of himself romantically as a unique case. To be of service to the student, the teacher must learn to deal with him both as a special case and as a typical example. To deal with him only as a special case would be unsophisticated, if you choose—certainly immature. To deal with him only as a typical example, would be blasé.

In some such fashion the sophisticated man learns to think of himself, both as an individual, faithful to his ideals, and as a member of the human race much given to self-illusion. He values the ideals none the less because he knows something of their origin; and he is no less loyal to his best emotions even though he must suspect they are involved with ancient taboos and prejudices.

The danger today, especially for our young people, is that they are not sufficiently sophisticated. They have learned from silence to doubt the dogmatic statements of authority; truth, they have learned, should be sought through experiments and through observation. Yet they have not become themselves aggressively scientific; they know enough to question the dogmatic attitude wherever it appears, but they frequently fail to seek truth for themselves. They have a fairly accurate notion of their place in human society, at least of their place in some hypothetical outline of history; but they have lost their faith, their sense of direction.

When we ask, therefore, what is to follow the present stage of sophistication, our answer can be only a guess.

My guess is this: I think the human race will never continue long without faith. If some faith has been mislaid through a partial acquisition of sophistication, we shall get it back either by abandoning what little sophistication we have acquired, or by acquiring more. Some of our neighbors hope for the first outcome, for an abandonment of the whole body of ideas which have produced our modern world, for a return to what they call Victorian safety and solidity. To my mind this aspiration does injustice to the Victorian period—but we may let that pass. Others of us hope to recover our sanity and our direction in life through more knowledge. Perhaps we are nearer to wisdom than the critics of the age suspect.

Even the lawlessness which causes concern nowadays may be a symptom of something not altogether bad. Mere authority, unsupported by fact or by argument, has lost its appeal. Say if you choose that our sophisticated times have no respect for religion, no respect for law, no respect for tradition. Why not say rather that an unthinking docility has left us? Why regret its departure? The chief effort of modern education has been to rouse the mind to just such a habit of questioning.

There was a time when a law passed by an accredited legislature carried with it a certain authority, because legislators were supposed to know what was good for us. A decision of the Supreme Court was something almost sacred, because the Court represented our best-considered wisdom in the field of justice. It took only a little education, however, to call attention to those cases in which the Court decided by a majority of one vote—to teach us, that is, that in many problems there is an immense difference of opinion, even among the best minds. The decisions of the Court, therefore, carry authority through the force of their arguments, rather than by virtue of an uncriticised prestige. In the matter of ordinary legislation, the instruction which youth has received, at the public charge, in constitutional history and in general theories of justice, has made numbers of people quite as competent to criticise a law as the average Congressman is to make one. Respect for law, just because it is a law, is gone, just as respect for a sermon, just because it is a sermon, is gone. To be respected it now has to be a good sermon, and a good law.

This skeptical attitude, this disposition to question, is not undesirable, if only it goes far enough. The danger is that it may stop with the question, that it may feel no obligation to furnish the answer. All very well to stop at the crossroads and make sure of our way, but in the end we must take one road or the other.

This attitude of lawlessness, the most widely noted symptom of our sophistication, can be illustrated from the three general fields of the home, of education and of religion. Most of our debates about the modern world have to do with these regions. To see where we are going, or at least to make a guess, we may list the kinds of information about each of these fields which the

WHAT? by John Erskine

who wrote
"The Private Life of Helen of Troy"

sophisticated have acquired. We can ask how probable it is that we shall abandon this information, close our minds, and go back to the state we were in before. If we are to go on, we can make a guess as to how this information will be qualified by a more sophisticated combination of general knowledge and of personal ideals.

We might dwell for a moment on the idea that much of contemporary so-called wildness has been bred in youth by the progress of science, and we, the elders, have tried to drive into their heads as much of this science as we could. From history, from physiology, from anthropology, any well-read person now knows that much of what was once thought sacred and God-sent

In spite of much-heralded reform, traditional education is still firmly in the saddle.

Churches became simple, indicating renewed conviction that the house of God is elsewhere than in stones and mortar.

had either a casual or a very animal origin. If you interrupt me to say that the origin is unimportant so long as the casual origin has been transfigured by the spirit, I shall agree with you. Your remark shows that you are a properly sophisticated person—you are aware at one and the same time of the humble forms in which life begins, physical or animal, and of the ideal uses to which it can be put. Many of the young people have not grasped this second important truth. Their attention has been diverted for the moment by the news, to them astounding, that our ideals have, in many instances, very lowly origin. They would not have been so surprised if the idealists of a few generations back had themselves been willing to face the whole truth of life—had been willing, that is, to admit the mixture of earthly origins with idealistic ends.

In the general field of marriage, for example, our literature has handed down to our young people a picture, only half true, of youthful love. Were we to believe this account exclusively, we should think that in our late 'teens or early twenties love would suddenly descend upon us in a spiritual ecstasy, and that it would be inevitable happiness for us to marry the object of our affections while we were in that excited mood. The books give us every reason to believe that a marriage so begun will necessarily be happy, provided that the parties to it lead a life morally correct. The failure of the home, according to this theory, is due to a sin on one side or the other; and divorce, therefore, must be a public recognition of wickedness.

This magical mood Nature can create more than once.

Over against this legend, our sophisticated age now knows that the spiritual ecstasy of youthful love is generated in us by Nature; that it is this which makes us see unutterable loveliness in the girl we adore, rather than anything necessarily in the girl. We are mad. Our relatives cannot recognize what we observe in the object of our affections. She may, of course, be all that we think her, but in any case Nature makes us think it, and whether we are right is to a surprising extent a matter of luck.

If one is completely sophisticated, one does not permit this information to belittle the sacredness of youthful love. It is true that all young people will behave the same way, at Nature's call; yet this behavior is probably the most generous in their lives, and nothing could be more blessed for them than to make the illusion permanent.

Moreover, the modern reader knows, even if experience has been withheld from him, that this magical mood which Nature creates in the young, she can create more than once. "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?" asked Christopher Marlowe, youthful, romantic, a poet. It would be embarrassing but quite as pertinent to ask: "Whoever loved that did not love several times?" Yet the instinct for constancy is as deep in the human heart as the instinct for Nature's random passions, and the problem of marriage immediately becomes, even for the *Romeos* and *Juliets*, a problem of companionship. Our sophisticated youngsters know that Nature would be satisfied when the ecstatic vision she unfolds has brought the lovers into each other's arms, to create another life and carry on the race; but it is equally natural for our souls to refuse to accept this result as the fullest possible use of love or of marriage.

To the sophisticated, therefore, marriage can be studied either as a problem involving chiefly children, or as a problem involving companionship. If we were to follow only the impulses of our nature, children would be a natural result, and would bring their own responsibilities and problems. A true companionship might grow out of the joint care of them. But it is just as likely that no such companionship would result, nothing but friction and misunderstanding. The fact that Nature has made two people fall in love is not the slightest indication that they are fitted to live together, that their interests will be harmonious, that their characters will develop symmetrically. Moreover, when Nature has accomplished her end, sad though it is to admit it, the beautiful vision sometimes vanishes, with incredible agility, and marriage thereafter is only a long-drawn-out attempt to substitute loyalty and forbearance in the place of love.

On the other hand, the sophisticated know that intelligent people, in spite of the youthful madness which Nature suggests, have sometimes been able to establish the companionship first, and that out of this companionship the deeper passion has blossomed. Such a relation also involves body as well as spirit, but in a different order, far more ennobling to the body. Marriage so thought of becomes elevated to a ritual of devotion, expressing all the beautiful powers stored up in the two souls by a perfect companionship. To those who have grasped this ideal fully, it seems in comparison rather cheap to begin with physical love, under the urge of Nature, hoping to develop a satisfactory companionship out of it.

When the sophisticated person nowadays hears admonitions from conservative folk to preserve the sacrament of marriage, he knows it took the church a number of centuries to decide whether marriage was a sacrament. He knows that in the articles of faith, in the English prayer-book, there is a careful distinction between the important sacraments and the less essential ones, among which matrimony is ranked. Baptism is necessary for salvation, says the church, but matrimony is not. But the modern sophisticated person would, I think, say that in many cases matrimony *is* necessary for salvation—that a human being who has missed this companionship has missed one of the profoundest exercises of the soul. The sophisticated, therefore, think more highly of ideal marriage than the church has thought, at least in some periods of its history.

These are in general the ideas of the home which have made us sophisticated. We also have had our eyes opened not only to the theory of matrimony, but to the practice. We know that the number of divorces increases yearly. We also know that statistics can take no precise account of the large number of married people who are virtually divorced, though for one reason or another they keep up the appearance of a united household.

If this is a fair account of the sophisticated attitude toward marriage, what ideals are likely to grow out of it?

My guess is that human beings will always crave a noble and satisfying love, and that the next generation will not be less idealistic than preceding ones. When people fall in love, they wish to love forever. But I think they will approach marriage more and more in the hope of finding companionship. The children will come and will be cherished as much as ever they were, but marriage will not be primarily an enterprise to bear and bring up children. I think there will be an increasing demand for information and instruction in the problem of *(Please turn to page 144)*

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT

A novel of New Jersey, where wives wait at home and husbands commute to the city of tragic temptations.

by Dorothy Walworth Carman

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

"Alfred bores me to tears. If I didn't have some adventures, I'd die."

The Story So Far:

THREE families living in a suburb of New York—and each member of them responding, in his or her way, to the lash of the most unrelenting whip in the world—the hope of happiness: Lydia Smith and her husband Seth; Amelia and Joe Browning and their three children, and the fourth that was to come; Joyce Millard and her handsome husband Clifford and their two children Gam and Cherry.

Seth Smith was a man of simple, quick and transient emotions, happy if Lydia's latest fad allowed him a peaceful evening with a wild West novel. Sharp-faced Lydia was eager to elevate Seth's tastes—she was eager, indeed, to improve the whole world.

Life did not puzzle Joe Browning. One was graduated from high school, went to work in an office, was faithful and diligent, fell in love with the right girl and married, settled down and had children, raised the children to be faithful and diligent—died and went to heaven. But life was hard for Joe just the same, and for Amelia, with her children and her house to look after. They were both aging rapidly.

And yet—consider Joyce and Clifford Millard, who were both healthy and handsome, and had two attractive children; Clifford had a pretty good income too—he was a sort of bond-house gigolo, well paid for selling securities to wealthy and impressionable women. And yet—

One dull afternoon in November Joyce took the train to New York, where she bought theater tickets and telephoned Clifford at the office:

"I've got a surprise for you. I'm in New York. You've seemed so tired lately. I thought a change would do you good. Will you meet me at the Biltmore at six-thirty?"

"Uh-huh."

Something in his tone made Joyce wonder. It sounded as if Clifford were speaking through clenched teeth. And when, more than an hour late, he kept the appointment, he said to her:

"Do you know why I've seemed tired? It isn't work. I'm tired —of you. I—I meant not to tell you, but your coming in tonight was the limit."

Joyce felt as if the world had exploded. The room grew dark and circled. *"Sh-h-h,* Clifford! That old lady will hear you."

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"I don't care. Let her hear. I want this over with and understood. I don't love you, and I'm sick of pretending I do."

And yet—Clifford and Joyce continued to live on in the same house; and their world apparently knew nothing of their status.

Amelia's fourth child was born; and time passed as it does in the Brookstones of this world. Now and then life was punctuated by parties which curiously defined their givers: Lydia gave one for the pseudo-intellectuals who were her current enthusiasm; the Brownings were happy in offering their friends a simple evening of bridge; the Brookstone Country Club, of which the Millards were members, staged their New Year's Eve dance. *(The story continues in detail:)*

HERE were husbands who had "made good," with wives who had "made good" also. Amelia and Joe's crowd were only "getting on." These were men who could say: "Hello, John. Hear you cleaned up in American Petroleum." They were smooth-jawed, active men with the compact look of pointers on the leash. They worked hard and played hard and felt the salt wind of success in their nostrils. Their women could say: "Look, Laura, Harry just gave me this pendant for my birthday! Isn't it darling?" Their women were groomed like trotting horses for the races. They glistened and were a credit to their owners. They were the sort of women who sit on country-club porches and have made a custom of indifference. Hard babies.

These high-hats were far removed from Lydia's high-brows and Amelia's social errors on the fifty-cent side. When people moved

to Brookstone, they could find their own level. They could go with the Amelias, the Lydias or the Joyces, if they were invited. They could join any number of groups. There was no end of sewing societies, bowling teams, poker clubs, mother-study circles, travel clubs, even reading clubs, where people of the same kind came together. And a family could always go to church if they could not break into social life any other way. All kinds settled down in Brookstone. Most of them came because they wanted outdoor air for their children. The average family income was five thousand a year. No one with an income quite so microscopic was supposed to be a member of the country club. But plenty were, having dug up the price God knew how. The trick of living in Brookstone was to pretend you had ten thousand when you had five. And when you had ten, pretend you had twenty. It was perfectly all right as long as your façade did not crack under the strain. If it did, then you were inexcusable.

It certainly was a swell party, a well-dressed crowd. One could scarcely tell it from New York. The balcony was crowded. Joyce sat with her special coterie. She was wearing a white dress, soft and transparent, falling in foam to her ankles. The neck was round; the high waist was gathered with a gold ribbon. She wore long crystal earrings and gold slippers. On her arm was a platinum-and-diamond bracelet. Her right hand, hanging so lightly over the chair-arm, showed an emerald. She had all the signs of a husband's success. People were remarking on how beautiful she looked tonight. She had changed the way of doing her hair since November. (A husband should always take notice when a wife definitely changes her hair. It means a spiritual epoch.) Now she wore it combed smoothly off her forehead, off her ears, and gathered in curls like a cluster of primroses at her neck. Clifford was not here tonight. He was—detained—in New York. Joyce had come with Clifford's brother Inness. He was one of those big sporty bachelors with bags under his eyes. Joyce had told him not to bother with her, to run along. He had departed, with evident gratitude, to play billiards down below.

I wanta go back to Broadway—
I got those Big Town Blues—

That song with the yearning tune was so popular this season. Joyce looked down at the dancers and thought that all women over forty should be restrained by law from dancing. If they could only see photographs of themselves—protuberating. But they did not see themselves as they were—and they felt as young as ever. One could tell how old a man was by his dancing. His steps dated him, no matter if he had taken lessons. Men over fifty were so apt to *skip*. Joyce wondered what they were all thinking as their legs moved. If only a bell would ring, and everyone would tell what he was thinking! The party would probably break up instantly.

Occasionally she danced. Whenever she went down the stairs, through the parlors, she stumbled over couples huddled together—huddled quite openly, arms around each other, drinking out of the same glass—a bit tight. There was always some of that going on at the Country Club dances, but of course it was worse tonight, being New Year's Eve. ("Start the New Year right, boy!") Everyone said it was all perfectly harmless. There was King Sayle, who always put his hand on a woman's knee. But he didn't mean anything by it—just innocent flirtation; this Brookstone society crew were modern. Husbands and wives joked about each other's current weakness.

"Henry's got a crush on Irma now. I tell him he's got a lot to love. She's gained twenty pounds since August."

"Elaine is raving over Jack Knowles. I don't know what she sees in him, but it's her funeral!"

Several of these "crushes," owing to their long duration, were socially recognized. Hostesses seated such couples next to each other at dinner. It was understood, for instance, that Jerry was Helen's property. Helen always wore Jerry's flowers on her shoulder. Helen's husband said he didn't care. Helen was just amusing herself. Jerry was a fine fellow. After all, this was the Twentieth Century. Mustn't be feudal. And yet, under these grim attempts to be sophisticated, were often bewilderment and hurt—and plain old-fashioned pain. One's mind and one's emotions said different things. One's mind said: "I mustn't be jealous." One's emotions said: "If she would only love me—just me—as she did at first!" . . . . Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes; Jerry was a fine fellow.

Only a small amount of actual wrong was going on. It was mostly gestures. They played safe. They had their position in society to consider. They did all they dared and got as much kick as they could out of that. They had never eaten the cooky. But the cooky was scalloped with bites around the edges. They went much further than Amelia's crowd. They did not take it out in conversation like Lydia's crowd. But they were careful.

When the Country Club dances were held in the summer, the cars in the parking space outside were filled with couples. Their amorousness was like the stuff they drank—a kick manufactured out of God knew what. They felt no passion, no love, no romance, not even the illusion of these emotions. There was a horrible sort of common sense about it all. After such an evening, a man went home with his wife ("Best little wife in the world!") and went straight to sleep. He never gave another thought to the woman he had been fondling on the back seat of his car. Perhaps he

would fondle her again, perhaps he wouldn't. Before he went to sleep, he usually said to his wife: "Aren't the children in yet? I declare I don't know what the young people are coming to. When I was their age—"

No one would be harder on a woman who had "sinned" than the Country Club crowd. Amelia's crowd would pity her—Lydia's lionize her; but the Country Clubbers would close their doors. Let Helen be found actually in Jerry's arms—well, one simply couldn't invite her anywhere, could one? But as long as Helen and Jerry kept up appearances, coquettish hostesses seated them next to each other at dinner. It was all right to live beyond your income, provided it did not show. It was all right to live beyond the proprieties, provided it did not—show. A man and a woman had a lot of excess energy left at the close of the day. It was all right to dissipate it in these harmless— But don't let it flame out into anything *real*. Don't go to the city. Stay in the suburbs.

I wanta go back to Broadway—
I got those Big Town Blues—

Joyce did not believe these suburbanites of passion, these players-on-the-edge, were any better than those who went over. They amused her with their stuffy little pride in their technical fidelity. Tonight she felt as if she were noticing things for the first time since November. She was like a person up for the first day after an illness, feeling blanched and clarified. She had spent November and most of December in a sort of stupor. Clifford had come and gone in the house, always polite. She remembered going into the bathroom around two o'clock in the morning and letting cold water run on her wrists. Once she had sat on a bench in Central Park, the wind blowing the tears back into her eyes. A policeman had passed, swinging his stick, and said: "Not all the days are happy, are they, miss?"

It was hard to get out of the habit of thinking you were loved. It was even harder to get out of the habit of loving. Joyce had read in the books how a woman's love was suddenly turned to hate by a man's disloyalty. How she wished she were such a woman! Everything would be easier to bear if she were sustained by the fiery juice of hate. It would be so heartening. But she could not stop loving Clifford all of a sudden, when it had been her custom. She could not help thinking of nice little things he had done for her, before she caught herself up and remembered. There was the time they sat in the hot grass and ate the apples, rubbing the apples in their hands to make them bright. Please set that afternoon against the evening at the Biltmore.

Clifford had had more than a month now of doing as he pleased, not being chained. She had not decided yet about a divorce. Clifford did not want a divorce. All he wanted was to be let alone. Joyce did not see any reason why she should make herself and her children exquisitely uncomfortable just because Clifford was bigamous. If she could just stand the strain of living with him now— It was rather like having a corpse in the house. One was careful not to go into *that* room.

"Hello, George. Thanks. . . . . I don't want to dance now. I'm tired. Run along and find Diana. . . . . No, Clifford's not here. . . . . In New York—just one of those things. I came with Inness. . . . . No. I'm *not* lonely. Run along and find Diana. That's a good boy."

Of course Christmas was ghastly. She had tried to keep the day centered on the children and Santa Claus, but there had been a little package under the tree for her. It was a pearl brooch. She had handed it back to Clifford with: "I guess you'd better not." He had mumbled something about not wanting to let Christmas pass. But the morning after Christmas she had waked up with the definite knowledge that all her tears were shed. Somehow she knew, with a quiet sense of accomplishment, she would not weep again —over this. There would be hurt; there would be ache; but tears were done. She had got the better of them. She had pulled herself up over the edge of the heavy stone.

"Hello, Fritz. . . . . Yes, isn't the music corking? . . . . I'll dance the next waltz."

Sometimes it had seemed strange to live here in the suburbs, so close to the life of the Big Town and yet not part of it. One went in and touched that life and came out again. Commuted to one's adventure of dinner-and-the-theater. Sometimes Joyce suspected that she was living in a mental suburb too. The Big Town was somewhere near, but she was not living there. She touched it only once in a while, went in and out again—in flashes. But through November and December, when she suffered, she felt as if she were alive in the Big Town, a definite part of what was going on. That was the compensation. One felt *real* at last.

I wanta go back to Broadway—
I got those Big Town Blues—

A woman came out on the balcony, looking from side to side. It was beautiful Diana Bly, Brookstone's professional heartbreaker. She was rumored to have had a succession of

A policeman passed and said: "Not all the days are happy, are they, miss?"

A good show took you out of yourself. And the people at the restaurant table—Joyce loved to speculate about their lives.

affairs—all perfectly harmless. She and Joyce had always been friends, although Diana was ten years older. Her dress was scarlet taffeta nasturtiums on eggshell taffeta. Her face was tinted pale, her eyelids blue-shadowed, her lips nasturtium. She carried a blonde lace handkerchief. There was a pigeon's-blood ruby on her finger.

"Joyce! There you are, darling. I've been looking all over for you. Why aren't you dancing? George was wild that you wouldn't dance with him."

"I'm tired, and I don't mind saying so. I'm getting too old for these orgies. Isn't it a good thing they didn't have this a masquerade? I couldn't have stood it to see one more hairy man in a Roman toga."

Diana sat down on the arm of Joyce's chair. Beautiful bird on the chair-arm, fanning her wings. Scarlet bird and white bird, together for a moment.

"You know you're not too old, Joy. I'm having more fun than ever, and I'm—well, you know how old I am. I wont say the word out loud."

Their voices took on the bare, rangy tone that women's voices assume when they are good friends and there are no men within hearing. Women are at their best then. It is a pity men never see them at those relaxed moments when they take off their armor and walk in the shade of the trees. The truth is never so true as when two women tell it to each other.

Joyce stroked the taffeta folds, thick as cream.

"Heavenly dress. . . . . Why do you keep it up, Diana? All these affairs! Does it get you anywhere?"

"Well, I don't know that it gets me anywhere. Men are such dumb-bells. But it's something to do."

"Don't you ever get tired?"

"Not as tired as I would be if I stopped. Alfred bores me to tears. I love him, I guess. But when a man has kissed you for twenty years, you don't want his kisses any more. The marriage relation can get so *boring*, Joy. One quite dreads it. If I didn't have some adventures, I'd die."

Joyce smiled slowly.

"No, you wouldn't. Lots of women live."

Diana followed the pattern of a nasturtium with her finger. The cloth had a gloss like a bird's breast. She would not stay away from the dancing very long, however. It made her feel like a dowager.

"Well, I'm not one of your cold women. If I couldn't look forward to a little excitement—what else *is* there in life, you know?"

"Why—lots—plenty—any number of—"

Diana smiled a knowing smile. She touched Joyce's shoulder with the hand that wore the pigeon's-blood ruby.

"You're so young, Joy. You're so satisfied with your Clifford. But wait till some time you're lonely. Then you'll want to take the taste out of your mouth."

"But don't you ever get enough?"

"It's like gin, dear. You've got to have more and more. Let's not sit here and talk like this. It's so morbid."

"But just tell me one thing. Does it seem *real?*"

Diana made a lovely, weary gesture with her arms. Her shoulders glowed in the light.

"Of course it's real. Everything's real. Come on downstairs and have a drink. You act nervous."

When Diana had gone downstairs, it suddenly occurred to Joyce that she was having a nice time this evening, doing exactly as she pleased. She was dancing or not dancing, just as she liked. She even sat alone if she wanted. She wondered what it was gave her this light, poised sense of freedom. Then she realized—it was Clifford's not being there. Whenever she had been at a party with Clifford, she had been a *wife*. She had danced when she didn't want to dance—to please Clifford, because he liked to see his wife being popular. She had been vivacious, because he admired a vivacious woman. But now—damn charm, damn vivacity! At this party she was herself, her own woman. Joyce sat erect in her chair at the shock of the discovery that she did not need to be charming. Of course it was too bad at a party not to have a husband's attention but— Why, see here—*hurrah!*

She felt a bit dazed. The sudden view of liberty was too much. Near twelve o'clock Inness appeared, and they went downstairs.

Before the mirror Joyce gently took off her long crystal earrings and laid them away in their satin box. Her hands felt smooth and dexterous —*her own hands*. She stared at her face in the mirror (women usually settle their lives in front of mirrors). This was Joyce —free, white and twenty-seven. This girl could do a lot of things. She could find out What Was Going On. There was nothing to keep her back. On her dressing table was a bottle with a red jewel for a top. Some one had painted yellow dragons inside with a little curved brush. Joyce took the bottle in her hands as if she had never seen it before. She admired the red eyes of the dragons, picked out in the yellow. It looked different. Everything in the room looked different, even her lamp, with the base like a little green cabbage. Everything must be appraised again.

A negro gave them a horn and a whistle. They put on fancy caps. Inness had a blue cap that made him look like a solemn baby. They danced. The lights went out for a moment. It was the New Year. Then they flashed on again and the noise began. Joyce shouted to Inness, "Happy New Year!" Everyone on the dance floor joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Then the dancing went on again. Joyce asked Inness to take her home. She did not need to stay here if she didn't want to! How many times she had longed to go home early from parties. ("What d'you want to go home for, Joyce? Don't be a kill-joy.") Inness willingly took Joyce home. He thought she showed a proper spirit, not wanting to stay out late without her husband. Joyce was a nice girl. Lovely neck and arms.

When Joyce undressed for the night, she kept that heady sense of freedom. All through her body it fizzed and stung. When a woman once experiences that sensation, life becomes dangerous for her husband. Life becomes even dangerous for the members of the human race she subsequently encounters. Joyce sat down on the low stool before her dressing-table mirror and tried to be calm. All her life she had belonged to somebody else, acted the way somebody else wanted her to act. She was married very young. She had been first a daughter, then a wife. But now she could be herself, as in herself she really was. She felt rather faint, and her knees trembled. She was not loved by Clifford, but neither was she cumbered by Clifford. She had not thought of it that way before. She could—why—*hurrah!*

When the light was out, she lay in the darkness, smiling, with the quilt up to her chin. Smiling in the dark is also a dangerous occupation.

For the first time in Joyce's life, she did not care that Clifford was not home. Let him come or not come. She was gathered up into a person. Not anybody's—not pleasing anybody. She almost called out: "Thank you, Clifford! Thank you, Clifford! Thank you for my chance to move into the Big Town!"

Chapter Seven

WHAT a man thinks the first thing in the morning is important. ("Good Lord, that note at the bank!") Also what he thinks the last thing at night. ("Will I ever be able to meet it?") And if we knew for sure what men and women think when they wake in the night, human nature would be no mystery. Night thoughts—night hopes—night dreams of a different life. . . . . When Brookstone lay quiet under the climbing moon, when all the house-lights were hushed, people were lying awake. The town was never quite asleep.

Little dreads and ambitions were astir in the dark bedrooms. ("I hope he'll treat me fair.") People were taking off covers, putting on covers, turning their pillows to find the cool side, telling themselves they would be wrecks in the morning if they went on like this. One lover was thinking of another lover, asleep on a

different street. Husbands heard wives breathing. They lay and watched the moonlight make the ceiling pallid and the bureau unfamiliar. They heard their children murmur in a dream. There is something solemn about lying awake while the white wine of moonlight drains from the blue glass of heaven—until day.

Bodies tossed. Thoughts foamed. Thoughts are never so tremendous as in the small hours. The mind is a razzle-dazzle at top speed. A roller coaster with red-hot skates. A scenic railway with the scenery painted by devils remembering. One can never stop riding. The machinery has gone wrong. One remembers small agonies of ten years ago—using the wrong spoon in the presence of Mrs. Tewkesbury—mistakes made yesterday, likely to be made tomorrow—health—and Evelyn's disposition. . . . . Oh, what do *other* people think about when they wake up in the night?

WHEN Amelia lay awake that mid-January night, she thought she—she just couldn't have this baby. Four children, the last only five months old, and no maid and now another baby—she couldn't go through with it.

When it was light enough to show the trees outside the window, Amelia fell into a deathlike sleep. Joe had to shake her to get her up. She stood in the middle of the bedroom floor, dazed, pushing back the hair from her eyes. It was snowing. Wasn't that just her luck—to have it snowing? Last night it hadn't looked like snow.

"Sleepyhead," Joe said teasingly. "You better not go to the city today if you're so tired."

"I must get those leggings," Amelia mumbled.

"You women!" Joe said. He was always amused at the way women shopped. They rushed all over New York trying to save three cents. Any man could see through their funny little ways.

At nine o'clock the woman came who was to take care of the children for the day. Amelia kissed her family good-by. They must be careful not to get wet today in the snow. The baby looked so sweet in his crib. "Yes, you can make a snow man this afternoon, Susan."

She saw some of her friends waiting at the upper end of the station platform, so she stayed down at the lower end, gathered tight under her umbrella. She did not want to sit with anybody. Usually she liked to sit with somebody and talk bargains and maybe plan to meet for lunch. It was a real treat to tell about your children and the nice things you could pick up in this store or that. But not this morning. She was on her way to see old Dr. Bartwell, whom she loved and trusted, but who had moved away from Brookstone. . . . . The taxicabs came grinding and frothing through the snow. It was not easy to get to the city in a storm. When the train pulled in, the engine wheels were flecked with white. Inside, the floors were damp. There was a smell of soot and warm rubbers.

Amelia leaned her head back against the red-plush seat and stared out at the January world. It looked ugly. She had never really thought whether it was ugly or not. She had always lived in this section. She never liked anybody to run down New Jersey. But this morning, somehow—these dirty roofs, cluttered porches, clotheslines where the snow lay like fur, windows with curtains that one itched to wash—and the snow running down in water on the steamy pane. . . . . A woman had a right, didn't she, to say how many children she should have?

She sighed; then she checked herself sternly. These rebellious thoughts did not accord with Amelia's inherited tendency to regard such matters as wholly in the hands of God.

There was her mother who brought up a family of three and always did her own housework before she had that trouble with her throat. Her grandfather kept a country store. Her mother's brother went over as a missionary to China. Amelia had to bite her lower lip to keep it steady. She came of a *good* family. She saw them surrounded with a special light, as we surround those we love. They weren't ordinary people, not people to laugh at. They didn't seem a bit funny or unimportant. It seemed as if they must be under the diligent care of God.

She sat in the train and let it rush her to Jersey City. Absently she walked to the ferry. In the subway she sat with water dripping off her umbrella, looking at the ads. With those shiny dishes and white sinks, the advertisements made housework seem like nothing. (What would the doctor tell her?) She'd like a handsome kitchen some day, a real handsome kitchen painted gray so as not to show the dirt. Gray linoleum. A porcelain sink. A copper boiler. . . . .

She took the twelve-fifteen train for Brookstone after she had seen the doctor. She would be home for a late lunch. The snow had fallen thick since nine o'clock. It seemed to her New Jersey looked beautiful now. It must be the snow. The roofs were like good iced cake. Everything was so white. When the train crossed the blue Passaic River, the barges, the drawbridges were white. Snow always. Amelia looked out of the window with a sense of resignation. Somehow it did not matter that she had such a hard time ahead.

Brookstone never looked so lovely as when Amelia stepped from the train. Even the air was choice. No one had trodden the snow in the station park. The maples were wet and black and smelled of their bark. Snow had a way. . . . . The low branches scraped along the top of her umbrella. It was always like an adventure to be out in the snow. Amelia walked slowly, happily, through the center of town. The windows of the markets were so steamed with cold that nobody could see inside. At Loman's there was a pale yellow pile of oranges against the frosty glass. Past Rand's she heard the sound of butchers' knives on the wooden counter. She felt as if she had been away for weeks. She stopped in the chain-store for a pound of butter. She liked the way the clerk plunged his knife into the tub and carved out the pound. All this was *good*. She crossed under the bridge, over into the fifty-cent side.

As soon as she was home, Amelia lifted the baby from his crib. He was warm and pink with sleep. He smelled of milk. Amelia held his head close to her shoulder. She took him over to the window. "See, baby, pretty snow." . . . . The telephone rang. It was a neighbor to complain that her Sammy was throwing snowballs. Amelia did not feel her usual sinking of heart at the sound of the accusing voice. She did not mind today that some one should complain of Sammy.

After the noon work was done, Amelia sat down by the window with her mending. She took small even stitches.

It had stopped snowing, and the air had that pallor which always follows a winter storm. Whenever the wind blew, the trees were a mist. Here the drifts were piling; here the ground was scooped bare.

Amelia had been born and brought up in Brookstone; she had a feeling for it. Few people have any feeling for a suburb. It is usually just a place on the verge of somewhere else, a place of divided allegiance—neither wife, maid, nor widow; neither city, town nor country. But Amelia loved Brookstone. She wasn't one of those flitterers who moved out here because they had a yen for fresh air. Her thoughts strayed all over town, into the houses where conscientious people were bringing up their children. Frances said yesterday there might be a vacancy in their bridge-club soon. . . . .

When dinner was over and the dishpans were hung against the wall, Amelia sat down beside Joe on the couch. Evenings always began with the couch. Joe yawned and said it had been a hard day. The boss was cranky because his daughter was having an expensive début next week.

"Two orchestras there'll be, Amy, and the place will be rigged up like a garden with rose trees and all."

"I have some good news for us," Amelia said gently. "We're going to have another baby."

Joe sat up straight on the couch and looked at Amelia. She saw him swallow. But there was nothing in his eyes except concern for her. He drew her head down to his shoulder. He folded her hand in his. When her head was on Joe's shoulder, nothing seemed difficult.

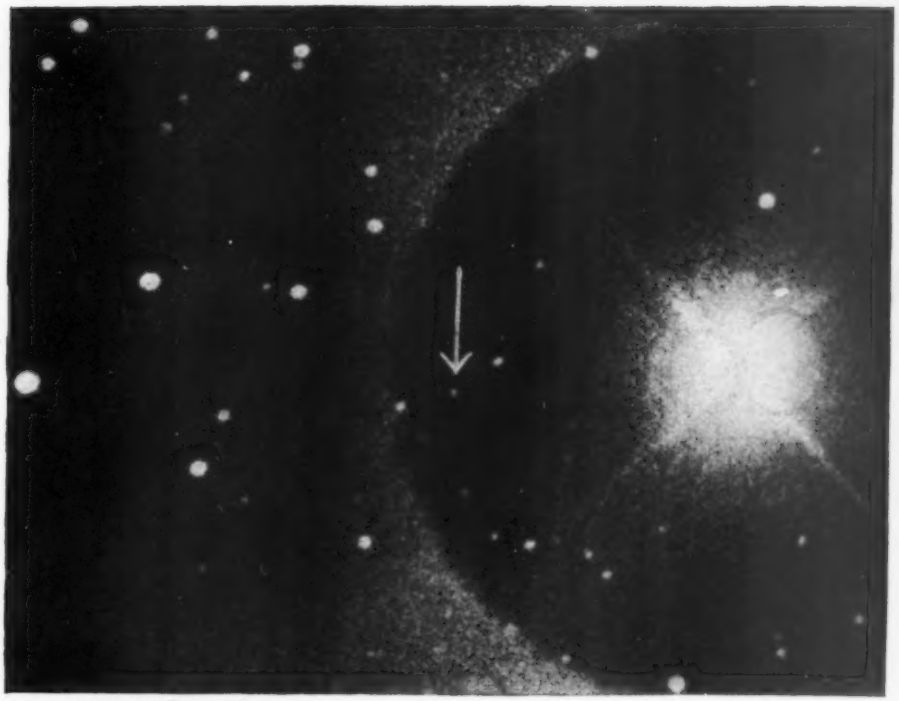
"I'm worried about you," he said. "I'm afraid it will be too much for you."

(Please turn to page 147)

SAM HELLMAN
next month starts in Redbook the laugh-maker of the moment: the first of a series of stories about Phil Speed, sales-specialist, who has just carried a line of steam shovels and having made America "steam-shovel conscious," takes on a line of cosmetics.

If you—or anyone you love—ever met sales-resistance, read Redbook next month.

A leader in contemporary thought explains in a few words the *meaning* of the newly discovered planet,



Photos by Underwood & Underwood

Only the finest camera can note this new addition to our family of earths.

The NINTH CHILD of the SUN—

by Joseph Wood Krutch

SEVERAL thousand years ago when thoughtful men had already begun to scan the skies with attention, they noticed that certain of the "stars" changed their relative positions from night to night. The Greeks called these movable points of light "planets" or "wanderers," and they have been under fairly continuous observation ever since.

A few weeks ago that observation bore fresh fruit in the discovery of the ninth planet by the astronomers of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona.

Planets circle the sun; comets cut across those circles.

Knowledge about the planets had grown very slowly. The Greeks imagined that the fixed stars were attached to a great hollow sphere which revolved about the earth as a center, and that each of the "wanderers" was attached to a similar sphere. It was not until the beginning of the Sixteenth Century that Copernicus announced to an incredulous world that the sun, not the earth, was the center about which the planets revolved, and thus laid the foundation for a true knowledge of them. Then great mathematicians like Kepler and Laplace and Newton began to study the heavenly bodies as parts of a vast mechanism which moved according to mechanical laws; and bit by bit was built up our present knowledge, which enables us to predict with amazing accuracy the movements of these bodies and to say with certainty many things about them which would have made the Greeks dizzy. They never guessed at the vast extent of the system they were contemplating. We know that the fixed stars are blazing suns billions of miles away, while the "wanderers" are other earths, relatively near and moving like our own about that particular star we call the "sun."

Six of the planets may easily be seen with the naked eye, and another is occasionally visible. Neptune, the eighth, was discovered some eighty years ago when a telescope was turned upon the point in the sky where, according to *(Please turn to page 132)*

The story of a father who preached a new morality— and of the son who applied it to his own life

COUNT NO MAN HAPPY

by Elmer Davis
who wrote *"I'll Show You the Town"*

YOU might have recognized the house, if you study the pictorial sections of the Sunday papers, or the magazine pages devoted to People in the Public Eye—a big stone house on Prospect Boulevard, the best residence street in Ridgemont. You might have recognized the breakfast-room, with sunshine streaming in on blue linen and jonquil-yellow china; and you would surely have recognized the man who was just finishing his solitary breakfast and lighting his pipe. Dr. Victor Compton, whose "Morals for Moderns" had been on the bookstore counters for a year and was still selling a thousand copies a day—who was hailed by liberals as the apostle of a new and sane morality, and damned every Sunday from a hundred pulpits as Satan incarnate, the corrupter of modern youth.

He didn't look like Satan incarnate. Tall and lithe and bronzed, with crisp iron-gray hair and a tolerant twinkle in his gray eyes, he looked like a man of the world, who had yet kept himself unspotted from it—the sort of man to whom you could tell your troubles, as his students at the University of Ridgemont had done for twenty years. Also, he looked like what is called a man's man. There were women who wished that he were more of a woman's man, that his vast knowledge of woman in the abstract would translate itself into an interest in women in the concrete. But all Ridgemont knew that Victor Compton had never been interested in any woman but his wife.

So when he resigned from the university to write his book about the breakdown of the old moral code, and the need of a substitute for Christian ethics, people who knew him could not say that he didn't know what he was talking about; nor could they accuse him of trying to find an excuse for his own misconduct. The flawless felicity of his home life had enabled

Her husband blinked; she wasn't given to kissing other men.

the author of "Morals for Moderns" to retain his friends and his club memberships, in a city where unorthodoxy was the only cardinal sin. The clergy might denounce him as a promoter of promiscuity; but you couldn't take that very seriously when you looked at Victor and Adele Compton, for twenty-five years a shining model of monogamous bliss. Nor could you plausibly call him a corrupter of youth if you knew the youth on whom he had had most influence—Alan, his only child, just graduated from the university with brilliant honors; Alan, who looked clean and bright and gay and eager. . . . .

Alan came into the breakfast-room. He too was tall and lithe, bronzed by a summer on the tennis-courts and in the Country Club pool; but this morning the twinkle that ordinarily lurked in his gray eyes was gone. He nodded to his father and sat down, moody and distrait. Victor Compton eyed him, worried. But the boy had been out dancing last night; he had heard him come in at dawn. One needed more than five hours' sleep, at twenty-two.

Alan finished his coffee and grapefruit, lighted a cigarette.

"Mother still asleep?" he asked.

"Why not? It's the best of all cosmetics. . . . . Besides," said her husband, "she's earned the right to be luxurious; you know how hard she worked, when we all lived on my salary. . . . . You might have taken a couple of hours' more sleep yourself, son. This summer is your vacation; you ought to rest, before you go to Rome." Alan made a vague gesture. "And when you get to Rome," his father advised him, "don't grind too hard. You're a born scholar, and Rome is a scholar's paradise; but your health is worth more than any prize you might win at the American Academy."

"Dad—" Alan dropped his cigarette in his coffee cup and looked out of the window. "Dad, I don't want to go to Rome."

"What?" Victor Compton stared at him. "Of course," he said, "you needn't take that scholarship. If you'd rather go to the School of Archæology at Athens, for instance, we've money enough to send you. But I should think—"

"I don't want to go to Europe at all. . . . . Mr. Wales has offered me a job at the Valley Trust Company. I want to take it."

His father was dumb with consternation; he would sooner have expected to hear that the boy wanted to join the army, or turn Buddhist.

"It's your own life," he said at last. "Do what you want, not what I'd have wanted in your place. I don't doubt you could make a good banker of yourself, if you chose. . . . . But why on earth— Alan, you're a scholar born; it's the work you love, the work you're made for—"

"I'd like to earn a living," said Alan, his eyes still aloof.

"Scholars can earn a living—not a very good one, but we lived on a professor's salary till lately. And the by-products of scholarship— Well, I've made a lot of money out of this book."

"You were lucky." In three words, Alan dismissed the most spectacular literary success of the decade. "I mean you wrote something you believe in, and made a lot of money out of it. I doubt if I could."

"But you don't need to! You don't think your mother and I are going to hold on to every nickel, do you, when money's rolling in twice as fast as we can spend it? Alan, I'll settle a trust fund on you this afternoon—enough to give you an income of ten thousand a year for the rest of your life. I'll see to it that you'll never have to worry about money, my dear boy."

"What?" The boy stared; there were tears in his eyes. "Yes, that might— Dad, it's awfully good of you—"

"Good?" Compton laughed to hide his embarrassment. "Son, it's a pleasure—the keenest pleasure I ever had. . . . . I wanted to be a scholar too; but I had a wife and baby. I had to keep busy teaching; I couldn't afford time for research. I've been a good teacher; I can popularize other men's work, dilute it and pass it on to the crowd. But that's not the same thing. . . . . You'll never have to do that; you can push out the boundaries of knowledge. You can look at something and say: 'This is what I did—I myself.' "

He paused, fussing with his pipe; he could be demonstrative with his wife, but it always made him self-conscious to display the emotion he felt about his son.

"Alan, when you were growing up, and I realized that you had a first-rate original mind, it used to make me sick to think that all your life you'd probably be hampered by lack of money. You'll never need to worry about it now; you can do what you want. Of all that we've got from the success of this book, that's the thing I prize most—that it has set you free." Alan smiled at him, almost at ease again.

"Not quite, Dad. The thing you like most is that you wanted to get something off your mind—something you believed. . . . . But I can't tell you how grateful—"

The ring of the telephone broke in on him. With three servants in a household it seemed to Compton that somebody ought to answer the telephone. But it rang on till he got up from the table and answered it himself.

"Hello. . . . . Why, hello, old man! Great to hear from you! . . . . . What? Not even staying for lunch? . . . . I see. . . . .

His arms let go as she gave him a terrific shove.

Illustrated by John Fulton

No, if you're in such a hurry, you'd better come to the house, not the office. Adele will want to see you, anyway. And Alan—he was about seven when you saw him last. Wait till you see him now. . . . . Yes, come right along. Good-by."

"Hal Bartlett," he said, turning back from the telephone. "Stopping off for a couple of hours on his way back from Denver to New York. You may not remember him—he's half owner of the Wrenn-Bartlett newspaper chain. He was city editor of the *Press* here, years ago, and they discharged him for printing a story some local power didn't like. He went to New York, and got in with old J. C. Wrenn, and eventually bought the paper that had fired him. He and his wife were great friends of ours, when he lived here. That was his first wife—I believe he's had two or three more, since." Alan was moving toward the door. "Aren't you going to wait and see him?" his father asked.

"I can't, Dad. I—I told a man I'd see him at half-past ten."

"Not Wales of the Valley Trust?" Compton demanded.

"No. Don't worry about it, Dad. I guess that was a crazy idea. . . . . I wont be in for lunch. Tell Mother, if you're going up to wake her." . . . .

Compton's concern was gone, as he ran lightly up the stairs. Boys just out of college had these wild notions; he remembered that he had almost joined a classmate who was going to grow canteloupes in the Imperial Valley. Only Adele's unwillingness to leave Ridgemont had kept him here, doing the work he was meant for, work crowned at last by this incredible golden shower. He owed everything to Adele.

Her bedroom door was half open; he stood on the threshold, regarding her relaxed grace as she lay asleep—still creamy-skinned, still slender, at forty-four. A bare arm curled about her head; her shingled hair was soft and wavy, and white. It had turned white in an illness, when she was thirty; and what they had taken for calamity had proved a blessing. People had thought of her as a white-haired young woman for so long that they would go on thinking of her as a white-haired young woman till she was sixty. Her unlined face looked as if she had never had a worry in her life. She had had plenty, when they were poor; but she hid them behind that unruffled mask—and hid other things, too. Her husband knew that people who met her for the first time were apt to think her impassive, even stolid. But if you knew her—

Her eyes opened; she yawned, and smiled at him.

"Hello! Is it terribly late?"

"Not very, but Hal Bartlett's coming up from downtown. He's only in town for an hour or so, and he wants to see us."

"Then run away!" she said, smiling. "I'll have to hurry if I'm to receive him at the breakfast-table, even in negligée."

She sprang swiftly out of bed, and wrapping a slender arm about his neck, she kissed him lightly. But rapid bathing and dressing was an art she had had to learn in the days when her husband taught an eight-o'clock class at the university. Bartlett had not yet appeared when she came down, in black lounging pajamas trimmed in silver.

"Where's Alan?" she asked. "Gone out already?"

"Yes, he had some engagement downtown. . . . . He had a wild idea that he ought to start making money, right away. He wanted to take a job at the Valley Trust—"

"Good heavens!" said his mother. "That means a girl."

"What? . . . . Of course!" Compton broke into relieved laughter. "That explains everything! Queer I never thought of it. . . . . Well, I told him we'd endow him today—with ten thousand a year. So he can marry her this summer and take her to Rome with him." But his wife was frowning.

"I wonder who," she muttered. "I can't think of anyone he's been going with, particularly—except Brenda Vincent, of course."

"Brenda? . . . . But that's only because her husband asked Alan to see that she wasn't left out of everything while he was in China. . . . . I mean," said Compton lamely, "you really don't imagine—"

"Your horror," she said, "would astonish the critics of your book, and pain its admirers! When you argue that childless marriages ought to be dissolved at the wish of either partner—even that there's no need of a marriage ceremony at all, unless a child is involved—"

"That's only theory, at present. Conventional people still get married. And I've always argued that when you've promised to stick to your partner, that puts the burden of proof on anyone who wants to break it up. . . . . Besides—when a man goes away on an important business trip, for six months, and asks a friend to be agreeable to his wife, he puts faith in his friend's honor. To betray him would be a shabby trick—and Alan doesn't do shabby tricks."

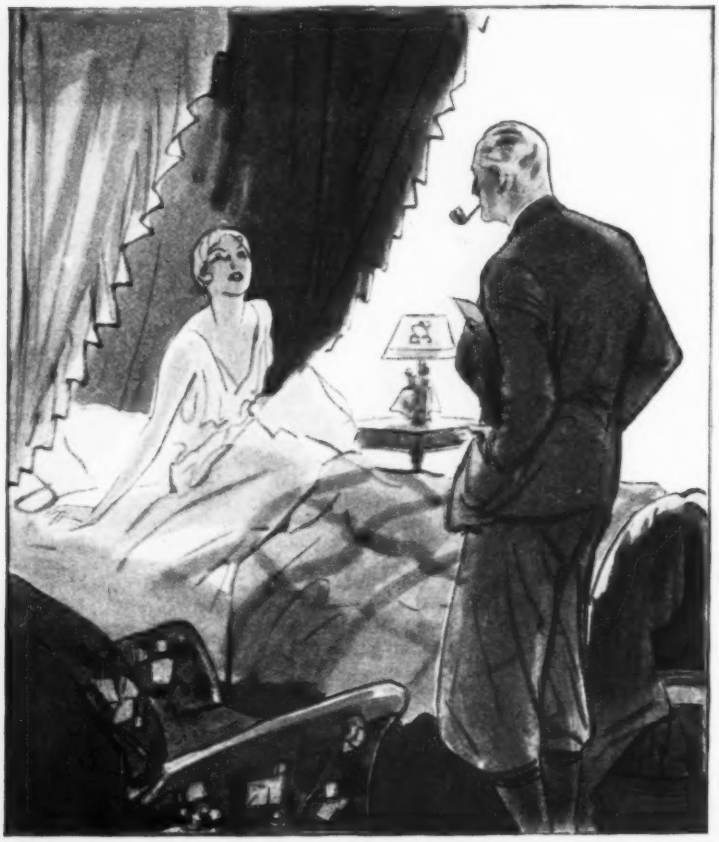
"I don't believe there's any danger," his wife reassured him. "He's twenty-two, and Brenda's twenty-seven—a big difference, at their age. . . . . Besides, I don't think he's seen her for two or three weeks—which suggests that he's seeing somebody else. I suppose he'll tell us who it is, after he's given her the glad news that we'll endow them."

"Yes. Of course." Compton's hands shook a little as he refilled his pipe. For one moment he had seen Alan saddled with a wife five years older than himself—a wife he had won dishonorably. But if they hadn't seen each other for two or three weeks—

The distant door-bell announced the arrival of Hal Bartlett. . . . .

He swept in like a breeze, shook hands with Victor, turned to Adele and kissed her heartily. Her husband blinked; even in these casual times, she wasn't given to kissing other men—but few women ever refused a kiss to Hal Bartlett. . . . . Absurd of him, to be so touchy.

"Well!" Bartlett sat down, looked around, and grinned. "I remember this place—it used to belong to old Harrington of the First National. How does it feel, Vic, to be a world-famous celebrity, and live on Millionaires' Row? Not to speak o' the



"Then run away," she said. "I'll have to hurry."

"I suppose I'll give in," he said at last. "Deny what I believe, give up—"

blessings you've always had—a brilliant son, and the most beautiful wife in Ridgemont."

"It's great," said Compton. "But sometimes it almost frightens me, Hal. The Greeks used to think that the gods were jealous of a man who had too much good fortune; they pulled him down. Solon told Crœsus to count no man happy till he was dead; you never could tell what might be going to happen to him. . . . . I thought things would happen when the book came out; I'd quit the university already, but I thought I'd have to resign from my clubs—perhaps even that people would run us out of town. But nothing happened. Even the preachers who denounce me from the pulpit still play golf with me. Ridgemont has been very tolerant, Hal."

"So I've heard," said Bartlett. "As you probably know, a lot of people would still like to get you, but there's nothing they can take hold of. . . . . And why do you suppose Ridgemont is tolerant, for the first time in history?"

"Well—I'm vain enough to think it's because they know us. Adele and I have lived here all our lives; people who know us can't quite believe that we're moral anarchists. Why, even the Bishop—he shakes his head, of course, when he meets me at the club; but he's been quite decent about it all."

"Why, don't you see it, Vic?" said Bartlett. "You're the best press-agent this town ever had—the only resident of Ridgemont who has made the front page of the New York papers since old Senator Peltz died. They might as well default on a city bond issue as run you out of town."

"Ha! I don't know that I like that. . . . . Of course all the publicity surprised me, Hal. I went at this"—he smiled at his wife—"we both went at it in quite a mood of self-sacrifice. We knew it meant giving up the job we'd always lived on; and we thought the book would sell about three thousand copies, and perhaps cause some little talk among intellectuals that would lead to something twenty years from now."

"You forget," said Bartlett, "that everybody's an intellectual now, or thinks he is. And almost everybody's ultra-liberal; only, some people are still so old-fashioned that they want a good excuse for it."

"But damn it, man! I don't encourage immorality—I merely recognize its existence. People no longer let the old rules restrain them—we know that, and I don't like it. I've tried to sketch a new morality, to suggest some rational and practicable moral standards that will reduce promiscuity to a minimum. . . . . Did you read that book, Hal?"

"Yes. As I understand it, you think that if men and women are allowed to do exactly what they want, they'll all want to get married and live faithfully ever after."

"Not all. But I believe that monogamy is the normal relation; the deepest satisfaction, for most people. I hope we can get rid of promiscuity, but if we must have it, we'd better have it before than after. The children come first—that's my doctrine. If a man and a woman produce a child, they've got to consider that child's interest before they think of themselves. I don't say that a marriage with children should never be dissolved; but you must be sure that dissolution would be the best thing for the children. Society has less concern, to my notion, with the relations of childless people. But a child makes a marriage."

"Well, it's an interesting theory," Hal Bartlett observed. "What do you think of it, Adele?"

She shrugged; her face was a smiling mask. "Oh, I don't know; I'm the last surviving unintellectual. But it would be better than the way things are now. . . . . What do you think of it?"

"I've been too busy practicing marriage," said Bartlett amiably, "to go very deep into the theory. When you're paying alimony to three women, your judgment is apt to be clouded. But I know this much about Vic's ideas—they're still news. That's why I'm here. . . . . Vic, how about writing a weekly syndicate feature for the Wrenn-Bartlett newspapers, to run *(Please turn to page 128)*

THE WITCH AND THE

"Who is it?" he asked wearily in Spanish.

The author of "Wolf Song" tells the strange love story of two outcasts from happiness

WITH a yellow pallor on his swarthy face and a strange hitch in his stride, Juan Romero came back to the valley of his birth.

He was tired, because he had walked the twenty miles from the railroad across a barren mesa that bit his feet with black shards of scattered lava. He was hungry, because he had not eaten since morning, and cold because it was December and he had no overcoat.

When he reached the rim of the valley, it was nearly dark and beginning to snow. The little town was a vague huddle of trees and houses. Only a few yellow squares of light and the voice of a dog told that men lived there.

The sight of it lifted his drooping shoulders and quickened his blood for a moment. This to him was home, and he had a Mexican's undying love of house and soil. But gloom shut down on him again as he stood looking, wondering where he should go, now that he had come home. He had not been there for years. He had no kin living. Had he then no friends?

He had been learning bitterly in the towns along the railroad that for a man prison-marked and penniless, old friends are hard to find and new ones hard to make. He was young and strong and eager to work, and in prison he had learned much about automobiles, but all of the garages in the gringo towns had turned him away. He had chopped wood for meals and slept in empty box-cars for a week, and then had turned away from the towns because he would not beg, and he would die on the road rather than let them put him in another jail. . . . .

He had walked twenty miles from the railroad and a hundred years back into the past. Here in the valley of his birth all the customs of his fathers were still alive. No progress had come to change them. Here it was still an obligation upon every man that no one should starve.

Pedro Ortiz would give him at least a meal and a bed. He had not seen Pedro in years, but they had been boys together. Pedro would feed him; and in the morning Juan would go to the big store and ask old man Dole for credit and a job. Old man Dole ruled the valley like a feudal lord, as some hidalgo once had done, by keeping everyone in debt to him. He would give a job and credit to anyone who belonged to the town. He took care of his people. Juan was one of his people, by tradition at least.

After an amazed greeting, Pedro did give him food—some cold biscuits and a cup of coffee—with an apology that he had nothing more. Warmed by the food, Juan told Pedro the story of his wrongs; and Pedro, with a sleeping child on his arm and a pipe in his mouth, listened sympathetically, drowsily, nodding uninterested assent. Now and then he looked in a questioning way at his wife, who passed in and out of the room as she did her housework. She had little to say to Juan, but he felt her eyes upon him, hostile and suspicious. Once she called Pedro into the kitchen and he heard them whisper. Slowly it became clear to him that the woman did not want him there and that Pedro dared not overrule her.

When he had eaten the last morsel of food and smoked several cigarettes, he rose to go. Now Pedro should have uttered the ancient formula of hospitality. He should have said: "Stay! My house is yours!" But Pedro said nothing. He did not meet the eyes of his friend. He looked uneasily from the sleeping baby in his arms to the door of the kitchen where his wife clattered dishes.

In the doorway Juan paused for a moment, dreading to leave this place of warmth and security. How he envied Pedro his house with its whitewashed walls, its corner fireplace with a *Santo* above the mantel, its warm smell of food and its sound of a woman at her work.

It was an embarrassed moment for both of them. *"Adios,"* he said, and turned away. *"Adios,"* Pedro answered and then called after him, into the dark that had swallowed him: "Good luck!"

What luck is there for a man who has no place to go, no woman waiting for him, no work to do? He trudged down the single street of the village, between dark houses. Dogs barked at him, but no door opened, no lights shone.

When he came to the big store, he saw that light leaked out of a shuttered window at the back. After a moment of hesitation he went and hammered on the door. Dole must be in there working on his books. Better to see him now than in the morning. Dole might let him sleep in the big dark room where wool was stored.

For a moment there was silence, then slow heavy steps. The door opened and a tall stooped man bulked in silhouette, almost filling it.

"Who is it?" he asked wearily, in Spanish.

"Juan Romero."

Reassured by the name, Dole swung the door open and let Juan enter. His weary eyes, with heavy pouches under them, surveyed Juan from head to foot. His mouth was hidden under a gray mustache. He was neither surprised nor interested.

"Juan Romero?" he repeated. "Oh, yes, you're the son of old

MAN WHO STOLE

by Harvey Fergusson

Illustrated by Stanley Parkhouse

Adolfo Romero, who died about seven years ago. Where did you get the short hair? They put you in the jug for rustling stock, didn't they?"

"Yes, but it wasn't fair—"

"I know. You needn't tell me about it," Dole interrupted tonelessly. When he had spoken, he shut his mouth and kept it shut. He had a face like a rock, hardened by a thousand necessary refusals.

"If you could put me to work, at anything—" Juan began, with difficulty. Nothing had killed in him the Spanish pride that made it pain to ask.

Dole shook his head.

"There's no work here in winter. You ought to know that. Come back in spring when the shearing starts."

"But I have nothing," Juan explained. "If you could let me have a side of bacon and some flour until I get work—"

Dole's head swung in a slow negative. He spoke wearily.

"I've got the whole county on my books now. We've had a bad year. It'll take two good lambings to pull me out of the hole. If you owned any land or stock, it would be different. I can't put another account on the books without security." He was a little ashamed, a little sorry. "A man's got to draw the line somewhere," he added. And the rock of his jaw was set again.

Juan stood looking down at his feet. He could not find any words. It seemed to him just like when he stood before the judge to be sentenced, and a thousand protests filled his heart but none came to his tongue.

Without speaking, he turned and shuffled out the door, walking in a beam of light that narrowed swiftly and vanished with the click of the lock behind him.

Past the last few houses of the town he walked hunched and stumbling. He was thinking how little it would take now to make him happy. Some meat and bread,—for he was still hungry,—and a man to give him a hard honest grip of the hand, and a woman to smile at him. For a woman's smile he would give a finger off his hand. No woman had smiled on him in over a year. . . . . How little he wanted, and how hard that little was to find!

There were some others here that once had been his friends, but he had little stomach for meeting them, and besides it was

A moment he wavered; then he plucked the shawl off her shoulders.

too late. The town had shut all its yellow eyes of light, and only hungry dogs were awake. What could he do? Nothing but walk on into the hills, build a brush windbreak as he had often done when following the sheep, make a fire before it, and spend the night alternately dozing and fumbling for wood in the dark. So he could exist until another morning.

He had forgotten the last house on his way, the one that stood alone a quarter of a mile beyond the others, the house of ill-omen. It was a very small house, and a very old one. It had been a terror and a thrill to his youth. He and his friends had dared each other to enter it. Long ago a man had murdered his wife there, and ever since it had been a curse on all who tried to occupy it. An old man, a peddler of crucifixes, who sought shelter in it was found dead and his pack looted. A married woman had met her lover there, and her husband had found them and killed them both. These were ancient scandals of the village. No one, as far as he knew, had lived in the house for years.

Some one was living in it now, for a narrow bar of light showed in the crack at the bottom of the door. He stood looking at it, scared. All the fears planted in his tender youth by old women's tales of ghosts and witches went crawling up and down his spine. He was scared but he was held. Light and warmth were in that house and they argued something human and alive. Evil spirits build no fires. . . . . Then he remembered something a sheep-herder had told him in the Chupadero country two years ago—that a girl named Consuelo Alcatraz had cursed a man, and he had died, and the whole town had turned against her for a witch and tried to drive her away, but she would not go. Had he not said that she lived alone in a little house near the town and that women went to her secretly at night to buy love-charms?

There had always been a witch in the town. Many years ago one had been stoned to death for casting an evil eye on little children and making them sick. All the time he lived there, an old woman, Maria Calderon, had been feared as a witch and sought out at night by girls crossed in love and men with grudges. Even in Albuquerque there were still witches in the old part of the town, and one had sold horsehair charms.

He had not thought of witches for years, but that red bar of light under the door was like a flash from his superstition-ridden past, bringing back all he had ever heard and believed of occult evil, all the ancient human fear of what lurks in darkness and beyond the ken of thought and eye.

Yet he could not pass by the house of ill-omen. He thought that if the devil himself with horns and tail had sat in there by a bright fire, he would yet have gone in. . . . . He went to the door and knocked.

A woman opened it. With the light behind her, he could see little except that she was tall and had a great black shawl hooded over her head and shielding her eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked. Her voice was hard and hostile as a curse.

"Something to eat," he said humbly, "and to sit by your fire and get warm."

She said nothing for minutes. Then:

"Who are you?"

"You do not know me," he said. "I am a man who has been in prison and I have no place to go."

He spoke the words hopelessly. Who would take in an unknown jailbird late at night? And yet he did not have it in him to lie, nor would a lie have served. His short hair and his pallor would tell his tale, if he did not.

The woman was silent and motionless for a long moment. Then she spoke again in the same hard clear voice.

"God pity your soul if you are lying," she said. "For I know a curse that kills!" She swung the door wide. "Come in!"

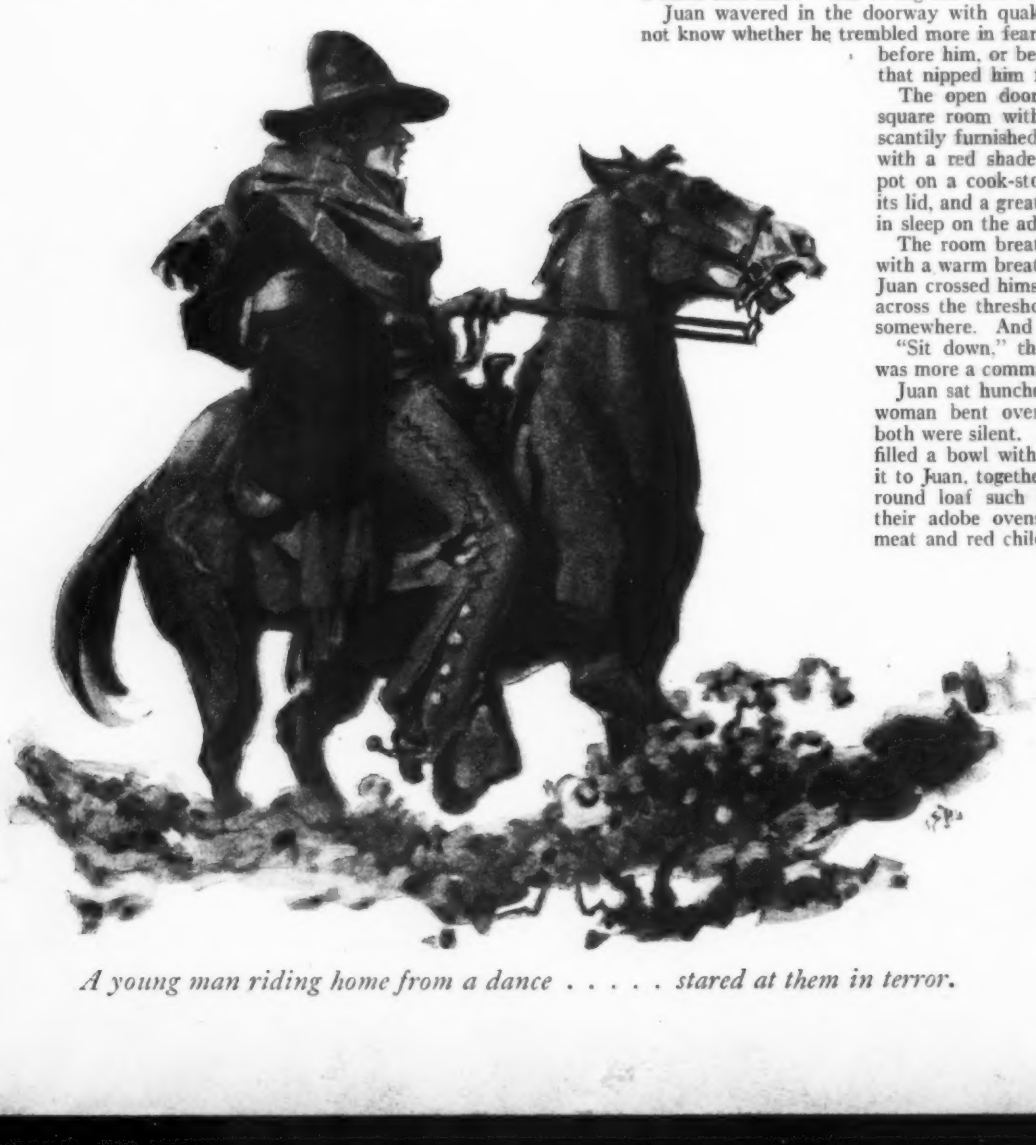
Juan wavered in the doorway with quaking knees, and he did not know whether he trembled more in fear of the tall dark figure before him, or because of the cold wind that nipped him from behind.

The open door showed him a small square room with white walls. It was scantily furnished, but neat, and a lamp with a red shade tinted it warmly. A pot on a cook-stove purred and rattled its lid, and a great yellow cat was balled in sleep on the adobe floor.

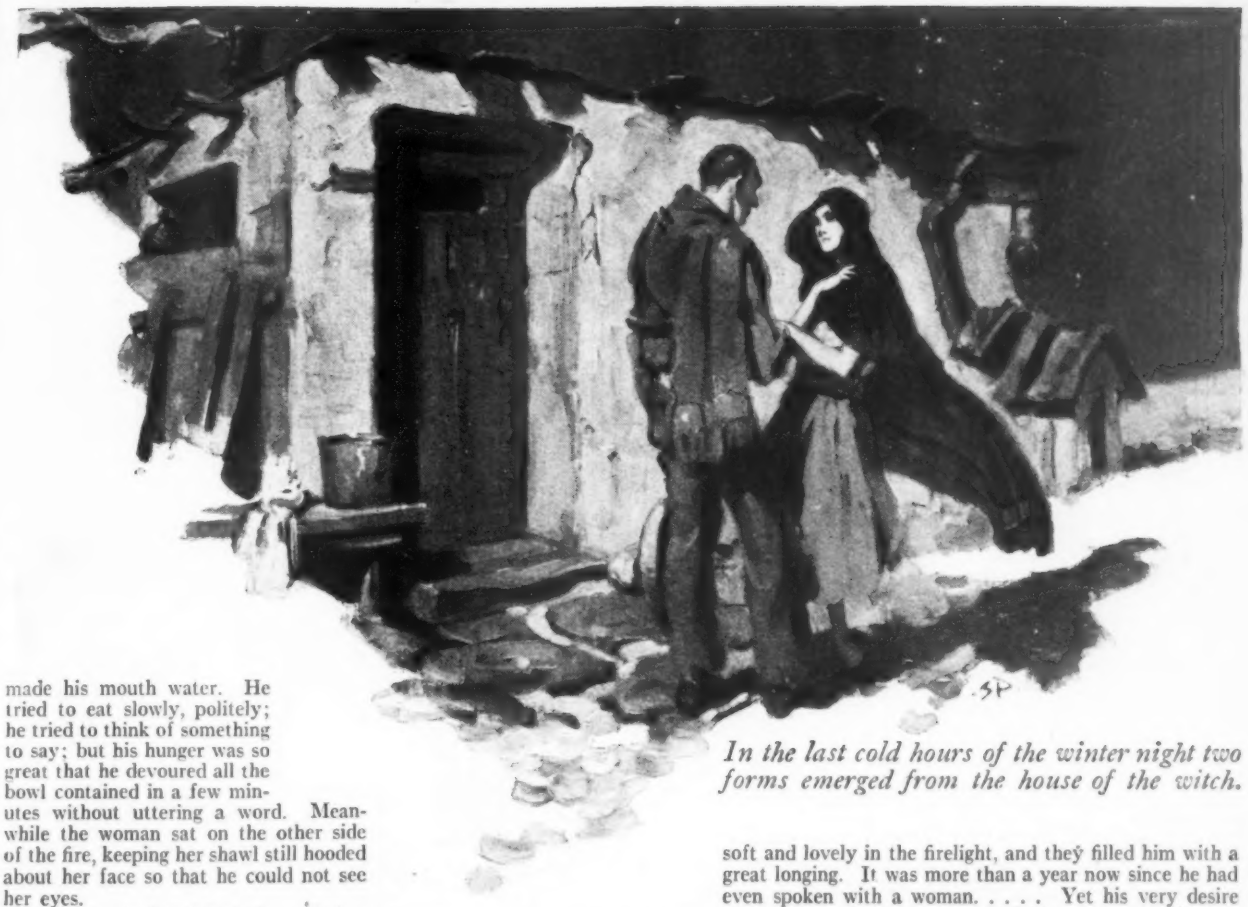
The room breathed gently in his face with a warm breath smelling of cookery. Juan crossed himself swiftly and walked across the threshold. A man has to go somewhere. And he had not lied.

"Sit down," the woman said, and it was more a command than an invitation.

Juan sat hunched by the fire, and the woman bent over her cooking. They both were silent. After a little while she filled a bowl with the stew and handed it to Juan, together with half of a small round loaf such as Mexicans bake in their adobe ovens. The stew was of meat and red chile, and its warm vapor



A young man riding home from a dance . . . . . stared at them in terror.



In the last cold hours of the winter night two forms emerged from the house of the witch.

made his mouth water. He tried to eat slowly, politely; he tried to think of something to say; but his hunger was so great that he devoured all the bowl contained in a few minutes without uttering a word. Meanwhile the woman sat on the other side of the fire, keeping her shawl still hooded about her face so that he could not see her eyes.

When he had finished, he rolled a small yellow cigarette with some crumbs of tobacco in his pocket. He puffed, feeling much more comfortable in body but very uneasy in his mind.

He peered at the woman, trying to see her face, but she kept it averted. Fearfully he wondered about her eyes. He remembered a story he had heard in his boyhood of a witch who had the eyes of a cat at night, and he wondered if this woman perhaps had eyes that shone and therefore kept them hidden. The thought made a faint chill run down his spine. At any other time he certainly would have fled, but now he did not fear the woman as much as he feared to go into the night again alone.

She spoke suddenly.

"What did you do?" she asked. "Did you kill?"

Juan stirred uncomfortably in his seat. He did not want to talk of his trouble, but he remembered what the woman had said about her curse.

"No," he replied. "They said I stole. I had a few cattle then, and a little shack at the foot of San Antonio Mountain. When the bad winter came, two years ago, my cattle scattered in the high country, and I could not reach them in the snow. Many of them died. When I went up the mountain in the spring I found skin and bones of my cows, but I found a few unbranded calves and put my brand upon them. One of them was already branded, with a hidden brand under the foreleg—the brand of the great cattle company that owns most of the range. You know, they always accuse us of stealing their stock. I never stole any. I thought the calf was mine—and God knows I had little enough."

"How long were you in prison?" the woman asked, and Juan noticed that her tone was softer. She leaned forward in her seat with elbows resting on her knees and her head bent. Her face was hidden still, and her body too was swathed in her great black shawl, but the firelight was ruddy on her hands and on her arms, bare to the elbow. She had pretty hands with a heavy Navajo ring of turquoise and silver on one of them, and her arms were round and shapely. Juan had thought of the woman as ugly—he did not know why. But her arms and hands were young and soft and lovely in the firelight, and they filled him with a great longing. It was more than a year now since he had even spoken with a woman. . . . . Yet his very desire bred a fear. What if she had laid a spell upon him to draw him to her? Her hands had been closed at first as though for resistance, but now they lay open in her lap. They lay as though waiting.

"I was there a year," he told her, and the weariness of that year was in his voice.

"And was it bad?" she asked.

"It was bad enough," he said, "to eat their food and walk in a long line with the lock-step, and work beside a man who had murdered his wife, and still sometimes heard her voice or saw her eyes. All that was bad enough, but not as bad as to be a marked man who is turned away from doors by those he thought were friends. It does not seem so bad now. And I learned much there. I learned English well for the first time, and I learned all about automobiles. I drove a truck and learned how to fix it. I was one of the best mechanics they had." His voice rose to a note of something like pride.

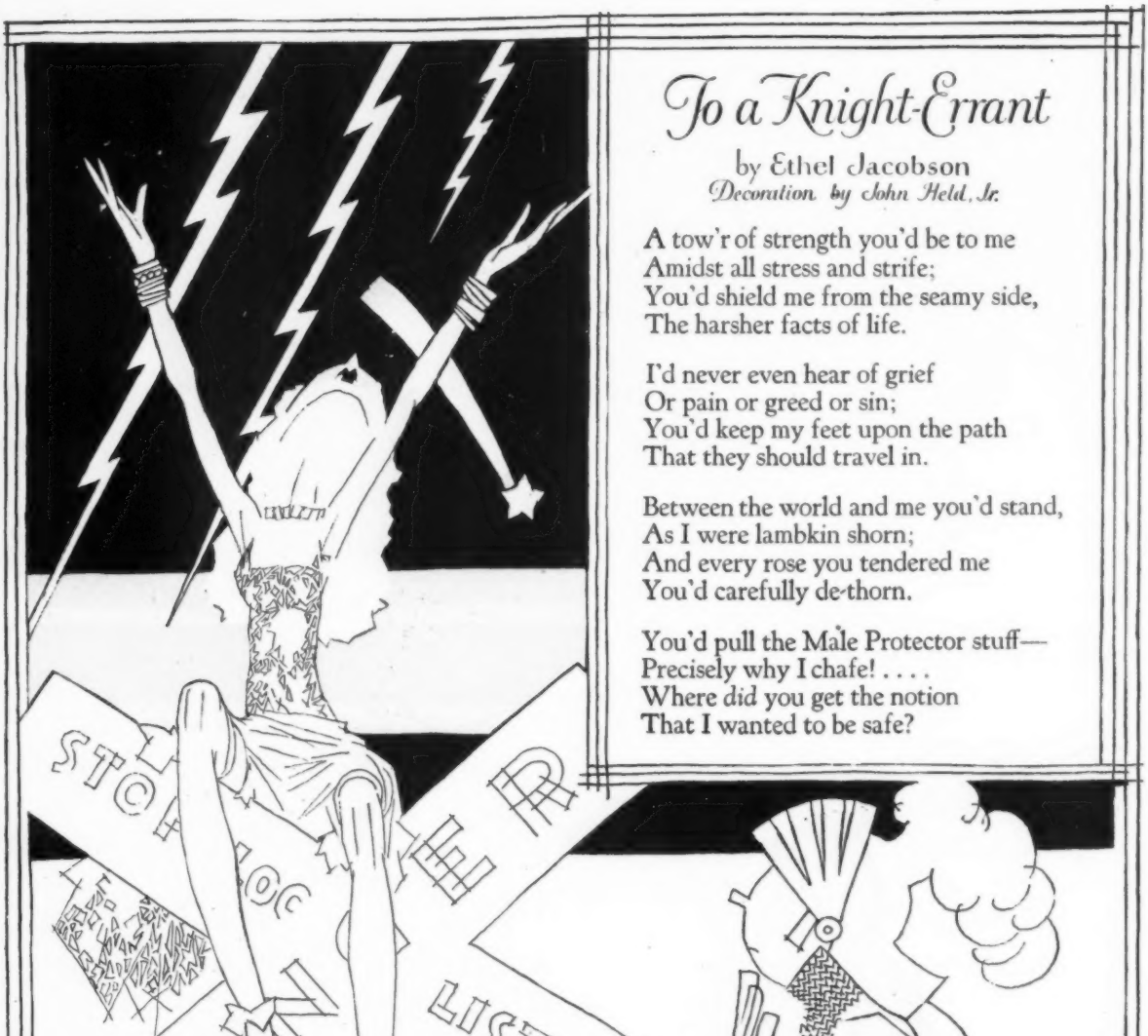
"Why don't you get work, then?" the woman asked. "Fixing trucks or driving one?"

"Why don't I?" Juan's indignation made him forget everything else for a moment. "I asked everywhere in Albuquerque. All of them knew me for a man out of prison. A man with short hair and a shuffle in his walk cannot get work. He cannot even get food from a friend. There is not much mercy for a man when once luck has turned against him."

"No!" said the woman. And her voice was hard and bitter again. "And for a woman even less."

As she spoke, she lifted her head for a moment in an involuntary gesture as of pride or defiance. But at once she lowered it again. She buried her face in her hands and sat crouched forward in her chair, rocking herself slightly from side to side.

Juan had caught only a glimpse of her face. He had not seen her eyes, but he had seen the smooth curve of a cheek and a soft mouth. He was sure that she was a young woman and comely. He felt now a great, almost irresistible curiosity about her. He wanted to know what she was hiding under her shawl. He longed to make her face him. For a *(Please turn to page 146)*



To a Knight-Errant

by Ethel Jacobson

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

A tow'r of strength you'd be to me
Amidst all stress and strife;
You'd shield me from the seamy side,
The harsher facts of life.

I'd never even hear of grief
Or pain or greed or sin;
You'd keep my feet upon the path
That they should travel in.

Between the world and me you'd stand,
As I were lambkin shorn;
And every rose you tendered me
You'd carefully de-thorn.

You'd pull the Male Protector stuff—
Precisely why I chafe! . . . .
Where did you get the notion
That I wanted to be safe?

ASSAULT and BATTERY

The recital of what happened to two big leaguers who were suspended and who tried to play, for easy money, in the bushes

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by August Henkel

"FROSTY," I says sternly, "we aint got no right to do that thing."

"No," he answers, "and we also didn't have no right to sock that empire."

"Says you. Wasn't he callin' 'em wrong and riding us both something terrible?"

"Sure. But then, just one of us should of socked him. Two is too much, even in this league."

"Well," I says, "we are paying for our irastibility. We have both been fined and indefinitely suspended, and I am getting good and tired of looking at baseball from the grandstand. But even so, I do not see that we should play baseball under assumed names with no small-town independent team."

"They offer us," says Frosty, "five hundred dollars per each for one game, which same is plenty of jack."

"I was thinking of that when I said we oughtn't to accept their offer. I was thinking of such, Frosty, hoping that you would argue I was wrong. You having done same, I now ask you—when do we shove off?"

"Tomorrow morning, Sam. And don't forget that when we arrive at this here Medland, your name is Jimmy Samson and my name is John Frost."

"I wont forget," I says, "because I aint so dumb as I look, and reelize that if the ezzecutives of our league found out what we was doing, we would be out of organized baseball forever and then a little longer."

Well, we hop the rattler and start for Medland, where we are to play one game of ball for five hundred smackers each. That's a lot of money, whether we are worth it or not, and I aint arguing that we aint, because if I do say it myself, me and Frosty make one of the best batteries short of the majors, and it was just unfortunate that we was suspended at present because we obeyed an impulse to sock an empire.

We wonder a good deal about the kind of burg we are going to find, because we can't hardly understand how it can afford to pay so much money for a battery, even a swell one like us.

Of course, the gent which made us the proposition explained it, but still we don't understand. What he was saying was that no bozos what live in big cities can imagine how keen these little towns are on baseball. And it seemed that in his section of the state, Medland and another town named Greenburg had both turned out swell teams and brushed all opposition aside throughout the season, finally agreeing to meet for a series of five games. Four of them games had been played already. Before they started, Medland was sure it had a lock, and there didn't seem to be much doubt that they had the best team even now. But just the same Greenburg had win two games and was scaring the Medlanders to death. Not only that, but it seems all the loose cash in both towns had been bet on the series, and Medland just wanted to cinch the deciding game.

We asked this bird what Greenburg would say when a new battery stepped on the field in Medland uniforms, and he said they would howl plenty, but it wouldn't do them no good, because this wasn't no league nor nothing, and didn't have no rules, and so what could they do about it? Besides, he explained that Medland wasn't so careful about how they beat Greenburg provided they beat them, because it seems that Greenburg had just pulled some slick politics with the voters and had took the county seat away from Medland and thus handed the latter town an awful wallop below the belt.

"It was a scurvy trick," raves this Medlander, "and we are out to maintain the proud preëminence of our fair city."

"Sure you are," I agrees. "And who wouldn't? But don't you reckon that some of the Greenburg fans will reckernize I and Frosty?"

"Not a chance," he answers. "They don't even think Class A thoughts down there; and while they will know you are ringers, they will not suspect that you are stars."

"They will by the time the game is over," announces Frosty. "This will be the second time in my life I have ever pitched a no-hit game."

Well, we pull into Medland and I gotta to hand it to that town for being pretty. It aint large, but it kind of spreads out. The streets are wide and well paved, and there are a bunch of nifty autos running around the streets, which are all shaded with swell oak trees which sometimes spread so far that their branches meet and make the whole town look like our Commercial Arcade.

It's Thursday afternoon when we get there, this Medlander having hired us Wednesday night. The game is Saturday, and even though it is almost two days before the contest, it don't take us seventeen minutes to find out that this place is baseball goofy.

No matter where you go, in the dining-room of the hotel, the moving-pitcher shows or the pool-rooms, you don't hear nothing except about will Medland beat Greenburg the last game and thus win the big series.

I was in New York when the Yanks and Giants was playing for the world's champeenship. I was in Philly last year when the Athaletics had come back after a long lay-off. And in both them towns there was plenty of baseball talk. But even there you could find some folks who would converse about something else.

Not in Medland, though. It didn't take us long to learn that when a small town takes an interest in some sport, it does so in a large way. It was baseball in every cigar-store, baseball at every soda-fountain; and I guess when the sheiks and shebas went out parking, they must of made love by talking three-base hits and double plays.

The feller what brung us down there, he introduces us to a few other dignified gents, and they tell us we aint to say nothing to nobody about who we are, although of course when we practice with the team next morning everybody will know that we have been brung down to beat Greenburg; but still we aint to utter no more information than a clam out of water, and especially we aint supposed to boast about the thousand berries we are getting, and which, I'm enthusiastically telling you, we already have got in our jeans—it having been paid to us prompt and thorough as soon as we reached town.

Can you imagine a place of seven thousand people paying one thousand shekels to a couple of Class A players? Well, this town was—and calling it cheap. It didn't matter if they went bankrupt afterward—they wanted to trim the town which had took the county seat away from them, and they didn't care how complete they did the job. It looked like a cinch, too, because it was admitted that Medland probably had the best team even without us.

The next morning we go out to the park. The plant itself aint much to boast about: two locker rooms, each with a couple dinky showers; a rickety old wooden grandstand and bleachers which looked as though they might fold up any time the fans got to rooting extra hard. But the field—boy, howdy! That was a hunk of sweet turf, what I mean: smooth and level and fixed up as pretty as any playing field I have ever seen. It was a pleasure just to dig cleats in it.

They introduce us around to the boys as John Frost, a pitcher; and Jimmy Samson, his catcher. They all grin at us as much as to announce they are wise, but nobody cracks a word about who we really are, and we get awful chummy.

When we take our shower and leave the park after practice, Frosty and me walk towards the hotel. Frosty is in a very sedimental mood.

"Sam," he says, "this is a wonderful little town."

"Uh-huh," I answers; "it aint nothing else."

"It's filling me full of spirit," he goes on. "I feel like my heart will be broke if we don't win for Medland."

"Your heart may be broke, Frosty—but you wont be."

"I'm going to put out," he murmurs, "with all I have got."

"I'm with you, Frosty. This town has treated us too swell for us not to give it what it wants and has paid for."

This conversation is just mentioned to prove that we was two honest guys which didn't want nothing in the world except to win for the team we was playing on. Also it shows that you never can tell how many slips there are between the soup-plate and the lips, because no sooner had we hardly got settled in our room, when the door opened and three fellers come in.

Right away I knew we was looking square into the physiognomy of trouble. It aint that these bimboes was so big or broad-shouldered, but I'm telling you they seemed hard. And how!

It didn't make neither of us feel no better when one of them locked the door, took the key out and placed same in the pocket of his pants.

"Hello, Frosty," says this feller. "And how are you, Sam?"

I look at Frosty, and Frosty looks at me, but we don't dare to do nothing else. It don't even seem no use to tell these fellers we aint who we are, so we just sit in silent medication and wonder when the funeral will commence.

We don't have to wait long, because the guy with the key in his pants—which is the smallest and toughest-looking of the three—comes forward and begins to speak.

"If this gets back to your home club," he tells us, "you will both be kicked out of organized baseball."

We gulp, because he had walloped the nail on the head.

"Therefore I know that we all speak the same language."

I find myself loving this feller less and less every time he opens his mouth.

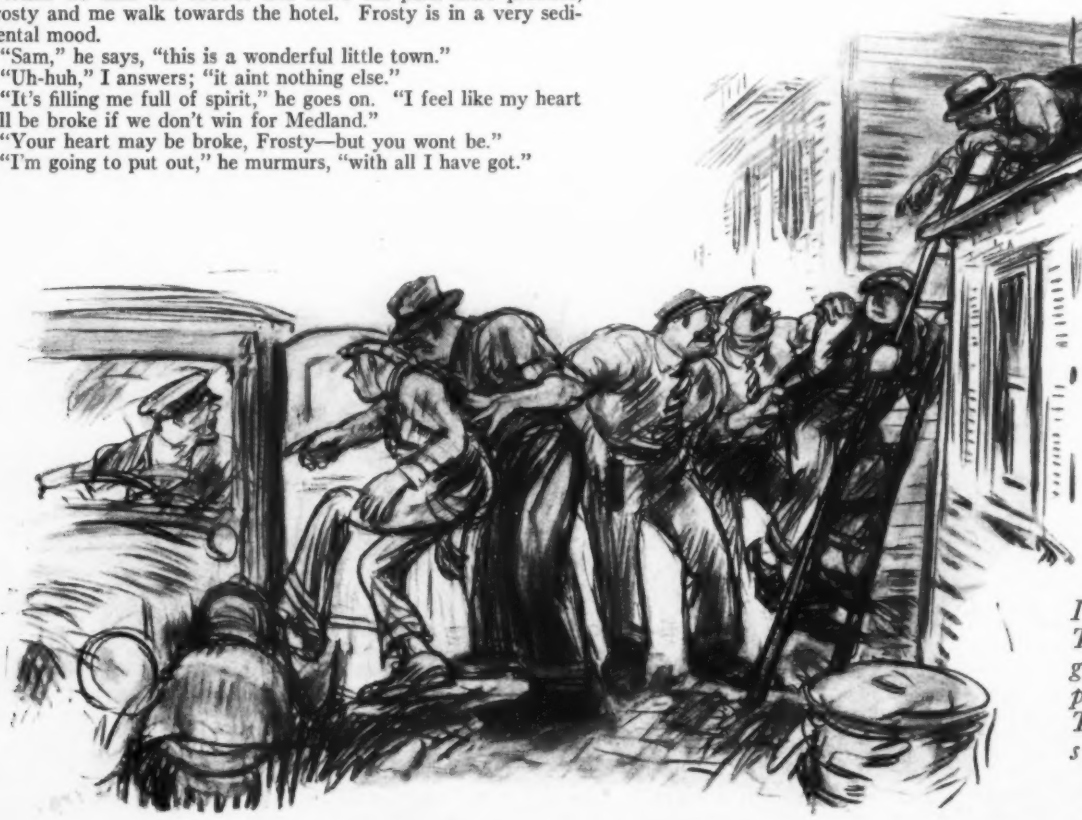
"You have been brought down here and paid a large sum of money," says he, "to defeat the Greenburg team—and I gather that those are your intentions."

This time he waits for us to mention a few words.

"That's right," says Frosty. "We are going to do our best."

"You sure are," says this other bird. "And that aint no lie."

"Mister," I interrupt, "you don't need to have no fear at all. If we got anything to say about it, Greenburg aint even gonna get a man halfway to first base."



I am scared. These four guys are plenty hard. They aint saying nothing.

Everybody was yelling and it looked like a grand occasion for everybody—but us.

The hard little guy looks at the others, and his lips twist into a grin which I don't like the looks of.

"We," he says, "are three prominent Medland citizens. We aint popular, but we are certainly prominent."

"Yes sir. I could tell that."

"Also, we are very financial."

"Everybody here seems to be that."

"But we are more financial than anybody else. In fact, we always play sure things. And we are planning to bet on Saturday's game and bet heavy."

"That's great," says Frosty. "You got a certainty."

"Sure we have," says the hard baby. "We're betting all our money on Greenburg!"

Well, that was one right on the button, and I and Frosty give exhibitions like two trouts which has just been removed from their favorite aquas.

"On Greenburg?"

"Precisely." This bird clips his words like he was a barber and they was a head of hair. "It's our chance to make a killing—and here's how. Plenty of people in this town know who you two are. They aint advertising it, for fear Greenburg will find out and do likewise. But they know just the same. Even without you, there was an idea that Medland was sure to win—but with you as the battery, it's a pipe."

"Uh-huh," says I. "It seems so."

"Well," he continues, "Medland don't like Greenburg even a little. This is a sporty town, and there has been plenty of loose change to back its municipal pride. This game is no exception. If nobody had thought of a ringer battery, there would have been enough Medland money to cover all Greenburg bets. But now that it seems like a cinch with you two here, coin will be flowing free as water. Now, here's the point: My friends and I have organized a syndicate. Do you know what a syndicate is?"

"Sure. It's somebody that sells the same thing to lots of newspapers."

"I don't mean that kind. This is a financial syndicate. We have pooled our money, and we are going to bet it all on Greenburg. Under cover, of course. You see, when the Greenburg fans get wind that something is wrong,—as they're certain to do,—they'll quit betting, and my friends and I figured that it would be a crime not to relieve our wealthy citizens of their loose change."

He paused a minute and I opened my mouth. "Mister, can I ask one question?"

"Surely."

"Just what kind of lynching will they give me and Frosty when we throw that game?"

"No kind at all. They wont know it. You are battery mates. All right; you'll make it look good. You, Johnson, will make impressive wind-ups, and you'll put plenty of speed on the ball. But it will come straight over the plate and they will murder it. And since Sam, here, is the catcher, he will be the only one who will know that you haven't any stuff on your delivery. Besides, if the game happens to be tight, you can always give bases on balls and then make either wild pitches or passed balls to bring them in."

"That," observes Frosty, "will make us very popular with the Medland fans."

The little guy gets hard as two pieces of steel.

"I don't care whether it does or not. We either make a killing financially or some other way. And in case you babies don't believe we're tough—"

"Mister, we do. We sure do."

"You haven't a thing to lose. Which team wins don't make any difference to you. And if you throw us down, we're going to see that your league is notified that you have played independently and under assumed names while under suspension and without permission. That will finish your baseball careers."

"Suppose," I ask, "that we just leave town?"

"That wont do at all. It's your presence here that will give us plenty of Medland money to bet against. And with two real experts working that game, we can safely figure on Medland losing. Now, what do you say?"

I look at Frosty and Frosty hands me a glance right back. What we both haven't got is lots of happiness.

"I dunno—" he starts.

Very quietly the little feller reaches into his hip pocket and produces the meanest-looking gun I have ever seen. His two friends does likewise and they just stand there real quiet letting us look down the barrels.

"What I was gonna say," finishes Frosty, "is that I dunno how many runs Greenburg will win by, but it will be plenty. And I'm asking also will you treat us fair?"

"What do you mean—fair?"

"I mean suppose me and Sam let Greenburg make enough runs to win any ball game, but Medland goes crazy and scores more than that?"

"Then it wouldn't be your fault," says this generous bozo, "and we wouldn't bump you off."

"Thanks," whispers Frosty. "You sure are merciful."

The other guy's lips twist into a chilly grin. "One other thing I want to suggest. You are getting five hundred each for this game. How about letting us take the whole thousand and bet it for you on Greenburg?"

"Me and Frosty never bet on ball games."

"Sure you do. You are going to bet on this one. You will bet one thousand dollars on Greenburg. It's a cinch way to double your money."

"But we don't want to be rich."

"Oh, yes, you do. I insist."

He fiddles with his gun a moment, and I and Frosty agree that we will be glad to win a thousand dollars, so we give him the money Medland has paid us, and they say good-by and walk out. But at the door the little feller makes one more crack.

"Two thousand if Greenburg wins," he says, "and nothing if it loses except funerals for two. Also, remember that if the old double-cross slips in here, we have got you dead to rights. Betting on Greenburg makes you our partners."

"Sure," agrees Frosty. "But don't forget that if Medland wins and it aint no fault of ours—"

"Then you'll be in the clear. But be sure it aint your fault."

Then me and Frosty are alone, and I don't know which is sickest.

"Rural life in the country!" says he. "Did you ever see any tougher guys in the city?"

"I never did, Frosty. Do you think they would really kill us?"

"I don't know how good their aim is. But they would certainly try most earnest."

Well, we talk things over a lot more, and in the end we decide that there aint nothing to do but perform like these fellers ask. After all, it's like Frosty tells me—Greenburg has got a right to win. Why should we have any sympathy with Medland when they was doing a dirty trick in the first place by slipping in a couple ringers on Greenburg? I admit that we was trying pretty hard to convince ourselves, but by the time we finished talking, we was almost weeping, we was so sorry for Greenburg, and had almost convinced ourselves that even if we wasn't in no danger and didn't stand to win a thousand berries, we would still want Medland to get beat.

So we start talking over how we are going to throw the game and still make it look good. We have got it all figured out, and it seems like we aint hardly running no risk at all, because me being Frosty's catcher, I am the only one who will know that he is splitting the plate wide open. Also, in case you don't know it, anybody who can hit at all can murder a straight fast one. Feed that kind to Babe Ruth, and he would wear his feet out running the bases.

By the time we finish eating dinner downstairs, we are beginning to feel a lot better. We stand to lose nothing and to win two thousand dollars. So we are whistling and making wise-cracks when we return to our room. But the minute we open the door, we get a hunch that something is wrong.

A great big feller has been sitting by the window, and he gets up the minute we come in. He has got sandy hair, gray eyes and two chins, but just the same he looks mean.

"Gentlemen," he says, "my name is Jones."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Jones."

"Well," he chuckles, "maybe you are and maybe you aint. I am the chief of police."

Somehow, that didn't sound so healthy. I and Frosty lied about how we loved chiefs of police, and we waited for him to talk—which same he done plenty.

"This afternoon," says Chief Jones, "Snapper Crawley and his two buddies were in this room with you fellers for a long time. They know who you are. Also since they left here, a heap of Greenburg money has made its appearance in the clubs and poolrooms of the city. I have talked it over with several prominent gentlemen, and they have sent me here to suggest that maybe you better be sure that Medland wins the game tomorrow."

"We're going to do our best."

"You bet your life you are—because if you don't, certain people in this town are liable to think that maybe you have accepted our money and then double-crossed us. Now, this place has a rep of being peaceable, but that's only when nothing has happened to make it mad—see?"

(Please turn to page 120)

"I dunno how many runs Greenburg will win by," finishes Frosty, "but it will be plenty."

A GOOD SHOVE

by ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Anthony Pugliesi

Whether you call it a kick or a boost depends, of course, on your point of view; but the truth remains that a good smart shove makes a world of difference in getting along in life. When that big shove touches you,—and it will,—sense it as a kindness.

If we were not shoved out of our placid contentment every now and then, we should soon cease to grow. But growing pains are real. And life is no flowery bed of ease. To win, you must fight, bleed and die, and rise again, fight after fight, day after day, so long as you are blessed with sight of the sun.

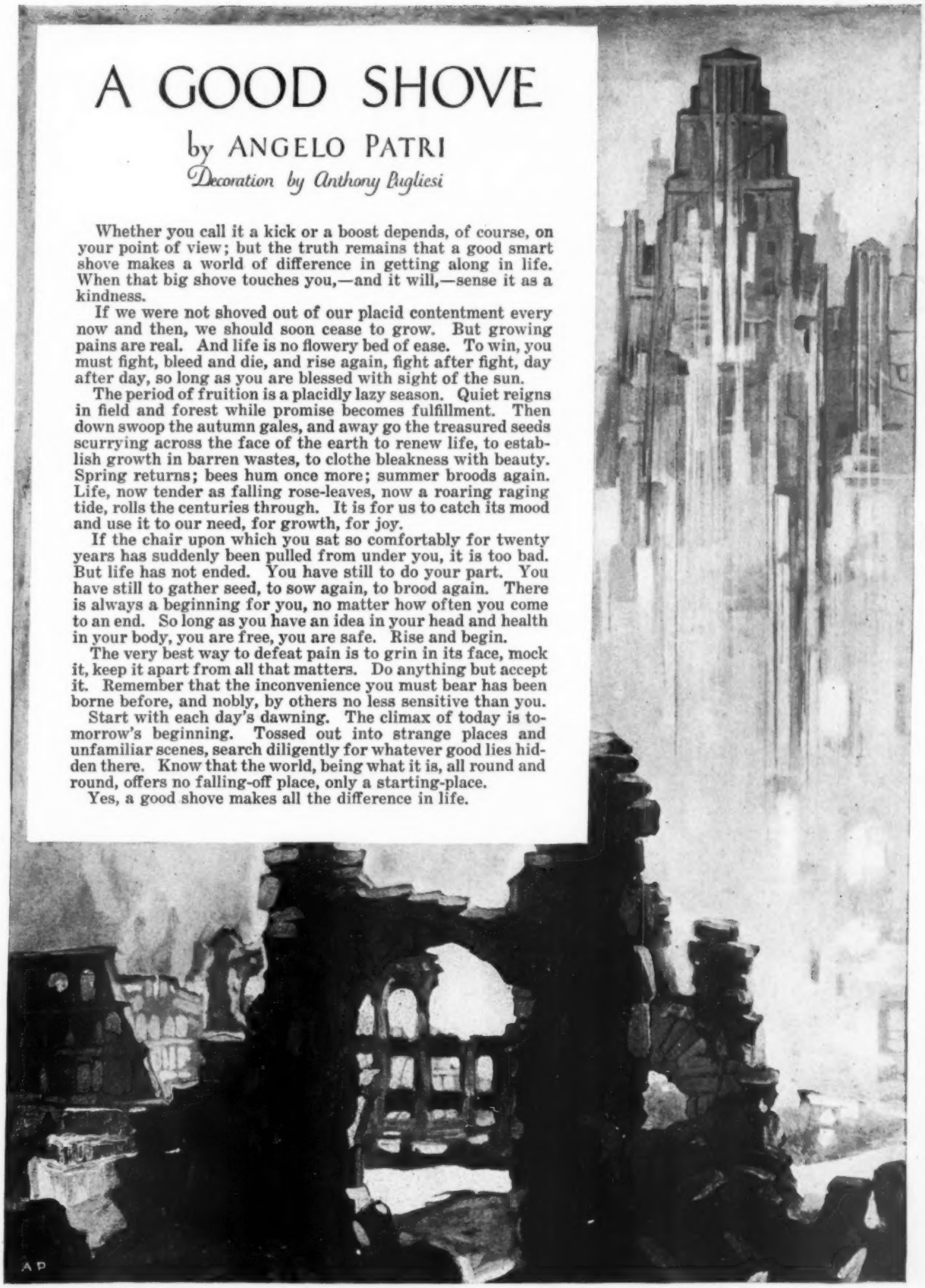
The period of fruition is a placidly lazy season. Quiet reigns in field and forest while promise becomes fulfillment. Then down swoop the autumn gales, and away go the treasured seeds scurrying across the face of the earth to renew life, to establish growth in barren wastes, to clothe bleakness with beauty. Spring returns; bees hum once more; summer broods again. Life, now tender as falling rose-leaves, now a roaring raging tide, rolls the centuries through. It is for us to catch its mood and use it to our need, for growth, for joy.

If the chair upon which you sat so comfortably for twenty years has suddenly been pulled from under you, it is too bad. But life has not ended. You have still to do your part. You have still to gather seed, to sow again, to brood again. There is always a beginning for you, no matter how often you come to an end. So long as you have an idea in your head and health in your body, you are free, you are safe. Rise and begin.

The very best way to defeat pain is to grin in its face, mock it, keep it apart from all that matters. Do anything but accept it. Remember that the inconvenience you must bear has been borne before, and nobly, by others no less sensitive than you.

Start with each day's dawning. The climax of today is tomorrow's beginning. Tossed out into strange places and unfamiliar scenes, search diligently for whatever good lies hidden there. Know that the world, being what it is, all round and round, offers no falling-off place, only a starting-place.

Yes, a good shove makes all the difference in life.



THE AUCTIONING of MARY ANGEL

A girl's answer to the question, "If youth is flaming today, who set it afire?"

by Coningsby Dawson

The Story So Far:

"YOU ought," said Mary Angel, "to write a book about me, quoting me as a horrible example."

To keep her mind off her shipwreck, that is what I am doing.

Years ago I had been in love with Mary's mother, and I'd always been "Uncle" to Mary. This, however, was the first time I'd seen her since her wedding. At twenty-one, she already had an unsuccessful marriage behind her.

She spoke to me of her convent upbringing, and then of her all-too-sudden introduction, by her mother, into the fast and fashionable world of the Riviera—of her mother's prompt campaign to secure suitors for her.

"Marriage," she said, "as manipulated by parents, is the most rascally confidence-trick ever perpetrated." She went on to tell me of the various men who made love to her, of the English yachtsman with whom she fell in love—and who suddenly sailed away.

"It wasn't till I'd been home a month that his first letter reached me," she went on. "The main fact it conveyed was that he was already married."

Mary became a débutante then, and for more than two years was busy with the business of bringing socially eligible young men to her feet. But none of these young men, when she'd captured them, pleased her—until she met Jeff.

"Then you love Jeff?" I questioned. "It wasn't a catch-as-catch-can match, as some people have hinted?"

"I adored him," she declared. "I still do."

But Jeff had been brought up to every luxury—and was earning thirty dollars a week. The young people won grudging consent from their parents; the engagement was announced, a church wedding planned. And each family waited for the other to make some move toward endowing the young people. . . . .

So much Mary had told me, when I had to leave for an hour or two at the office. Then as she was too ill to go out and had no maid, I had a dinner packed for Mary and me at a delicatessen and went back post-haste to hear the rest of her story.

Employing the key she had lent me, I admitted myself without formal warning. . . . . A man was with her, his back toward me. I saw the shining of her arms clasped about him. *(The story continues in detail:)*

WHY do men marry? Why do they desert their wives? Of the two insanities, it is easier to understand the desertion than the nuptials. Mary Angel, child though she is, holds the clue to both riddles.

Before I meet her again, I am trying to do a little honest thinking. To a bachelor, the resignations a bridegroom makes at the altar seem preposterously disproportionate to his gains. He endows the wraithlike creature at his side with all his worldly

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"There's nothing wrong with marriage. My complaint is against the fat-heads of your generation."

goods; in return she merely bestows herself—a gift which is more of a liability than an asset. He pledges her his affection for so long as she remains above ground. How can he do that truthfully, when he has no assurance as to the changes time will work in her mind and body?

Stating the problem from another angle, how many husbands, if their case were not complicated by social considerations and children, would have the rashness to marry the same wife twice?

I am not striving to be cynical; but most of the married women of my acquaintance are lamentable failures—the chief reason for their failure being that they fancy themselves superior to the job of wifehood. Few of them have been educated. In default of mental interests, they allot to their relaxations the importance of occupations. They spend their energies massacring time. If they could run their homes as expertly as they play contract-bridge, there would be some excuse for their existence. They don't. The cook in the kitchen is more worthy of adoration; she pulls her weight. They shirk motherhood by professing that the creative processes of Nature degrade them to the level of human incubators. When they consent to bear children, they bear the minimum number that will appease their husbands—and delegate their upbringing to hirelings. If they were thrown on the streets tomorrow, they would possess less talent for commanding a salary than a manicurist. If the Bolshevik principle were applied, that no one must consume who does not replace, they would starve to death as economically inefficient. Yet they flaunt themselves as queen bees. No one dares tell them that they are the unprofitable drones of the hive.

Whence do they muster the conceit to assume that man's sacred privilege is to slave for them? After youth, they're not beautiful; yet they claim the prerogatives of the ravishing. Even the accomplishments they pretend to possess they practice badly. They dance without zest. Their information is gossip. To converse with them throughout a dinner is agony.

While these thoughts are provoked by Mary Angel, none of the criticisms apply to her. Without hope of reward, I would gladly bankrupt myself for Mary. I never approach her but she sets me dreaming. . . . .

But this is Mary's story, not a bachelor's soliloquy.

I have not seen her for two days. I have been afraid to face her lest she may guess my suspicions. "Unto the pure all things are pure," is the justification for my actions; I am unwilling to share it with an intrusive stranger. Yet the man I glimpsed in her room may have been a noble-minded fellow, who, having learned of her indisposition, was proving his sympathy. I am reluctant to credit that a second man exists who is capable of visiting Mary Angel without temptation. Put the case to yourself. Here is a lovely child, nine months a bride, disowned by her parents, abandoned by her husband. She lives alone in an apartment. To be received by her, you press a button and ascend in an elevator. Provided she is discreet, no one remarks the company she entertains. I pass in and out almost anonymously. It's all right for me; I knew her when she was in her cradle. For other men, it is not safe. How to tell her?

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

On my desk when I returned this evening was a note, reproachful in its brevity: *"How about our collaboration?"* No resentment. If the meek actually did inherit the earth, Mary would own half of Long Island. Scarcely touching my meal, I hurry to her.

I find her attired in a daffodil tea-gown, her complexion becomingly pale; its pallor, I am certain, has been assisted with powder. "Not too hard on her," it seems to warn me; "she's still an invalid." Having admitted me, she flits back to the living-room with its three staring windows in a line, smudged with night and stirred by the distant scurry of charging headlights. In the hall I remove my coat with the solemnity of a doctor about to perform an operation. Meanwhile, out of the corner of my eye, I see her composing herself on the couch, propping cushions behind her, spreading her draperies to leave sufficient of her slim legs showing. A shaded lamp has been placed so that its glow may kindle her to most advantage. Very touching! Very flattering! Cleopatra must have gone to these same pains on the Nile.

"So your cold is better?" I open negotiations.

"You've been staying away to punish me." She bites her lower lip and glances back across her shoulder.

"Nonsense, Mary. What reason have I to punish you?"

"Old jealous!" She clutches my sleeve. "The other night you saw him."

"How did you know?"

"How wouldn't I? You left the dinner you'd brought for us behind. How much did you see?"

"The outline of a man bending over you."

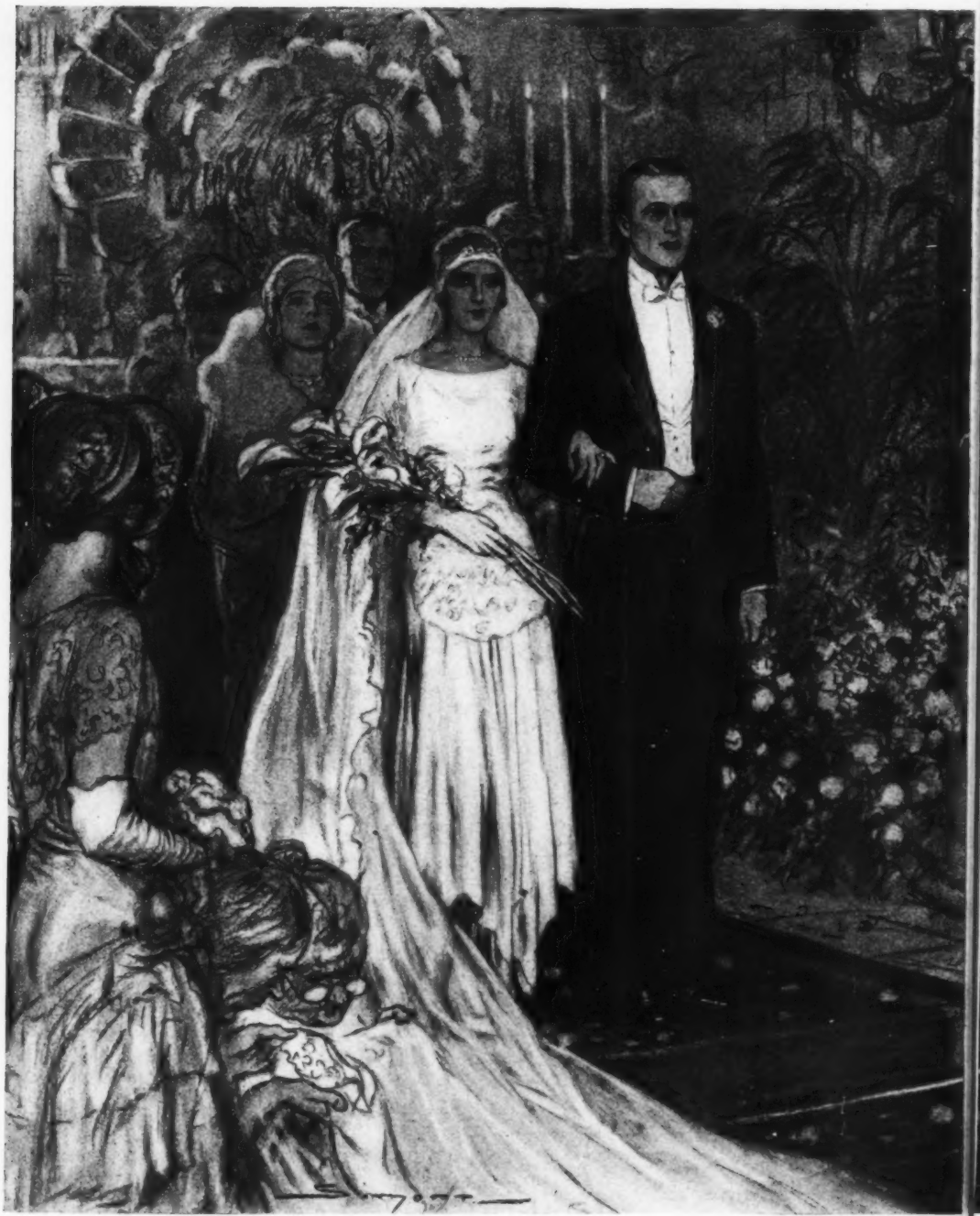
"You didn't recognize him?" She raises herself with sudden ecstasy. "Hurray! Then my story isn't spoiled. We can wait till we come to him. If you knew now who he was, it would ruin everything."

Shocked by her shamelessness, I thrust a hand in my breast, striking the favorite attitude of a ham actor.

"I realize that the concern I feel must seem absurd to you, who are so modern."

Her response is to squeal with laughter.

"You're too funny—too killing! You're dying with curiosity! Answer me something: If I were to land myself in such a mess that Jeff should



"After all the futile bargaining, there was a great calm—

divorce me, would you come to the rescue? Hold hard before you commit yourself. What I'm meaning is, would you marry me?"

"There are few things that I wouldn't do for you, Mary," I admit.

"Old darling!" She drags me down. "I've been as lonely as a mutt dog gone astray. Are you sometimes lonely?"

"Horribly."

"And afraid of not being wanted?"

"What's your game?"

"No game, Uncle Biff. Only that lying here half-ill, with no one caring, has made me sorry—sorry for myself, for you, for everybody. I've been examining my past and have placed my finger on my most damning indiscretion: all my life I've been too darned narrow. Narrow in my mind I mean, of course; I'm not pretending that I haven't kicked my legs a trifle high."

"So you're striving after broad-mindedness by allowing unaccompanied men to visit you in your room?"

Again she peals into laughter. "You at least seemed to like it."

"My dear child, I'm different."

"That's what they all claim." She wags her head. "But I'm serious, Uncle Biff. Virtue is its own reward. Florence Nightingale found that out; she died unmarried. Men don't want good girls. Even good men, like you, don't want them."

"I'll be frank with you, Mary; I don't enjoy you in this mood of naughtiness. Are you paying me back for having neglected you?"

"Nope. I guess I'm paying myself back. I hate myself so

religion, solemnity, the organ booming, the congregation staring."

much that I'm longing to hear some one say, just to bring me comfort, even though he doesn't mean a word of it: 'Whatever happens to you, little Mary, I'll always stay by you.'"

"All my actions have said it," I remind her. "But Jeff made you that promise."

"Darling Jeff!" She switches irresponsibly.

"If you think so highly of him, how could he be such a pup as to—"

"Be quiet, or we'll quarrel."

She lies still as a violin in its case. That's the exact image for her. Capable of music, but silent.

I light a cigarette—offer her one, which she refuses. As I pace about, feigning to examine this and that, her eyes follow me.

"You distrust women most awfully," she accuses me. "Is it because you love us?"

"This has gone too far, Mary." I seat myself at the end of the couch. She shifts her feet to make room for me. "If you refuse to tell me who this man is, let's get on with our collaboration. We'd reached the point where you'd become engaged, and preparations were under way for your marriage."

"If there's one thing that ought to discourage people from toothache,"—she fixes wide eyes thoughtfully on me,—"it's being mauled by a dentist."

"What has that to do with anything?"

"A whole lot. If there's one thing that ought to discourage a girl from becoming engaged, it's getting married."

"Don't catch your drift," I confess tersely.

She smiles.

"It's the commercialism of a wedding that's so disillusionizing—the greed that prompts it. A wedding is the 'Going-going-gone' of a maiden's auctioning. The voice that breathed o'er Eden is the fall of the hammer. 'She's yours, young fellow—a juicy chicken, but nothing like the bargain you fancy. Cart her away.' Her relatives tear off their masks. At last they can afford to be natural."

I pinch her toes in her pointed slippers, much as I used to when she was a baby.

"Congratulate me on being a bachelor."

"I wont. There's nothing the matter with marriage—never was. My complaint is against the fat-heads of your generation. Here's the most wonderful miracle that can happen to two mortals—so sacred that it ought to be whispered. A girl and a boy grow wings. And what do you elderly morons do? You make a peep-show of them, and invite Mr. World and his wife to gratify their curiosity."

"Rot!"

"My dear man, allow me to know. You're not a girl, and you've never been married. Parents with daughters stoop to the tricks of shysters. First they misrepresent the goods they have for sale. Then, when they've obtained an offer, they place the goods on exhibition and charge their friends a dozen soup-plates to view them. Lastly, when a parson has blessed the deal, they give the go-by to the poor suckers whom they've handcuffed."

"You're both bitter and vulgar."

"You bet I am. The whole of my generation's bitter and vulgar. We're your generation's crime. Mummy was certainly consistent; I'll hand her that. Having failed me all along the line on the presumption that she was being wise, she didn't let up till she'd plunged me off the deep end. Talk about the girl who took the wrong turning—I was that girl. Mummy had an unerring instinct for wrong turnings. If she caught me hesitating at a right one, she pushed me down a wrong one every time."

"You're making a grave mistake," I caution her, "in harboring such soreness against your mother. If you were to put this into print, I don't think you would find anyone to sympathize with you. A judge who was summing up your case impartially would state the sequence of events somewhat as follows: 'You'd been introduced to society at considerable expense to your parents. Being an only child, you'd been given more favorable chances than most girls. You'd made no use of them. You'd run like a wild thing, snaring boys' hearts for the selfish pleasure of chucking them back at them. You couldn't have got away with such cruelty if your appearance hadn't belied you; you looked gentle and dainty. At last, when all your serious admirers had seen through you, you got to going with the tough eggs of your crowd, who considered bad manners sporting. You crashed a party in New York and made goo-goo eyes at a guest as unbidden as yourself. When you stumbled across him a week later, he was philandering with another man's wife.' "

"I 'fessed up to all that the other night," she interrupted, "and in words so damning that you objected. 'Dropping down the ladder rung by rung,' was how I described my condition. But my meeting with Jeff brought redemption, white robes, the Hallelujah Chorus. It was Christmas morning and the first day of spring rolled into one."

"That's special pleading. I'm summing up impartially," I squelch her. "On the strength of this sketchy acquaintance with a man encountered dishonestly and re-encountered under compromising circumstances, you informed your parents, within twelve hours of their having learned of his existence, that wild horses couldn't prevent you from marrying him. In more sensible days, when women's opinions weren't consulted and the eldest male was the guardian of his family's honor, your father would have locked you up in a tower. In this woman-ruined age, all yours did was to insist that you avoid scandal by marrying your pick-up openly with a ceremony appropriate to your station. The palsied yes-artist—I refer to your father—couldn't have done less. Yet you lambaste him and your mother as a pair of torturers."

"Now listen to my version: Here were Jeff and I worshiping each other, seeing ladders reaching up to heaven and clouds of angels ascending and descending. We'd become lyric lunatics. Our furthest thought was to coin a profit from our loving. All we asked was to be set free to live alone forever. To have our union made compulsory and proclaimed like a circus seemed blasphemous. It was treating Jeff as the tattooed man and me as the bearded lady. Any mating other than the kind that was flung at us would have been halfway decent. More love-matches are mucked by society-weddings, my uncle, than are dreamed of in your bachelor philosophy. A church-wedding is a crude survival of paganism, which benefits everybody but the two idiots chiefly concerned. Divorce-courts are strewn with the débris of church-weddings. The bride has been worked to death and sets out on her honeymoon peevish. The bridegroom has been garlanded and paraded as a sacrificial bull. There are only two things that a society-wedding accomplishes: it boosts the vanity of the bride's parents, and it spares their pockets. What I mean is that it passes round the hat to provide the happy couple with the least practical of their household furnishings."

"It's hell getting married on a shoestring. . . . . Our two old men standing pat!"

"You talk like a person suffering from arrested development," I address her sternly. "You seem to have no elementary sense of moral responsibility. Everyone is to blame for your actions except yourself. If you were to repeat your story to a probation officer word for word as you've told it to me, he would require no further evidence to have you committed to a refuge for female incorrigibles."

"You've said it." She endorses me whole-heartedly. "That's where most of the girls who are in society ought to be—under lock and key in the purer air of reformatories. The boys who run with them ought to be on State farms. I wont

"Daddy intervened: 'If you have doubts—it's easier getting rid of a fiancé than a husband.'"

blame Mummy again, because that irritates you. I'll blame everyone in our kind of social environment who's rich enough to allow her daughters to grow up wasters and to turn her home into a night-club. Lord, the stories I could tell! For instance, a party's considered a flop if it isn't peppy. When a party threatens to become a flop, all the boys and girls buzz off without a thank-you. The best way to insure pep is to provide alcohol. I've known hostesses to leave whisky-bottles in bathrooms so that the boys could tank up while they were checking their coats and hats. I'm not talking about men—I mean boys at prep-schools or in their first year at college. How about lacking a sense of moral responsibility? Who taught my generation to lack it—the mothers who thought a drunken gathering successful, or the fathers who were nagged into procuring the liquor from their bootleggers?"

"Oh, well!" I admit weakly.

"It is, 'oh, well!' " she pounces on me. "What's sauce for the goose, you know. Let's both face facts. Fathers who encourage other people's kids to become drunkards in order that their daughters' entertainments may be popular, would sack an employee next morning who turned up the worse for wear. And their daughters aren't any the more popular—the thing that's popular is the poison that pours from the bottle."

Defeated by her more exact knowledge, I suggest: "Let's go back to the point at which this digression started. You made the extravagant statement that church weddings are the first step on the road to the divorce-court. May I remind you that the purpose of a church ceremony is to emphasize the religious aspect of marriage?"

"Is that so?" She scalds me with contempt. "They why is it made the pretext for wholesale blackmailing? I wouldn't like to tell you how many invitations I addressed to people so little our acquaintance that today I couldn't recognize them from a hole in the ground. Jeff's mother handed us a list of her supposed friends as long as the Hudson River. It's my belief she bought a copy of 'Who's Who in America' and selected every other name from A to Z. That started the vulgarest competition you ever witnessed between our two families, Jeff's and mine, as to which could pretend to be on speaking terms with the most notorieties. If my mother invited the President of the United States, Jeff's mother added the Prince of Wales to her list of intimates. They were like a pair of kids boasting. As far as I can remember, only God was omitted. Cards announcing the approaching nuptials were sent to dukes, earls, moving-picture actresses and the few remaining crowned heads of Europe. Morning, noon and night, when I ought to have been with Jeff, I scribbled addresses and licked stamps. I can still taste the gum and the ink on my aching fingers. When I believed I was approaching the end, Jeff's mother would submit a new wad of titles; then Mummy would retort with another wad ever more imposing. How those two women grew to hate each other! When I complained, I was told: 'The more people, the more presents.' So for this too, as for every other wrong turning, I had to pretend to be grateful."

"I'm certain you're misrepresenting motives, Mary."

She kicks off a slipper which just avoids my head.

"You really are an old idiot." She jabs me with her stockinged foot. "You fall over backward to believe the best of your generation. In-laws are malicious. You can't blame them; it's human nature. They feel that their property rights are being invaded. Affections which have been theirs peculiarly since childhood are going to be shared. All their shabby little secrets, which they've guarded so carefully, are going to be handed on to strangers. I've accused Mummy of heaps of misguiding; but I will say this for her: she was fond of me. So was Daddy, in a far less selfish way which he'd never been allowed to express. Now that all the window-dressing and placing me on the map had at last won me a prospective husband, they were terror-stricken at what they'd done. They invented any excuse to separate me from Jeff that they might keep me to themselves. Jeff's family did the same as far as he was concerned. Jeff and I were like soldiers in opposing trenches, who met by stealth in No Man's Land."

"But why?"

"You must be dense. Money was at the bottom of it. Jeff's father was playing the waiting game. He hadn't committed himself to anything. He hadn't even promised to continue Jeff's allowance. He smiled benevolently, but he kept his hands in his pockets. My people, since I was the bride, were compelled to spend. They hoped that by appearing lavish they might shame Jeff's father into doing something handsome. He approved of all our arrangements, but he volunteered nothing. The irritation mounted. Everything became a target for criticism. The hats Jeff's mother wore, which were patterned *(Please turn to page 138)*

IN TUNE WITH

LILLIAN GISH

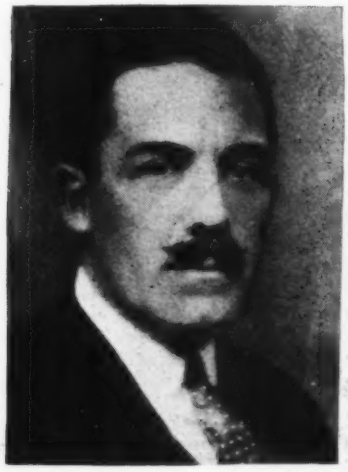
as she appears in "Uncle Vanya," her first stage appearance in seventeen years. When she was six, she made her début in Rising Sun, Ohio, in an annihilating melodrama of strong men, weeping women, shuddering children, homicide and eleventh-hour reprieves. Her spellbinding artistry lightened the banality of such plays until the day her mother met another mother in a New York theatrical boarding-house. The ladies discussed their respective children's potentialities, as mothers will. Then they merged promotion activities and created a matchless emotional monopoly through the personalities of the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, and the Pickfords, Mary, Lottie and Jack. Mary got Lillian a child's part in a Belasco play and later a rôle as extra in a Griffith picture.

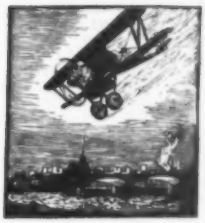
GROVER WHALEN

As we go to press, the head of New York's finest—whose picture is reproduced below—plays touch and go with his resignation. With enterprising showmanship Police Commissioner Whalen has muffled the blare of the unsolved Rothstein murder by achievements which have won for him frequent front-page commendation. His cops attend the college of which he is founder and president. The curriculum ranges from good manners to good defensive gunplay. Impeccably garbed, Whalen has officially welcomed to New York presidents of republics and Republican presidents, prime ministers, prelates and princes—and Her Highness of Rumania. Effete New York awaits his next move.

MARC CONNELLY

Nightly New York and its visitors battle for admittance to "The Green Pastures," the Pulitzer Prize play, by Marc Connelly, whose picture is at the right. He projects the living religion of thousands of untutored Southern negroes who humbly envision their own images in the Old Testament, and feed their spiritual hunger with preachments and happenings that will lead them straight to the heaven of their wish. . . . . Mr. Connelly's mother was a daughter of Marcus C. Cook, a Back Bay aristocrat. The older Brahmins in Boston can remember, with a sudden stiffening, the day that she gathered her dainty skirts and eloped with a touring tragedian, Patrick Joseph Connelly.





OUR TIMES

JOAN CRAWFORD

Miss Crawford's trail to glory started humbly enough in the wings of her stepfather's theater in Lawton, Kansas, where as a child her frequently bare feet strutted in imitation of the dancers. A few years later financial disaster forced her to work as a domestic in a private school in exchange for an education. She worked her way through a few years in Stephens College, Missouri, too, by waiting on table. J. J. Shubert saw her dancing in Detroit, and gave her her first big-time opportunity in a New York musical production. Thence a movie director beckoned her away to Hollywood, and in time Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., beckoned her to the altar. Miss Crawford's current picture is "Montana Moon." A characteristic photograph is reproduced at the right.

Photo by Hurrell, M. G. M.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Kentucky is Miss Roberts' home, her birthplace; it has been the birthplace of her people since they came from Virginia over Boone's Trace in the 1770's. From the rich legacy, handed down by her grandmother, of memories and traditions of the exuberant young men and women who pushed back the frontier to Kentucky and wrested the land from hostile Indian and preying beast, Miss Roberts has woven an epic novel, "The Great Meadow"—the empire-building journey of those relentless and picturesque men and women who, living in swift danger, opened the gateway to the West with their strong young hands and created the dawn of our safe days. Her picture appears below.

Photo by White, N Y.

HARVEY FERGUSSON

one of the most brilliant chroniclers of the Southwest, tells a story of his native State, New Mexico, elsewhere in this issue. Fergusson was born in picturesque Albuquerque, and roamed the mesas and mountains, shooting deer and riding the ranges with cattlemen, from the time he was old enough to have his own horse and carry his own gun—eleven. He studied to be a forest ranger, but after graduation from college, he took a Government job in Washington and at the urging of his father, who was Representative from the State of New Mexico, he started the reading of law. Three weeks afterward, however, he cast his political and legal ambitions aside for newspaper reporting, the catapult of his novel-writing.

FAIR MEANS *or* FOWL

A business story

by Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by J.J. Gould

SHAKESPEARE SHACKELFORD, colored, was having an argument with a wildcat. Stout bars, however, were keeping that argument on a purely verbal plane. Shakespeare had bought the beast cheap, from Napoleon Nash, to hold it for a rise. But apparently the bottom had fallen out of the market for wildcats right after that—leaving Shakespeare stuck as well as unemployed. The former worried him.

"Cat," he was addressing his purchase now in his back-yard cage, "you's fixin' to git sold or swap off cheap. All you does is eat an' cuss, nohow."

The big cat laid back its ears and said things too profane to be tolerated anywhere but on the stage.

"Done told you!" warned Shakespeare. "I's gwine git shet of you."

Which, however, was destined to prove far easier said than done—a process, indeed, the ramifications of which were to extend far up Baptist Hill and to involve total strangers. Not to speak of the practical ruin of Latham Hooper and the poignant effect upon certain important "white folks."

"You sho is good-lookin' dis mawnin'," Shakespeare tried.

And a week later, with not a single transaction yet registered in Wildcat, Preferred, on Shakespeare's books, young Mrs. Roberts entered the story, with an equally pressing problem of her own.

Ruth Roberts was wife of Carling Roberts, newly come to Demopolis from the North to manage the branch sawmill there of the giant Universal Lumbering, Incorporated.

And when one is young and ambitious for one's husband, and faced with entertaining the crusty president of Universal, some things can be calamities—such as the funeral of a house-and-yard man's aunt. Particularly when his wife is also one's cook. For it means a week's absence of both while lodge and burying-society rites are being wrung of their last thin remnants of ritual.

So while Baptist Hill was enjoying a funeral, young Mrs. Roberts was facing a disaster.

"It'll mean a vice presidency for you five years sooner, Carl, if I can entertain Mr. Hammill properly," she summed it up to that pleasant-faced young man, who seemed to take cataclysms too lightly.

"Admitted! But why the tragedy? Get another cook. Get another man to pinch-hit for the butler. I fell over forty just trying to get across the Square this afternoon."

"Forty field-hands, yes!"

"Cheer up! I've an eagle eye that can spot a butler through a brick wall—or a pair of overalls!"

"And Mr. Hammill's *so* hard to please."

"Oh, no! There are those who distinctly remember him smiling—only four years ago. Or was it five? Time flies so!"

"All right, Mr. Smarty! If you can do so much, I can do everything else. And when *you* go out visiting the mills in 1940, I hope some branch manager's wife feeds *you* on bread and water!"

For his part, Mr. Roberts had been married long enough to know just here that the time had come for him to make good without additional discussion.

And it was while swinging along Commissioners Street a few moments later that he came face-to-face with the lugubrious Shakespeare—a Shakespeare who had continued to have no luck with wildcats, to the consequent loss of all assets save his manners. Retention of the latter was indicated by an obsequious stepping aside on the sidewalk and a distinct dis-

The owl flew blindly about until—"Git dat owl out de soup!" squalled Lindy.

turbing of his battered hat with one hand as he ventured: "Mawnin', boss!"

Frequently a boy in Shakespeare's fix could charm a dime right out of the white folks' pockets by being pleasant though bankrupt.

"Ah, good morning!" responded Mr. Roberts of Michigan.

"Aint want no wildcat, is you, boss?"

"Hell, no! Why?"

"Jes' tryin' git shet of one I buys, suh. Eats a pow'ful lot, but I sho would trade cheap. How 'bout givin' me fo' dollars fo' him, boss?"

"I wouldn't give you four cents for him!"

"Yassuh. Aint got no job of work up to yo' house, is you, Cap'n?"

Something responded in Mr. Roberts this time. Something that recalled recent conversation with one of Detroit's best-looking daughters. There might be such a thing as blind luck, after all.

"Well, that depends. What do you do?"

"Most anything, suh. Washes car, rakes yahd, slops hawgs, waits on table—"

"Wait a minute! You ever had any experience as a butler?"

"B-b-b-b— *Suh?*"

"Ever butler any?"

Shakespeare hadn't, but: "Yassuh, sho is. Buttle all over de place if you aint stop me. Sho is!"

"Fine! But there's something else now—"

Shakespeare regarded him anxiously. These Northern gentlemen never could understand his resting a lot between jobs, but they certainly did ruin a boy with big wages until they learned the local scale.

"The butler I want," continued Mr. Roberts, "has got to have a wife—"

Shakespeare cheered up. Here was where a liability got turned into an asset. His mind began running over his list—

"—that can cook."

Shakespeare could be diverted but not daunted. Several of his wives could do that. It was just a question of selection among the succession of ladies that had deserted his domicile in favor of regular meals during the past years. An offer like this would make a reconciliation like he suddenly had in mind worth while.

"Lindy jes' whut you wants," he informed Mr. Roberts guilelessly. "She sho handy wid a skillet."

"Better and better! You see that big house back there in the trees? The white one? . . . . That's the place. See Mrs. Roberts, you and your wife. Tell her I sent you, and she'll tell you the wages and everything. Got to start right now. Company coming—big man, tips a dollar when a boy suits him right."

Shakespeare hung his hat on a near-by gatepost. "Cain't be pestered wid no hat when I's in a hurry," he explained. "Got to git Lindy an' hire out! White folks waitin' fo' us."

Gayly Mr. Roberts swung across the Square. Women overrated these little domestic details. Ruth would have worried for a week about getting the right servants: all he had to do was step out in the street and stumble across a pair of prizes!

Shakespeare wasn't so gay. Last time he saw Lindy, she had

"Dawg-gone! Whar at you git dat big ol' owl?"

followed him hopefully for a block with a teakettle—hoping to scald him. But Demopolis wasn't so big that a boy could count on much luck keeping out of sight of the white folks after you made them a promise. Especially these Northern gentlemen: they actually expected promises to be *kept!*

By the time he reached the foot of Baptist Hill, Shakespeare was ready to welcome anything that would delay a probably painful interview with Lindy. Which brought his good friend Latham Hooper into the matter. Latham had a lot of scratches and mighty few clothes on him at the moment. Also a burlap sack held gingerly in one hand.

"Whut you got in de bag?" Shakespeare sought to make conversation.

Latham opened the mouth of the bag slightly and warily.

"Jes' look in dar," he invited. "An' watch out fo' yo' face."

Shakespeare peeped cautiously, to catch a glimpse of a baleful glare from the half-darkness within, a glare that fairly spat cold hatred from great round eyes buried in twin whorls of feathers.

"Dawg-*gone!* Whar at you git dat big ol' owl?"

"Cotch him in swamp in daytime. Most tore my clo'es off. Sho is ambitious owl when pester him."

"Swaps you my wildcat fo' him," offered Shakespeare.

"Aint got time to swap nothin'. Jes' gits me a job chauffeurin'."

Shakespeare sighed. Wildcats were a drug on the market. And he moved on toward the latest domicile of Lindy.

"Aint no use you comin' round heah drappin' yo' wing at me!" she greeted him harshly on sight. "I aint gwine give you no *mo'* money!"

"You sho is good-lookin' an' handsome dis mawnin'," Shakespeare tried out an old but successful line.

"Aint nothin' 'bout *you* look good to me but yo' back—gwine 'way from heah."

"I aint treat you right—dat's a fact. Jes' sorter fixin' to make hit up to you, honey."

"Don't you honey me, you Judas!"

Shakespeare checked up: five sentences exchanged, and not a piece of kitchenware flung yet! Lindy was weakening; that was all!

"Us got a job. Big money. Dollar tips," he outlined hastily.

"Us? *Us?*"

"Aint hire one widout de other. Me an' you both. You cooks an' I buttles."

"I cooks an' you eats, you means," snapped Lindy.

"Fat of de land—fo' us both," elaborated Shakespeare. "Naw-the'n gent'man an' he wife."

"You mean dat young Mist' Roberts an' he wife?"

"Uh-huh."

Lindy softened some more. "Dat young lady sho is nice," she commented. "Wuzn't fo' you, hit'd be all right."

"Wuzn't fo' me, you wouldn't never heah 'bout hit at all," pointed out Shakespeare conclusively. "Git yo' ap'on an' le's go."

"Git my ap'on—an' you follers," corrected Lindy. "Aint gwine lower myse'f none bein' seed walkin' wid you! Bad 'nough to cook de same place. Nex' thing dey'll be sayin' I 'sociates wid you' funny friends—like dat triflin' Latham Hooper."

"Git yo' tote-basket an' come on. Aint seed Latham in a week."

In their fire-lit living-room young Mr. Carling Roberts lifted the even younger Mrs. Carling Roberts from a sofa to her feet.

"Heads up, kittens!" he instructed. "Or I'll have to kiss away *both* of those wrinkles between what an optimist would still call your eyebrows! Haven't I filled both your kitchen and butler's pantry with treasures, with a single glance of my eagle eye?"

Mrs. Roberts took an unsuccessful wrinkle-remover.

"Lindy can cook," she admitted, "but that's all I can be sure about. She and Shakespeare seem to get on like a couple of strange cats and dogs. And did you say he was an experienced butler?"

"He practically admitted as much to me."

"*I* think he's merely an experienced liar. And it's *so* important that we make the right impression on Mr. Hammill this time. I saw Lucy—Lucy Merrill, you know—in Chicago last month, and she says Jim has never had a chance since their maid accidentally stepped through Mr. Hammill's hat. It's cost them thousands, she thinks. Stepping through it, I mean. Everything's got to go right tomorrow when Mr. Hammill dines with us. It's *got* to!"

"It will. When you say things have 'got to,' don't they always jump to obey? Even I?"

"Maybe you. But I don't know about this Shakespeare-Lindy combination. My guess is, there's more in our kitchen situation than meets the eye."

Whether John J. Hammill was human or not was a matter still subject to debate in the Universal organization. One thing was agreed: that he was a hang-over from the Stuffed Shirt school of presidents. What went on beneath the polar ice-cap that Mr. Hammill presented to the world was something never made public.

Carling Roberts met him at the train with his car and temporary chauffeur.

A soup that's a special help to you in summer!

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

A delicious meal which is on your table in next to no time. Campbell's Vegetable Soup! A luncheon or supper of 15 vegetables—ready in a few minutes! An ideal one-hot-dish so needed with cold meals. How you appreciate such welcome help these hot days. Let this hearty soup reduce your time in the hot kitchen! 12 cents a can.

Campbell's in the pantry—
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Isn't that a dandy way
To keep you feeling great!

Look for the Red-and-White Label

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

How to be FASCINATING—

JOAN CRAWFORD, *vivacious idol of the Screen, reveals a Secret*

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, adorable young M. G. M. star, in the luxurious bathroom built in Hollywood and designed by a New York artist especially for her slim beauty. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible. I never found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin lovely."

Joan Crawford

"THERE'S one kind of girl who always attracts," says Joan Crawford, the screen star whose vivacious loveliness has won conquests by the thousand. "It's the girl with exquisite skin!

"There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible, it seems. Just watch the girl who has it. She's sure to be sought after, the center of attention wherever she goes!

"The Hollywood directors found out long ago"—Joan Crawford shook her red-brown head in emphasis—"that a girl simply *must* have ravishing skin to win her public. Those great glaring close-up lights reveal even tiny flaws, you know.

"So you can imagine how carefully every girl in Hollywood guards her skin!

"For a long time almost everyone I know has been using Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave the skin so soft and smooth!

GWEN LEE (M. G. M.)
"I find it wonderful!"

JULIA FAYE (M.G.M.)
"I always use it."

"If a girl wants to have the charm of temptingly beautiful skin, she ought to try this nice white soap. She's sure to be delighted with the results!"

Joan Crawford, you see, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses (out of a total of 521!) who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is so necessary for smooth skin.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it—today.

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

"Drive right to our house, Latham," he instructed the latter functionary.

"Do yourself rather well, eh, Roberts?" croaked Mr. Hammill as he eyed the shining car, the Sunday-suited Latham.

"Oh, fairly. Not so hard down here."

"Hmm. Any hunting?"

"Yes sir, some. Deer in season. Bear occasionally. More wildcats, but nobody's much interested in them. Country's getting more and more settled up as we cut out the timber."

"Hmm."

"Mrs. Roberts is certainly looking forward to entertaining you, sir."

"Hmph! Nice of her."

Latham walled an eye backward. These new white folks didn't sound like any dollar tips to him. Sounded more like a big holler if he scraped a fender or splashed a little mud. The sort, too, that never would understand a boy having his own personal owl right with him in the front of the car. And something else.

Latham had been having a lot of domestic trouble about the owl. His wife wouldn't let him keep it at home. And as for the Something Else, it simply wasn't safe to leave that gin there, either.

So Latham had placed both in the same sack, on the floor of the front of the car, beside his feet.

WITH the white folks safely unloaded and welcomed, and five bags carried inside, Latham drew a long breath and wiped the honest sweat from his brow. Chauffeuring for the quality was all right—after a boy had fixed things up in the kitchen for himself and owl.

Latham knew Lindy. Which wasn't encouraging. But he knew, too, Lindy's weakness—which put a different face on possibilities.

"Gangway fo' me an' de owl!" he introduced himself at the kitchen door.

"You an' *who?*" Lindy scowled down at him and his burden.

"Me an' de owl. Aint sociable leave dis heah owl out in de cold."

"I got dinner to git! Aint got time to mess wid no owl."

"Dis owl got somep'n fo' you, right in de sack wid him."

Lindy looked—and reconsidered. "C'm heah, Shakespeare!" she snapped at that white-uniformed functionary. "Reach inside dat sack an' git out dat bottle."

"Aint reach down 'longside *no* owl."

Lindy did some reaching of her own—toward a broom. Shakespeare grew inventive, under the stimulus of necessity.

"*Now* whut you done!" protested Latham as two objects fell from the sack that Shakespeare had suddenly and summarily inverted.

One of them was all fuss and feathers and snapping beak, the other a squarish bottle.

"You done ruint ev'ything now!" complained Latham. "But aint dat owl look jes' like dat Mist' Hammill?"

Lindy wasn't interested in how the owl looked. "Gimme couple swallers dat gin," she instructed. "Got keep up my strength to suhve dis heah dinner to de white folks. Stand back!"

Footsteps sounded as she downed the second shot. The owl blinked and snapped.

"Git in de pantry quick, Latham!" instructed Lindy, hastily wiping her mouth. "Miss Ruth comin'! Aint want her see me 'sociatin' wid you."

"Gimme my owl, den! I got de gin."

"Give you nothin'! Miss Ruth comin', I says! Shakespeare, git dat owl out of heah!"

The footsteps were nearer now. Even *young* Northern ladies were hard to explain things to—

SHAKESPEARE found it equally difficult to explain why he was on the floor in his fresh white suit, on top of a lot of flapping that was going on under the burlap sack in his hands.

"One dem chickens gits loose!" he panted under inspiration. "Fixin' put hit in de coop."

"Very well, Shakespeare. But hurry. Dinner's in ten minutes; and oh, everything's just *got* to go right. You've no idea how important this dinner is."

"Yas'm, put hit in de coop right away. You aint never seen nobody buttle like me. I fix ev'ything."

"Yas'm, he buttle," reassured Lindy, "—or I bust dis heah stove over he haid."

The owl had meantime sunk a talon deeper into Shakespeare than anything had ever penetrated before.

"Put dat owl outdoors, I says!" hissed Lindy as the door closed on her mistress.

"Don't you put my owl out!" countered Latham from the pantry. "Put him in heah."

The owl solved the argument by taking wing. Lindy practiced two kinds of control—self and vocal—as it forthwith flew blindly about the lighted kitchen, bumping into walls, banging into pans, until—

Pandemonium intensified broke loose upon the stove.

Miss Ruth was coming back again, but this was no time to stand on ceremony.

"Git dat owl out de soup, Shakespeare!" squalled Lindy.

"Done ruin de soup!" mourned Shakespeare, shuffling in a circle.

"Done ruin de owl!" echoed the owl's proprietor in angered rebuttal from the pantry.

Trailing tomato soup rather than glory, the owl flapped fighting-mad to the floor, to be ignobly captured by its owner with his sack.

"C'm in dis pantry, owl!" he instructed it, a split-second before Mrs. Roberts reentered her kitchen.

"Is dinner ready to serve yet, Lindy?" she inquired anxiously.

"Yas'm, all but de soup. Jes' got some feathers in hit—got to heat up a fraish can."

"Oh, dear! Well, announce dinner the minute it's hot. We can't keep Mr. Hammill waiting."

"Naw'm, sho cain't. Gwine git dese triflin' boys movin' so fast in a minute you has to look twice to see 'em."

WITH Miss Ruth gone again, Lindy organized herself—starting with the gin.

"Mo' licker an' less owl—dat whut I says!" she advanced her new platform with Latham.

Latham could tell when she meant business. And this was one of those times. He departed with the inwardly agitated sack.

"Now whut you done wid dat owl?" Shakespeare wanted to know when Latham at length returned owl-less from the outer darkness.

"Nemmind whut I done. He's put away safe. An' dat's mo' den you gwine be if you aint keep yo' thumb out dat soup when you pass hit."

Shakespeare had something else on his mind. "You reck'n dat Mist' Hammill like buy hisse'f a good wildcat?" he asked.

"He tell Mist' Roberts he aint in'sted in nothin'—specially wildcats. Heahs him my ownse'f. I think he's skeered of 'em."

Shakespeare sighed. Old wildcat market sure was dull!

Lindy took his mind off his old troubles and put it on his new ones. Mr. Hammill's dinner began to be served.

Within the dining-room Mrs. Roberts smiled bravely above a quaking heart. The cooking was all right, but the butlering was weak. Shakespeare in white ducks, and a pleasant haze, was anxious to please—overanxious.

"Is you crave yo'se'f li'l mo' de soup?" he murmured hospitably in that human iceberg's ear. "Plenty mo' in de kitchen. Owl aint git in dis lot."

Mr. Hammill was accustomed to deft and faultless service. This easy familiarity, with its faint aroma of gin, annoyed him. The temperature dropped slightly farther.

Which but made Shakespeare the more eager to give satisfaction. And the hostess more uneasy. The chill deepened. Young Mr. Roberts began to feel that everything was his fault, including a great deal that he wasn't clear about yet.

BUT even a dinner where host and hostess sit upon pins and needles can end at last. And the first all-important signs of a good impression having been made despite Shakespeare's faulty footwork all through it, appeared with the coffee.

Mollified, Mr. Hammill eyed his cigar and spoke interestingly—to Carling Roberts—of the much bigger Louisiana mill. Insiders in Universal affairs knew that vice-presidential timber was usually placed first in charge of that mill. Evidently they were, and had been, on trial. And if all continued to go well—

"Like to see this mill now," barked Mr. Hammill at length. "Running nights, I believe you said?"

"Yes sir—full time. Glad to drive you right down. Want to go too, Ruth?"

"I'd love to! Let me get a wrap. Go ahead, and I'll be the last in the car."

"Fine! I'll have Latham drive it right around to the door."

Ruth Roberts flew upstairs congratulating herself. After all, her dinner hadn't gone so badly. Yet after Mr. Hammill was gone, she was going to have a session with Carling Roberts that would last him for years! Exposing her to the agony of Shakespeare's butlering when you could *smell* the gin on him! By an inch she had saved him from distributing spoons with the salad!

But thank heaven it was over. Now if Mr. Hammill could just be kept in his present softened frame of mind until he left Demopolis—

Carling Roberts penetrated to a kitchen that was outwardly calm, in search of his chauffeur-for-a-day.

"Bring the car on around to the front,

Latham," he instructed the diligent diner he found there. "We want to drive down to the mill."

"Suh?"

"Bring the car around front. We're going to the mill in it."

"Y-y-yassuh."

"Why aint you make has'e an' do whut de white folks says?" Lindy turned on him when the door had closed.

"Is he mean us gwine *drive* down dar? In *he* car?" Latham would know.

"Co'se he do! Aint dat whut he say?"

Latham continued to demur strangely and strongly.

"Got heap of business to 'tend to befo' white folks drives *no*whar in dat car," he grumbled to himself. "An' aint leavin' me no time to 'tend to hit in. Got to move easy."

Carling Roberts reappeared.

"Latham!"

"Yessuh, boss! Comin' on de run. Cain't see me fo' de dust!"

Followed as the back door was closing on him by something that sounded remarkably like: "Oh, my Lawd!"

"Latham sho actin' funny fo' *dat* li'l bit gin," ruminated Lindy as she packed her "tote-basket" with what food she judged she would need more than Mrs. Roberts on the morrow.

LATHAM was. For a boy sure was pushing his rabbit-foot far, he muttered to himself as he sidled into the front seat of the car, who was risking all that he was.

Mrs. Roberts still was not downstairs as Latham halted the car before the door —a rather wall-eyed Latham who seemed bursting to speak but dared not.

"You first, sir—get right in. In the back with me," urged Mr. Roberts hospitably of his president.

Latham shivered and turned a sort of grayish lavender in the light of the porch lamps. Directly things were going to start, and a whole lot of his business was going to get looked into by his white folks. With no benefit to him.

"Very well, I—here? What's this? Oh, *ouch! Oh, my God!* Roberts! *Robcrts!"*

Latham knew when to leave. There wasn't a thing in it for him when the inside of his white folks' car got to be nothing but a big whirlwind of lumber president and a desperate swamp owl!

Latham's trouble was that Mr. Roberts had rushed him too much—hadn't given him time to unload his owl from where he'd put it for safe-keeping.

And now Latham's trouble had become Mr. Hammill's—Mr. Hammill, who had just sat down heavily in the dark upon an owl with its bill, talons and disposition all sharpened by an unfortunate scalding with tomato soup. The result was a hell's half-acre within the car—and decorated with strange unpresidential sounds.

Mr. Hammill's trouble, in turn, became Mr. Roberts'. For before he could grasp the cause of the tumult and the shouting, and connect it with the disappearing Latham, there came a crash of glass on the opposite side of the car. And through the opening thus made tumbled the dignified and terrified Mr. Hammill, calling upon his Maker, under the impression that he was being ambushed and assassinated!

Off through the darkness, beak still snapping viciously, winged the great owl. In another direction sprinted the owl's recent proprietor. And in yet a third fled the ghosts of a Louisiana mill managership and a Universal vice-presidency!

RUTH ROBERTS, arriving happily with her wrap, stood suddenly transfixed at the spectacle of confused carnage that spread itself before her—and needed neither understanding nor telling: for whatever the details, one thing was evident—something frightful had happened and the jig was up! All love's labor upon the dinner was lost now! Nothing less was written upon her husband's face as he gazed spellbound upon the clawed and bitten wreckage of his sputtering chief. A chief who was spitting owl feathers and interrogatory noises while he clung wild-eyed to various important portions of himself and garments.

Back of her froze the startled Shakespeare, frog-eyed and ashen-faced from understanding not too little but too much!

Shakespeare had become an animated adding-machine—adding things together and getting answers that racked him!

Mr. Hammill, who didn't know even yet what had hit him. And when he did! Swelled-up white folks like Mr. Hammill could stand anything but being laughed at. Having his skin and clothes half-torn off him by a lion would be something that Mr. Hammill would get a big kick out of telling. But being both scared and skinned by an old swamp owl—

Shakespeare added up some more and saw where he and Mr. Roberts were both fixing to lose a good job. Just when he'd got his business fixed up again with Lindy, too. And Mr. Roberts might stand losing a job, but Shakespeare couldn't—not with an old wildcat to support that he couldn't get rid of by either fair means or foul.

Then Shakespeare thought he had been struck by lightning! On account of a flash he saw.

But a quick and careful check-up proved otherwise. He had merely been struck by an idea. And he wasn't used to those, either!

"I see 'im! I see 'im! Dar he go! Hold ev'ything twel I gits my gun!" he suddenly yelled under the stimulus of it. And he dashed madly in the direction the owl had taken.

HANDS made gentle by renunciation and resignation strove to revive and reconcile Mr. Hammill. The least said the better, thought the sick-at-heart young Mrs. Roberts as she waited outside a bathroom within which her husband was working feverishly with antiseptic, adhesive plaster and bandages to save the day and a vice-presidency for himself.

And as he worked, he thought longingly of when he should lay eyes and strong hands upon Shakespeare Shackelford and Latham Hooper!

Meantime, what words drifted out to Mrs. Roberts indicated that Mr. Hammill was immersed in trying to puzzle out what manner of beast had attacked him. He was even beginning to be a trifle boastful about its size and ferocity. . . . . And then from far off, a shot rang out dully, then another.

Carling Roberts swabbed and bandaged—grimly. He had had his chance and muffed it. Or rather, Latham and Shakespeare had.

At length there issued from his host's room, in a suit of his host's clothes, the post-owl remnants of John J. Hammill—sore in skin and spirit.

Carling Roberts thought longingly of advertisements of ten-lesson courses guaranteed to equip one with knowledge of just the right thing to say in situations as strained as this.

But Lindy saved him—bursting in wide-eyed from the direction of the kitchen.

"Mist' Roberts, Shakespeare back heah wants see you quick! You ought see whut dat boy got!"

There was a moving quality in Lindy's excitement, one that moved the party hurriedly out through the kitchen to where the white-clad Shakespeare stood gun in hand in the doorway—a Shakespeare who knew when to speak first.

"I git 'im, Mist' Hammill!" he exulted loudly on sight. "Heah he is! I seed him when he make off! Jes' awhile ago cotch up wid him an' shoot him. Sho wuz a pow'ful fight you put up wid him, suh! 'Spect if you hadn't been so strawng he'd done kill you! Jes' look at de size of him!"

And there, proving all, at the feet of that mighty hunter Shakespeare lay a ferocious-looking wildcat—very big and very dead!

"By *Jove!"*

THE exclamation was Mr. Hammill's, and a new ring was in it. His height and girth increased visibly as he gazed fascinated upon the cat. "You told me there were some left around here, Roberts, but I didn't believe it! Think of it, will you! Hand-to-hand fight with a wildcat alone in a car! My scars'll prove it: *Wont* I have something to tell around the club when I get back, though!"

He felt delightedly of his wounds.

"Wonderful the way you two took care of me afterward in my exhaustion, too! Defeating a wildcat, bare-handed and single-handed! In close quarters! By George, I doubt if you can match that even in Louisiana, Roberts—when you move there next month!"

But as the three white folks of Universal Lumbering turned to go back to the living-room, one of them was detained.

"Cap'n,"—Demopolis' newest Nimrod was beckoning Carling Roberts from without,—"how 'bout sellin' you my wildcat, suh—fo' eight dollars?"

"Eight dollars? I thought you offered it to me the other day for four? Your wildcat? *Your* wildcat?"

Something began to glimmer, afar off, in the consciousness of Mr. Carling Roberts, new-come to Alabama, and the ways of the local mind.

"Sell me your wildcat?" he repeated.

"Yassuh. Dis heah one. You see, suh, I shoots mine an' fotch hit heah right quick—to keep dat Nawthe'n gent'man Mist' Hammill from findin' out hit wa'n't nothin' but Latham's *owl* he had all dat fight wid in yo' car tonight. I seen right away—"

But young Mr. Roberts interrupted:

"No. Not for eight dollars, Shakespeare. You've got to take fifteen—or I wont trade!"

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia

A FAVORITE IN SOCIETY. SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC beauty, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern, Miss Elizabeth Altemus of an old Philadelphia family prominent since before the Revolution . . . an expert horsewoman and dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides her colors, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other. The Cleansing Tissues take the cream off easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named! And the Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base, especially good for evening."

You, too, should follow the four steps of Pond's swift, sure Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Wait to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

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TWO OFFSTAGE NOISES

(Continued from page 61)

chair and reached for her scarf. She noticed the agate link in Rod's right cuff. It was initialed *P. McK.*

When they joined McKayney and she saw that he wore a business suit, it was quite clear.

"You know Pat McKayney, don't you, Hazel?" Rod said awkwardly.

She bowed to McKayney. He grinned and dismissed her with a nod.

"I'd rather not wait in the lobby, Rod," she said. "Don't bother about me. I'll trot along home. It's only two blocks, you know."

Rod looked relieved.

"I'll take you home, then. I might be held up longer than I expect. Awfully sorry, dear." He turned to McKayney. "I'll trot home with Hazel and meet you at the car in about three minutes, old fellow."

McKayney looked at his jeweled wristwatch. "Oke," he said.

ROD and Hazel hurried into the gaudy brightness of Hollywood Boulevard. "Sunny Side Up" was running at the Chinese Theater across the street. The evening crowd had just begun to gather in the forecourt. To Hazel's tear-blurred eyes it looked like a movie film running wild.

The girl stumbled, and Rod helped her over the curb. They turned into Orange Drive. She shared a furnished room with Mabel Thomas and Grace Holmes in the second block.

"Why did you lie to me, Rod?" she asked suddenly.

"Lie to you?"

"Yes, lie to me. That's Pat McKayney's tuxedo you have on, isn't it?"

"Well—yes."

"Since when did you start being friends with him?"

Apologetically: "Pat couldn't help it. He had a sudden engagement and needed his tux."

Acidly: "I suppose his Beverly Hills lady friend decided to go by-by?"

"Something like that."

They walked in silence half a block.

"I guess you're pretty sore at me, aren't you? Guess you think I was four-flushing on you?"

"It isn't that so much. It's the thought that you would borrow clothes from a fellow like him."

"You can't draw lines in Hollywood, hon. If you did, you wouldn't have anybody to talk to."

She stopped and looked hard at Rod.

"I still draw moral lines."

"Oh, I don't know. You're pretty friendly with Toodles Berley, I notice."

"Not any more, not when I found out about her.". . . .

At the house Rod said: "Come on, hon. Give me a kiss and make up."

"Listen, Rod: you'd better get a job."

"I'll have one inside of a week."

"I don't think you will. Not a picture job. And—well—you'd better get an honest job. That's all."

"Seems to me you're acting awful snooty all of a sudden. I don't see you with any so-called honest job."

"I'm going to get one. I want you to promise me you will too, and not go on like this."

"What do you mean, 'go on like this'?"

"Four-flushing—that's what I mean."

"Oh—so you think I'm a four-flusher!"

She stood her ground.

"We both are," she said. "We have been for weeks and months. How many previews have we sneaked into by pretending we were from the studio—just to save a dollar thirty? How many parties have we crashed on third-hand invitations? What about the times we rented horses in Beverly and sneaked into Bel Air, where we didn't belong? How about the times we wangled guest-privileges at the Beach Club and played golf at Lakeside on our nerve? Cheap tawdry four-flushing. That's all it was. And I'm sick of it. I'm ashamed of both of us."

Rod winced, but heard her through. Then he said stubbornly: "We've got a right to a little happiness, I guess. Besides, I didn't write the rules for Hollywood."

"Oh, Rod, can't you see what it's doing to you? It might be years, it might be never—this big chance you're waiting for. In the meantime—oh, Rod, don't you *see?*"

He shook his head.

"You can quit if you like. That's up to you, Hazel. But not me. Not this baby."

"All right, then—" She halted until her voice steadied: "But I'm not going places with you any more—until you've earned the money in an honest job."

"Suit yourself," said Rod.

"Wait, Rod—let me talk to you—Rod!"

But Rod wouldn't wait. He walked straight along the middle of the sidewalk and didn't look back.

She went slowly into the house.

UPSTAIRS, Mabel was sprawled on the bed reading a film magazine.

"Whatsa matter, kid? Didja get sick or somep'n?"

"No. Rod and I had a fight."

She sank down in a chair. Mabel leaned on her elbow, all interest.

"What about?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm going to find a job tomorrow."

Mabel sat up and stared. "A job? There aint any jobs. Don't be sil."

"I'll find one."

"You mean waiting on tables or—or—"

"Anything."

Mabel's shrewd black eyes measured her.

"You'll have a heck of a time, without references or nothing," she said. "They'll think you've got T.B. You better wait till Warners' starts casting. I'll get Alf to give you a tryout."

"I'm no good at adagio stepping."

"I'll learn you."

"I couldn't do much practicing on an empty stomach."

A pause.

"I just got enough to tide me over till Warners' opens up, or I'd loan you some. Maybe Gracie can spare—"

"I owe her six dollars already. I'm not going to borrow any more."

"I'll trust you for—uh—two dollars, kid."

"No, thanks, Mabel. I'll get a job."

She was thinking: "Let's see: I've got three eighty-five. I owe two for room-rent Saturday—that leaves one eighty-five. Milk is fifteen cents a quart, crackers a dime—but I get sick on that after three days. But cereal and cheese and cigarettes will do for a week—two meals a day. I'll sleep late. . . . . One eighty-five—I can live on it five days, anyway."

HAZEL lived on it a week. She had not realized until the moment of her quarrel with Rod how near the edge of financial disaster she had drifted while waiting for a call from the studios. In the silent-picture days a call always came before her resources were entirely exhausted. But the talkies had changed things.

She found, during that terrible week, that there were approximately five thousand other girls in Hollywood and Los Angeles who were hunting jobs. She learned a lot that week. She discovered that if you fill your stomach with water about ten o'clock in the morning and don't walk too fast, you can last until three in the afternoon without feeling faint. Crackers and cheese are the cheapest and most filling food, washed down with milk. Such a meal costs about twenty cents on the average, and will last from three in the afternoon until nine or nine-thirty at night. Then, if you get too hungry to sleep, you can smoke cigarettes.

The food problem wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was killing time in the evenings without money, and making up lies to tell Gracie and Mabel so they wouldn't press charity on her—and trying not to think about Rod, when she had nothing to do but think.

Toodles Berley drove by the house on the evening of the seventh day. Hazel was sitting on the porch steps wondering what she would use for food tomorrow. She'd have to sell the rest of her spare clothes. And then—

She saw Toodles stop and glance toward her, tentatively, as if not certain of her welcome. She despised herself for her quickly upflung hand. ("Maybe Toodles will invite me to dinner.")

"Hello, dearie!" Toodles yelled, glad to find herself forgiven.

Toodles was one of the girls who had come to Hollywood determined never to miss a meal. She climbed out of a pale yellow roadster and hurried toward Hazel.

"Mabel and Gracie home?"

"No. They had a double date. Why?"

Toodles saw the eagerness in her eyes.

"Oh—nothing. Daddy has a friend here from Frisco. I've got to find him a girl."

Food!

"How much does he charge for a dinner, Toodles?"

Toodles giggled.

"Daddy will be buying. You can use your own discretion. But you're just kidding, aint you?"

Hazel forgot that she despised Toodles Berley, forgot that Toodles had chosen a shortcut to furs and motorcars and success on the screen. Her "daddy" was an associate producer at a big studio; he'd already handed Toodles several good parts.

Yeast brings real *gain in Vigor...*

FINDS PARIS MEDICAL LEADER

Dr. Louis Dartigues says, *"Clean Intestines key to Vitality"*

THIS message from a former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris is addressed to everyone who wants better health without "dosing."

Dr. Dartigues is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and head of the great Franco-Ibero-American Medical Union. He declares:

"The foundations of health and vigor lie in a clean intestinal condition. Yet cathartics should not be often used.

"An active yet harmless product is required," he explains. "Such a product is yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

Banish all-day fatigue . . . build up new reserves of health with this remarkable food that thousands eat every day!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, you know, strengthens "tired" intestines . . . purifies and invigorates your whole system!

Simply eat 3 cakes a day. You can get it at grocers', soda fountains and restaurants and directions are on the label.

Scientists explain Yeast's Action:

DR. CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, explains: "Yeast purifies the intestines, increases energy."

DR. PAUL GASTOU, of the famous St. Louis Hospital, Paris, says: "Yeast has a cleansing action in the intestines."

HOFRAT PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, Vienna nutrition authority, declares: "Yeast stimulates assimilation . . . builds up health and strength."

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"My doctor urged Fleischmann's Yeast"

"My doctor said my system was sluggish and suggested Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* MISS LORAINE ADAMS of *Los Angeles*. "I ate it, and soon felt and looked much better."

(*Left*) "Skin eruptions and headaches took all the pleasure out of life," *writes* A. M. COOKE, *Chicago*. "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time my elimination became normal and my headaches and pimples disappeared."

"I'm not kidding if this party ends—before night."

"Don't worry. This Frisco papa wont have any claim on you. If he gets bothered, tell him you're sick, or crown him. I don't care."

Hazel said she'd be glad to go.

"How are you fixed for clothes?"

"Not so good."

"Come on over to the apartment. I'll lend you something, dearie."

Hazel was afraid not to accept Toodles' offer. Toodles might think her high-hat.

They met the daddies on a street-corner discreetly remote from Toodles' apartment. Hazel was much relieved when she saw Mr. Minske, the sport from Frisco. He looked well past sixty and was of slight stature. Toodles' daddy was Mr. Kaplan.

Mr. Minske was mellow from prefatory cocktails. He called her "dolling" and patted her hand. Mr. Kaplan said: "Look out for that fella, baby."

After much debate, alcoholically inspired, it was decided to go downtown for dinner. Mr. Kaplan was apprehensive; he drove by a circuitous route. Hazel heard Toodles saying, impatiently: "Aw, she aint got any dicks tailing us, Archie. Why don't you let her get the divorce, anyway?" Hazel couldn't hear Mr. Kaplan's reply because Mr. Minske was so busy trying to tell her about his wife in Frisco. She gathered that Mrs. Minske was extravagant, suspicious and lacked understanding.

IT was nearly eight o'clock when they arrived at the restaurant. Hazel felt faint. She had decided she wouldn't ask for hors d'œuvres or a cocktail, but would start right away with soup.

They climbed the stairs to the small reception-room. Mr. Kaplan slipped an extra flask to Toodles. Toodles suggested to Hazel that they repair to the rest-room to fix their hair. Hazel said she didn't care to, so Toodles went in to drink alone. Mr. Minske made conversation. And he continued to make conversation after Toodles had come back and the quartet had been seated at a table near the wide entrance.

Two couples passed on their way out from the dining-room. And through the whiney thinness of Mr. Minske's reminiscence Hazel heard a voice that was horribly familiar—a voice saying: "You got the hat-check, Pat?"

She looked up, stunned.

Rod stood there. Rod and Pat and two women—two faded, overdressed blondined women.

"How's that, dolling!" cackled Mr. Minske.

Her eyes sought some way of escape. But Rod had turned—

She felt Rod's stare. Tried to lift her chin and face it. Managed to do that as Rod turned and reached for his coat.

Toodles turned her eyes from Mr. Kaplan and saw Rod.

"Hullo, Rod!" she said. "How's the boy?"

"Okay, Toodles," said Rod gruffly.

His eyes swept over Hazel. They noted her dress, her cloak. The hurt expression that came to Rod's face, the swift cynical mask that hid it, told her what Rod was thinking. She struggled for words—but before they came, Rod had vanished down the stairs. She wanted to run after Rod. She wanted to grab Rod and hug him and kiss him, and tell him all about Mr. Minske. In her panic she did not stop to think that Rod himself had escorted a Beverly Hills mamma down those stairs. "Rod, oh, Rod, what must you be thinking of me? Rod—dear!"

GOOD food braced her. She forgot her own predicament in anxiety over Rod. Was Rod planning to turn gigolo? Was this where Hollywood's rainbow had led Rod? She told herself it could not be true. Not Rod—he would never fall that low! But the sight of Toodles across the table made her uneasy. The memory of young men you passed driving expensive motors on Beverly Boulevard, the memory of girls you saw waiting to be picked up on Hollywood Boulevard corners, mocked her. Damn Hollywood, damn it, damn it! Hollywood called to Youth, a siren call across the whole wide world. And what did Hollywood have for Youth when it came?

"This is a great li'l town," said Mr. Minske, momentarily overlooking the fact that he was from San Francisco. "Great li'l town. A fella couldt kip yong, 'ere. Hey?"

"You said it, Minske, old toppah," Mr. Kaplan agreed heartily. "They c'n keep New Yawk. I don' want New Yawk, y' un'erstan'. Don' want it!"

Mr. Minske, to Hazel's great relief, failed to keep as young as he felt at that moment. When they got out to the whoopee party in a Spanish-Italian-Hollywoodian mansion on a hill not far from Hollywood Boulevard, Mr. Minske weakened. He danced two dances and sat down on a settee in the patio to rest. There Mr. Minske went sound asleep.

Hazel ran nearly all the way home. By the time Mabel and Gracie got in from their dates, she had cried herself to sleep.

NEXT morning, early, the landlady rapped on the door and spoke the magic words.

"Call for you, Hazel. It's from the casting office. Get your ticket there. Nine o'clock at Fox on Western."

She was at the Fox lot half an hour early. Even then she was afraid there would be some hitch. Maybe the casting bureau had called too many extras. Maybe the casting director or assistant director would have some objection to using her.

It was a trying wait there in the Fox casting office. Tan walls and red-tiled floor and brass railings and the incessant shuffling of feet. She had borrowed some breakfast- and lunch-money from Gracie on the strength of the job. But she had no worries about food any more; she was worrying about Rod Kemp.

She had made up her mind what she'd do. She would swallow her pride and go to see Rod this evening. She would tell Rod she was sorry; that he could stick to pictures as long as he liked, if only he would change his mind about being a gigolo. She had a job now, and she could support Rod until the big chance came. Rod didn't need to sponge on any Beverly Hills mamma. Rod must quit Pat McKayney and promise not to be a gigolo.

"Extras 'Hollywood Nights' this way!" a man bawled.

Her fears were allayed when the assistant director watched her file past in line with forty or fifty other girls. He didn't say: "You're too thin—your hair is too pale—you aren't positive enough." He just grunted: "Get a move on, now. Call is for nine A.M. and that means nine A.M." In the make-up room Hazel learned from two girls she knew that this job might last more than a week.

Hazel was to be "atmosphere" in a cabaret scene. She would sit at a table in the background with another girl and two men extras, and pretend to be deeply interested in the dancing of the star.

Once on the set—a confusion of lights and wires and felt drops hanging from the ceiling of the stage—there was the inevitable wait while the cameras made a "set-up" and the sound men experimented with the microphones. Hazel had wandered disconsolately behind the back drops. She was thinking: "Maybe he wants to be a gigolo. Maybe that woman will buy him clothes and give him a front that will land him a job quicker. Oh, Rod, why did you ever come to this awful place?"

"HAZEL! Hazel!"

The low-spoken, cautious sound of the greeting momentarily disguised its source. She peered around her in the half gloom of the stage. Then—

"Rod!"

She walked stiffly toward him, dazed and not believing her eyes. It *was* Rod. But he was dressed so queerly. He had on blue overalls, and a shirt with the sleeves cut off at the elbows.

"Why, Rod—where did you come from?"

Rod grinned.

"Don't talk so loud or they'll throw me out of here. The watchman is a friend of mine, and he let me in to talk to you. I had to tell you something."

"Yes?"

He looked rather sheepish.

"I got a job this morning. It's on an ice-wagon. I drove by your house to show you, and the girls said you'd gone to the lot."

"Oh, Rod, you didn't! You mean—delivering *ice?*"

"Sure. Only thing I could find in a hurry. And I was certainly in a hurry." His voice was gruff: "How did you like your date last night?"

She looked at Rod steadily.

"The old fool went to sleep at nine-thirty and I ran home. How did you like *your* date?"

Rod looked vastly relieved.

"Aw," he said, "I ditched mine right after I saw you."

Presently she was in Rod's arms, sobbing happily: "It wasn't my dress, Rod. Toodles loaned it to me. And I went because I was so—h-h-hungry!" And Rod was saying: "You forget it, little honey. As soon as I save the money, we'll go back home. We didn't have any business coming out here in the first place. Here—let me kiss you."

A whistle sounded.

Behind the mixer an irate sound man took off his head phones and yelled: "There's too much noise off-stage. See what that noise is, somebody!"

Look out, Europe, *here she comes!*

This is Mildred on her way to Europe—attractive, capable, the secretary of a well-known business man in Albany.

She has forgotten the sacrifices necessary to make this trip possible; the lunches she didn't eat; the little things she went without. They are all behind now. Europe and romance lie ahead.

There will be nice men on the boat who will dance with her again and again—so she thinks. *But she is mistaken. They will only dance once.*

There will be gay little bridge parties bright with badinage and the exchange of wit. *Sure there will—but she won't be included.*

Perhaps some attractive man will walk the moonlit decks with her and, recognizing the qualities that make her one woman out of a hundred, will ask her to marry him. Perhaps he will—*but the chances are against it.*

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations. It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember, also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Since it is antiseptic, full strength Listerine checks food fermentation. It is also a remarkable germicide* which attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office, and drop a bottle in your bag when travelling. It puts you on the safe side; makes you acceptable to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

• • •

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

THE PARTY AT THE PALACE

(Continued from page 43)

Mary had taken Peter's ascent to the throne of Alturich rather seriously. At the time he had first known her, there had been little likelihood that he would ever be king—little likelihood, in fact, that his country would continue to exist as a separate state. Therefore their love-affair had flourished without thought of the morrow. The smash-up, when two or three intervening princes died and Peter was called suddenly to the "golden electric chair," as he called it, knocked Mary's life into a cocked hat. She had allowed herself to become a nervous wreck—a lovely one, it is true, but nevertheless an authentic ruin. She had indeed accepted the rôle of pet patient to Dr. George Harris, a local specialist in neurotic disorders. Most of his calls, however, were social and inspired more by the fact that Mary was a lovely relic than by purely scientific curiosity.

THE King shook hands with Greg, and as soon as formality surged away from them, said: "Awfully decent of you to come. You'll doubtless be bored to tears, but I've an idea it will cheer up Gwen no end to see some one who dates back to the time when she used to have a little fun. You don't, by any chance, harbor the popular notion that the king and queen of any country, even a tuppence-ha'penny one like this, lead very amusing lives?"

Greg shook his head. "No, I have the equally bromidic conception, culled from popular novels and plays, that the head that wears the crown always tops a bosom concealing an aching aorta, and that the permanent pain therein is due to continuous slavery to a sense of duty to the people."

"Umph!" The King took that one in the brisket and indicated the crystal-stoppered Scotch and the mineral water. "I'll join you. About two ounces will relieve the heartache you speak of—at least temporarily."

Later to the Queen he said: "Your young friend is far too clever to succeed in a monarchy. He has none of the qualities of a sycophant about him. If he were not still in love with you, I should like to divide a set of boxing-gloves with him and become pally. I'm not sure, but I think I could knock him out on my own merits. And I'm equally sure that he wouldn't let me do it on purpose."

Gwendolyn, regina, grinned. "Go to it, old-timer. I'm glad you approve of my adolescent judgment. Yours wasn't so bad, either. Mary is much more the type who should be queen than I am. I've never seen such unshaken, sadly serene poise in my life. And yet when she does smile—" She paused.

"I know," Peter concurred. "It used to bowl me over. But English girls are pretty much like that—the best ones, anyway. And now that they're learning to wear clothes like you Americans—"

"I'm not an American."

"Perhaps not by birth and heritage."

"Or marriage."

"Right. But by instincts, training, preference, character, physique, methods of thinking—"

"Ouch! Uncle! Lemme up. What would the Grand Duchesse of Doggone-it, over there, think if she knew you were abusing me like this right here in the throne-room?—calling me everything but a crazy little so-and-so in the bargain, which you doubtless intended to do as soon as you got around to it."

Gregory and Mary Griswold were not given any special opportunity to become acquainted, but they naturally gravitated together at the first lull. They were kindred spirits as far as isolation was concerned, and each felt the need of some one with whom to discuss the situation. . . . .

It was evening, just before the dinner hour. They were both down long before Their Majesties, a custom prescribed by court etiquette.

They looked each other over. The lady smiled.

"Well?" demanded Greg. "What's wrong? Did I forget to wipe the shaving soap out of my ears?"

"No. I was merely thinking how you upset all my previous conceptions of what we call a Yankee. Except for the hands in the pockets, you could pass for a Guards officer in mufti."

He took them out. "Although I've seen the Prince of Wales do it himself," he offered defensively. "I suppose your interest in my appearance is inspired by a desire that I shall impress H. M. Gwen Funnydo and keep her amused while you ensnare again this red-headed chap who seems to have got himself a soft job as permanent alderman of his ward."

Mary laughed, and she did it rather more musically than women ordinarily do. "I do not understand all of your expressions, but I comprehend your meaning perfectly. In the first place, let me correct your erroneous impression that this is a permanent position which we find our friends occupying. On the contrary, the nation called Alturich only exists at all by grace of the Allied Powers, and it is a monarchy simply because the powers prefer to maintain that really more plastic form of government in this particular place as a buffer against Red Sovietism. The people like Peter, but not as a king. The institution that he represents is not popular, and it is likely to totter at any time that a courageous leader either arises from the ranks of the people or is sent in from somewhere."

"You remind me," murmured Greg admiringly, "of a lecture on political economy—a subject I invariably flunked."

"I've lived nearer to European politics than you," Mary explained, "and of course I've been especially interested in this country because of Peter, who was a very dear friend of mine before he became king. Besides, Archie—his First Lord of the Bedchamber, and an old friend of mine too—has been telling me about things since I arrived. He thought it would be nice if I told you, too, so that you'd understand why—well, just why."

"Oh, I see."

"Archie likes you. I think everyone does."

"Including you?"

"Absolutely. I'm perfectly frank and outspoken about my likes and dislikes. Especially if anyone asks me directly as you have."

"Here they come."

"Hands out of the pockets, then."

"Thanks. I'll probably salute."

Down the grand staircase they came, attended simply by Archie and Sonia. The King and Queen were very glittering and imposing in a simple way. Peter wore only the Cross of the Legion of Alturich on his uniform, but it set him apart from other men by its cold splendor. Especially if you could not hear him say to his queen out of the corner of his mouth: "I've been practicing sliding down these banisters late at night after everyone has gone to bed; and about next week, when I get really good at it, I'm going to make my grand entrance that way."

"I think that will be very impressive, dear," conceded his royal consort, "especially if you'll come to me first and let me sew up the rip in the seat of your uniform that I noticed at the top of the stairs."

"Hell!" muttered Peter. "Not really? I can't turn around or I'll spoil the picture."

"You'll certainly spoil the picture if you do. Wont you take my word for it?"

"Not for anything, darling. Here we go—the procession is over. Let's eat."

Part of that he said to Mary and Greg, who, in response to a signal from Archie, fell in behind Their Majesties and followed to the state dining-hall.

"We're having the breakfast room redecorated," the King apologized. "Gwen insists on eating grapefruit without a visor, and the wall-paper consequently gets spotty. That accounts for making you dine in this cosy cavern. That strange noise you hear is not the clamor of the populace outside, but merely the echoes of my own voice returning from a speech I made at a banquet last week Thursday."

GREGORY GAYL had frequently been in larger halls than this, but not to eat. Usually it was for six-day bicycle races, epic motion pictures, Easter services or things of that sort. It might have been rather depressing, but for some reason it wasn't. They were all young—Greg himself was twenty-eight, and he was probably the oldest of the party; and there was in the air a sense of impending drama—nothing definite, but that feeling of being on the razor edge of portentous happenings which adds zest to the companionship of adventurers.

"Tonight we'll get acquainted," the King was saying, suiting the champagne to the word, "and then tomorrow evening we'll fill the place with the suitable trappings of feudal times. What say, Gwen, let's give a party!"

"A costume ball?" echoed his queen. "I'd like to show off our little home as it must have been when it was built, in the glorious days B. P."

"B. P.?" queried her lord and master.

"Aye, my liege, Before Plumbing. By all means let us give a rout. These halls need color anyway, and I've always thought that if we dressed in bright reds and yellows, it would be easier to see each other across the room."

"Can you get up an affair like that on a moment's notice?" doubted Mary Griswold, her English mind following more slowly on the trail which the Queen so nimbly blazed.

"Oh, yes," Gwen assured her. "All of the peerage of Alturich is in the telephone book, and they'll be only too glad to desert their own radios for an evening and come over and listen to ours. We have much the best one in the entire kingdom. Peter got it for signing a testimonial."

Mary had no idea how much of the conversation was based on fact. Greg had a suspicion that all of it was pure fantasy. But he had had the advantage of knowing Gwen's mental processes in her more unhampered days. Gwen had not changed. Peter had—he had become infinitely more foolish, Mary thought. Quite rightly. He was making a continuous effort in that direction, and to his own surprise was succeeding admirably. It seemed a splendid mask for the increasing uneasiness of his real outlook on the political, social and even family situation. Once you started clowning, the rôle carried you on over the depressions like a suspension bridge.

After dinner Archie, First Lord of the Bedchamber, was summoned to conference, and to him was entrusted the arrangements for the party.

"That means I'll have to get up at daybreak, and I hardly get nine hours' sleep of a night as it is," he complained bitterly.

"What's that?" demanded his King sharply.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Your Majesty. I was thinking that you wouldn't have so much fun at this party yourself."

"No? Well, why not, General Humidity?"

"You wouldn't be allowed to wear a fancy-dress costume—or at least not one which would not be easily distinguishable, and you'd have to have your regular guard of secret-service men."

"Now listen, Archie old thing—not when I dance. Imagine ten men, on motorcycles perhaps, waltzing with me, and one lady. It would look like a brigade maneuver."

"His Excellency, the Minister of Police, would insist upon it."

Peter groaned. He had really been looking forward to a lark, not only for himself but for Gwendolyn, his sprightly queen, whom he pitied sincerely for having been robbed of her flapperhood.

"You go ahead with the party anyway," he decided finally. "I'll think of a way to have a little fun out of it somehow. Make it a masquerade."

"You'll still have to keep your identity," Archie pointed out, "and the guards."

"Oh, all right. But make it a masquerade anyway, and tell Monsieur Mariot, *le préfet de police*, to have his glee club report for the party garbed as halberdiers in chain mail. If I must have them, I see no reason they should be comfortable."

WHILE the King had been making arrangements, Gwendolyn had been displaying her home to Mary, an old custom among housewives. "As soon as Peter has finished with whatever it is that he is doing, we'll go through the castle and show you all the rooms. Some of them are

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quite interesting. Only a part of the building has been remodeled since feudal times."

Peter readily agreed to her plan and led the way himself. The modern part of the palace was more or less like the interior of a hotel in Paris, with the exception that there was rather less furniture per square foot of floor surface, and the illumination was not quite so good.

In most of the rooms there was nothing going on. There were no people in them save that at each door there was a guard, one man in the livery of a servant, but whose military stiffness gave him away.

"Members of my secret police," explained Peter. "A nuisance, but well-meaning chaps—merely obeying the orders of an overcautious superior who would not be nearly so fussy if I had an heir."

HE led on farther. The medieval castle to which the modern rooms had been added was a vast and vaulted edifice constructed by a lavish contractor who had not had to keep a heating engineer in mind at all. Electric flambeaux had been installed in the very sockets which had once held resinous torches, but the ancient fireplaces and massive furniture had been retained or restored to the barren grandeur of its pristine simplicity.

"In this place," pointed out Peter with all the matter-of-fact impressiveness of an Alpine guide, "during the winter of '79, they found the body of Charles, the vintner, who had started out from the refectory to get a demijohn from the cellar. He got stuck in a snowdrift and was partially devoured by the wolves before a searching party reached him. It was very sad. The wolves are all exterminated now—with the exception of a dozen or so, and they're timid and wouldn't attack you unless you were alone."

"Part of the castle," explained the Queen, "looks as if the ancient tenants were monks."

"Um," commented Peter and then explained to Greg: "Probably she is referring to the stein which you may have noticed in the east corridor where a returning Crusader carelessly left it on the way to the telephone."

"Shall we show them downstairs?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Yes, by all means. It's jolly depressing, and should be seen without fail, especially at night when it is its gloomiest."

He borrowed an electric torch from the nearest guard and descended through a trap in the floor of a small chamber which Peter called the guard-room. The steps were stone, well worn and white.

"A secret passage?" Gregory inquired.

"No," Peter replied, "at least not now. I think everyone knows about it. You can buy a plan of the castle in the bookstalls which shows it. There is another way of going down to fix the furnace which probably is not so well advertised. I'll show you that later—if," he added, "I decide to trust you with the royal secrets of the Pfalterburgs."

THE steps ended in a small dungeon, carved, apparently, from the foundation. It was circular in shape. "Designed," explained Peter, "by one of my ancestors who couldn't learn to play Puss-in-the-corner."

Mary shuddered. "It looks to me like a torture-chamber." She instinctively drew near to the King, as if for the reassurance of an encircling arm, but realized that she could scarcely expect that, and turned to Gregory instead. He was sufficiently obliging in an impersonal way.

The King smiled. "This was where they took patients if, as and when the osteopathic treatment had failed to get results. Actually my great-great-grandfathers had ideas not entirely dissimilar from those of modern sanitary engineers. Look here." He lifted a stone flag in the floor. It was ring-bolted and counterbalanced to move easily. There was black water within an inch or so of the top—it came up as they watched, to fill the space where the covering rock had been. It was restless water, strangely turbulent and changing. Almost it seemed to boil there in the rays of the flashlight which the King held in his hand.

"An oubliette," suggested Gregory.

"Yes. I've no idea where this water leads to. It runs swiftly, as you can see, and it has been diverted from the river outside the castle. I've seen the place where I suspect that it is taken out. But where it goes no one knows—at least no one living. The legend is, however, that whoever steps into that hole is never seen again; and I, for one, am perfectly willing to concede that it seems a very reasonable supposition."

The ray of the flashlight, as the King lifted it, fell upon a small iron grating in the wall.

"A room with a view," suggested Greg pleasantly.

"No. Not exactly. That window is not for the prisoner to use for looking out, but instead, for the master of the household to look in upon his victim during his last moments and see how he likes it. The really secret passage in the castle leads down to that grilled window, and if at any time you were about to take your tub here, I could sneak down and watch you without your being aware of it. Legend hath it that Hugo, the first of the Pfalterburgs, a dim ancestor of mine, dragged his faithless wife down to that barred peephole to look upon the baptism of the shepherd boy for whom she had betrayed him. At any rate, whether it is so or not, it's a good idea."

Gregory looked at his royal host swiftly. Could he be meaning anything by his gay raillery? But it was too dark to read the other man's expression, especially since the flashlight's ray was turned in the opposite direction.

They mounted the stone stairs once more and returned to the more modern part of the castle.

ARCHIE was busy at the telephone spreading the news of the party to the chosen few. The news, however, reached the ears of many who were not among the chosen.

For instance the gentleman who had his insurance office over the *patisserie* in the Rue des Innocentes Jaunes could scarcely have been on the eligible list. He dressed well enough, but his face was too broad and his nose too flat. Besides, when he spoke, there was an ineradicable whine in his voice that betrayed him.

He was talking, early the next morning, over the telephone, a trunk line which did not go through the Alturich exchange, and which, strangely enough, the police had not yet discovered and tapped.

"They are fools enough to be giving a party," he said. "Tonight, yes. It's a good chance. But you'll have to hurry. Better send men who are not known hereabouts. They can be back home tomorrow, and no one can trace them. I'll meet them at the usual place. Good-by."

Before evening came His Majesty had evolved a plan which would leave him footloose for the evening. He thought that it would be pleasing to Gwendolyn also, although he did not tell her about it. Part of the charm would be in watching her surprise.

He sent for Gregory and made the arrangements. "I'm sure you can wear this semi-Cossack uniform of mine. It's as big as all outdoors, and even if you are broader than I am, you wont fill it up. Don't even tell Gwen until you are dancing with her the first time. If you make any mistakes, everybody will set it down to acting on my part, and they will pretend elaborately not to know who you are. It's a bit of a bore for you, but there'll always be Gwendolyn."

He looked questioningly, perhaps even wistfully, at the American young man, but the latter gave no sign.

"You're sure this is all right?" was all that Greg said.

"Oh, absolutely. And I'm not trying to fool anyone really except my stuffy, important secret-police. You'll find them amusing for just one evening, but in time they become a nuisance."

IN a way Greg understood the ennui that he thought the King wished to escape at any cost. Every young man, even in normal circumstances, has the impulse to break through the humdrum of convention, no matter if he risks more than the adventure is worth. Our girls are getting that way too. Small wonder that the red blood which pulsed in the arteries of this youthful monarch, who had never done anything since manhood had called him to a guarded throne, should demand a single jig to a spirited tune.

The fact that the King planned to enjoy his tiny holiday without his queen was the only thing that troubled Gregory. Gwendolyn was too good a sport, too wonderful a companion, to be forsaken or to be humiliated. This other girl was charming, of course, and more beautiful. There was a touch of sadness about her that roused the deepest chivalry in a man. But Gwendolyn, especially if she were your wife—

Gregory shrugged his shoulders as he got into the Cossack uniform. After all, it was no affair of his. And furthermore he was going to call this his first and last party at Alturich. He was no gigolo, and he had no intention of furnishing continuous amusement to the Queen that would distract her from keeping too close an eye on her philandering consort. Tonight he would play the cards that were dealt him. But that would be all.

The costume consisted of brilliant green trousers, baggy and tucked into boots, a white tunic with rows of cartridge pouches across the chest, and a visored cap in both colors.

A RAP on Gregory's door. "Come in." It was the King.

"I've come to dress in your room," he said, seemingly for the benefit of others who stood outside. Greg had fancied that he heard the soft tramp of many feet.

"The confounded bodyguard reported earlier than I expected them," Peter explained. "Nearly ruined my holiday until I thought of coming to dress with you. You look as if you'd been born in that uniform." He was taking off his own coat and vest as he spoke. "It's one that I like best." He had brought a bag with him; it had been handed in at the door. "I'm going as a friar myself. It's conventional and dour, but no one would ever think of looking for me under this hood. Are you ready, my young friend? *Bien.* Put on the masks. *Nous allons.* For God and St. George! Let's go."

He opened the door and bowed low, indicating that Greg should precede him. "After you, Your Majesty," he said.

Greg stepped into the corridor, where he was immediately surrounded by silent, deferential men—big fellows, most of them. On the outskirts of the group was the figure of the monk. Greg imagined that some one laughed.

"I'll see you anon, Your Majesty," said the monk. "Perhaps you will see me, perhaps not. But I thank you for a charming evening none the less. Adieu."

From below, in the main hall, came music—formal harmony, but with a promise of gayety later.

"They'd better know some good soft-shoe dances," declared Gwendolyn when Greg was escorted to her side. "You look well. How do you like being royal?"

Greg had not spoken, not wishing to betray his identity by his voice, but now there seemed no point in trying to keep up a deception. "You know me?"

The Queen laughed. "Of course. You two men are the persons I know best in all the world. Did you think that changing clothes would be apt to fool me?"

"Mr.—er—the King thought it would work," Greg observed glumly.

"Oh, it will with everyone but me. The others, even of the household, know Peter by externals; I am the companion of his spirit."

Gregory looked at her quizzically. "Are you—er—do you—"

Gwendolyn spared him further embarrassment. "Not exactly. At least I do not define it that way. And neither does, or—er—is he. But I'd be an absolutely dumb cluck if I didn't recognize the fact that Peter is one of the two most amusing and finest men I know. You're the other."

"Thanks. How much are the annual dues to this club? But all jesting to one side, do you think I'll get by with the iron-dishrag marines?" Greg indicated the secret-service guard.

"Oh, absolutely. The prefect of police does not put his brightest men in the guard—merely the best fighters. Besides, he is constantly changing the personnel so that none of them stays long enough to be corrupted."

"Not that it would matter if they did spot the fact that I'm an impostor."

"Yes, it would. It would spoil Peter's evening, and I'm very anxious that he should have this one good time."

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"Meanwhile having some amusement out of it yourself, I trust."

"Undoubtedly. But then I'm amused by almost everything, as you may remember."

"Including me, I believe."

"There's a grand march about to be staged, so—"

"Are we in it?"

"No. We review it."

"Take your hands out of your pockets!" a voice admonished him in a penetrating whisper. It came from a patchwork rag doll who paraded by on the arm of a friar of holy orders.

Guided by the Queen, and escorted by the armored tanks, Gregory stepped up on a sort of a dais and watched "the rest of the world go by.". The duty did not seem to be arduous, although Gregory realized before the parade was over that merely being on one's dignity even for that short stretch was a deadly bore. He began already to sympathize with kings and queens wherever they might be, and to realize why they went so cheerfully to executions or any kind of party that might promise excitement. He hoped that Peter would have a moderately decent time as Haroun Al Raschid, and sop up enough of life and even love (if he cared for that sort of thing) to last for a year or so more of throne-sitting.

QUEEN GWENDOLYN and Gregory danced. "I remember how well," said Gregory; "and this is a melody we knew once at a New York night-club. Is it by any chance just getting popular over here, or did you—"

"I did," Gwendolyn assured him; "but partly because I was afraid I might not be up on the new steps."

Gregory laughed. "You—who could follow Bill Robinson himself doing a routine." He hummed a few bars of the music. "What's the name of this darn' song? I can almost say it."

"'More Than Ever,'" Queen Gwendolyn prompted.

"Oh, sure. You never sang it straight. I remember." He sang the chorus himself, her version.

"More than ever
I wonder if you
Should not be arrested
For the things that you do.
You've made a pancake
Out of my chest—
You've squoze the darn' thing
So close to your vest.
I should call a copper
To pry us apart
When you get a strangle
Hold on my heart.
To stop your nonsense,
I should endeavor,
If I didn't love you
More, dear, than ever."

Before the end of the song, the Queen was humming the melody with him even if she did not sing the scandalous words.

'And there was a step we used to do to it," continued Gregory as the orchestra repeated a forte chorus. "Like this!"

"Should we do it?" the Queen demurred, following him none the less in a slightly spectacular variation. "The King doesn't dance as well as that."

"You should teach him, then. I think he'd like it. I believe I've got a better slant on His Majesty than you have. He seems to be having a grand time with his old rag doll."

"That's just it."

"Just what?"

"I'm afraid I'm not his old rag doll —the one he likes to play with."

Gregory was silent, at that. It seemed as if maybe what she had said was the truth.

While they had been dancing, the halberdiers, obviously barred from following them onto the dance-floor, had scattered to various parts of the ballroom, stationing themselves at all exits.

Now, when the music was over, the guard assembled once more at a respectful distance. Among the guests who gathered near were the rag doll and the friar. The latter asked the Queen for the next dance.

"You seem to know a number of steps they never taught me at Oxford," he told her.

"And how do you like the rôle of fanner to old flames?" asked Mary Griswold as she and Gregory danced sedately together.

"I can't say exactly," Gregory replied. "I think that it makes one a little sad. Not for myself. I have enough out of life as it is. I think I am sorry for both of them."

"You needn't be," Mary assured him.

"Why not?"

"If you don't understand now, you will later. I too have found it sad for a moment; but now, for some unaccountable reason, I'm glad. And if you'd forget that you think that I'm a king's—er—sweetheart, and dance with me as if I were a moderately interesting girl of about your own age, we might have a good time. This is the first party I've attended in five years."

THE significance of the time lapse did not escape Gregory. Neither did the fact that, for some reason or other, this English girl, actually the most breath-takingly beautiful woman he had ever seen, had suddenly become galvanized with gayety, had changed from a bisque figure of loveliness to an animated and alert personality, from a slightly bitter spectator to an interested and naïve actor in the play. His own reaction to her underwent a stimulated metamorphosis. He ceased to regard her as part of the scenery, and looked upon her for the first time as a tangible and especially attractive representative of the opposite sex.

She could dance, too. Not in exactly the fashion that he and Gwendolyn had perfected in those days, long gone by, when they practiced together in America. Mary was more liquid. To dance with Gwendolyn was a romp; with Mary it was a soothing song. No matter how simple the step, if you took it with Mary it became a flowing melody.

The secret-service policemen followed them even when they stepped out into the garden for a breath of air.

"Probably we shall never again in all our lives be so carefully guarded," Gregory commented.

"Nor ever in so much danger," Mary amended.

Gregory laughed. "You don't think all this caution is actually necessary, do you?"

"Greater caution is necessary, more than it is humanly possible to provide," the girl told him soberly. "What could these men actually do if some assassin, in the guise of a guest, laboring under the same misapprehension as the guests, should decide to take a shot at you? No police could protect you from that."

"Splendid!" Gregory exclaimed. "I've never played in a melodrama before."

"You think I'm joking. But it is only because you do not know what goes on in the minds of Europeans today."

"The King himself does not seem to worry about it."

"No, but that is because he lives so close to constant danger that he has become callous to it. And besides," she added slowly, "he is a very brave man."

The pride and admiration in her voice were compelling.

"I can believe it," Gregory agreed. "He is entitled to his twelve hours' leave. I'll do what I can, not to jeopardize his evening of care-free adventure."

"Then we will do well to step inside."

"Where the visibility is greater?" questioned Gregory in semi-burlesque.

"But where the cover for a sharpshooter is less," she reminded him. There was no mistaking her seriousness.

Gregory laughed, and they went in.

The party was very gay. For once the aristocracy of Alturich had thrown off its customary dignity and had taken a cue from the irresponsible mood of the King. Probably no party at the palace had ever been one-half so much fun, not since the days when battles had been celebrated there by drunken home-comings to its moats and walls.

In the course of a short while Gregory danced again with the Queen. She too was "high." Something seemed to have happened to her also, that made her happiness less a mask and more of a reality. Gregory felt himself an outsider to the knowledge which both women seemed to have acquired.

There was something in the air, some wine of excitement, which both Mary and Gwendolyn had breathed more deeply than he. What was it?

A servant stopped them in their dance with profuse apologies.

"The Princess Sonia beseeches Your Majesty to come at once."

"Where?" demanded the Queen.

"To the guard-room."

"What has happened?"

"I do not know, Your Majesty. She said something about the King, but I did not catch it, and she hurried away."

"Quite right. I must go." Gwendolyn said this last to Gregory.

"Wait a minute," he counseled.

"I can't. You don't understand. It might be—" She did not finish the sentence. She was already on her way.

GREGORY, of course, followed. There could be no danger, certainly. Mary had filled him full of nonsense. The guards fell in unobtrusively behind them. What could possibly happen with such a bulwark against treachery?

The servant led the way through the door into the old part of the castle. The halberdier on duty at that post saluted and closed the door after them. Another held open the oaken, nail-studded portal to the ancient quarters of the guard.

Several of the halberdiers entered with

Gregory and the Queen. The others waited outside.

"This way, Your Majesties." A new voice spoke, a thick, hoarse voice with an accent—an American accent.

Gregory looked at the speaker in surprise. He was a dapper but bull-necked and stocky sort of chap, dressed, not in costume at all, but instead in a well-fitting business suit of rough dark blue.

The Queen looked at him too, and hesitated at the open trapdoor at which the stranger pointed. "I don't believe I know you."

"It is not necessary, Your Majesty. I have credentials, but as speed is essential. have your guard precede you to insure your safety, and then—"

"Very well." The Queen stepped back, and several of the halberdiers descended the stone stairs.

The Queen followed; and Gregory, reassured by her confidence, came close behind here. More of the guard, and the young man in the business suit, brought up the rear.

Behind them the stone flag slid into place. Gregory saw it closing silently when he accidentally looked back. Probably it always shut automatically unless one held it open.

It was dark; and several of the guards, who seemed to be equipped against every emergency, produced flashlights with which they illumined the way.

"I don't see why Sonia should have sent for me to come here." The Queen paused on a step. "Unless Peter—"

"Proceed, Your Majesty," suggested that voice firmly.

"What's the hurry?" demanded Gregory.

But there was no answer. A hand on his arm propelled him down the stairs.

At the bottom the circular room was illuminated by a lantern standing on the floor. A man in chain armor lay near it, crumpled up as if he had been dropped there from a height.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Gwendolyn. "This looks like one of our secret police."

"It is." The man in the blue business suit answered her. "He wouldn't listen to reason. We had to be a little harsher with him than with the others."

"The others?" the Queen echoed. "Aren't these my men?"

"No, Your Majesty. These men are my men. I borrowed your uniforms, but the men are mine. So are the ones upstairs guarding the door. That's merely so we can be sure of not being interrupted."

"But I have no desire to talk to you," Gwendolyn pointed out evenly, calmly, the poise that is the bulwark of royalty settling swiftly upon her like a mantle.

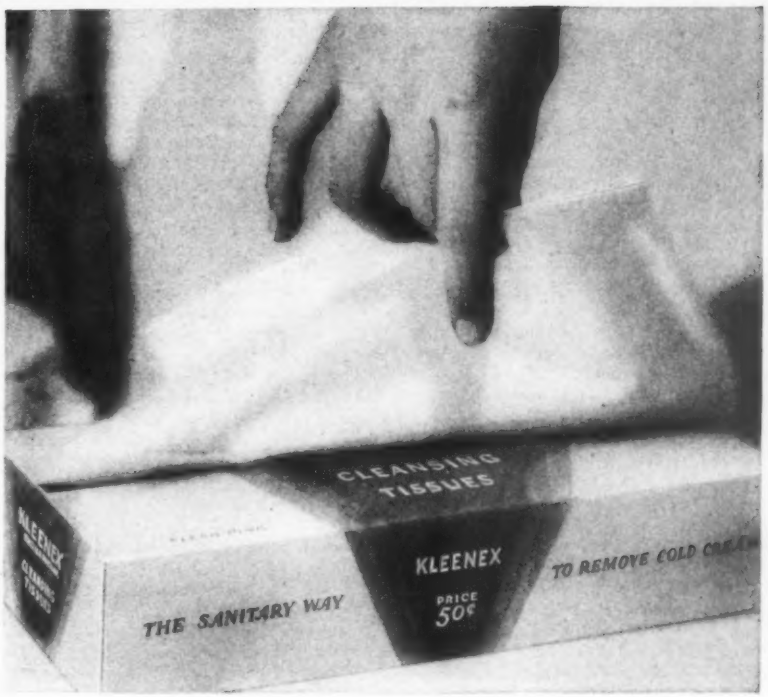
"Quite right." The man had an assurance equal to her own. "We have no wish to talk, either. I meant that we would not be interrupted in the task which we have been assigned to do." He spoke to one of the men. "Feodor, lift that rock with the iron ring in it."

"Feodor?" The Queen repeated the name inquiringly. "Then you come from across the border?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

THE Queen wrinkled her brow in perplexity. "But surely you are not a—"

"No. I don't belong to that crowd over



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there. I'm merely hired to do jobs like this. I get so much per—per—well, so much per."

"I see." And Gwendolyn did see, too; but her voice betrayed not the slightest emotion, save perhaps fleeting curiosity—certainly not fear. "And did they hire you for any special qualification or skill in your chosen profession, or merely because they have squeamish inhibitions about—er—about this sort of thing?"

"Mebbe," the young man admitted; "but I don't think they mind. I guess they figure it's better to hire an outsider like me because nobody knows me."

"I know you now," Gregory pointed out.

"Yeah. Of course. But it don't make any difference what you know. You aint going to have a chance to tell anybody."

IT was all such a casual conversation; there was so little emphasis on any of the remarks, that the situation seemed scarcely as real as one of those nightmares in which the dreamer is frozen into a running posture but cannot make a move to escape disaster that is speeding toward him on galloping feet.

"Oh, but this young man is not my husband," Gwendolyn volunteered. "You, of course, think he is the King, but you are entirely mistaken. He is not even a citizen of this country."

The thug was incredulous. "Not the King? Don't try to make a heel out of me, lady. He's the one the police have been playing follow-my-leader with all the evening."

"Perhaps. But the police guard has been mistaken. Or else His Majesty may have ordered them to do it in order to create confusion."

The Queen's manner stirred a doubt in the young man's breast.

"I don't believe you, and it wont do you any good, anyhow." He turned to Gregory. "How about it? Who are you?"

"If anybody wants to know," Gregory returned evenly, "my name is Gregory Gayl of New York, New York, United States of America. Somebody hand me a flag."

"That's a good story. Now I'll tell one."

"Oh, but what he says is true," protested Gwendolyn. "I first knew this gentleman over there."

The man in the blue suit turned again to Greg. "You can't prove it."

Greg considered. "Probably not. No more than you could prove that you are Glass-eye Smith of Auburn, Joliet and San Quentin. I know it, of course, but I read the papers pretty carefully, and I'm interested in gun-men and crooks generally—just from a sociological point of view, you understand. People in Europe wouldn't be so well acquainted with the details of our great American prison riots and who started 'em. I don't suppose your picture has been in many of the Continental journals."

The thug let him finish. "Yeah? You certainly know a lot of things that aint so. But supposin' they was, they'd only make it harder to draw your breath in the next ten minutes."

"Why," asked Greg, "did you ever get mixed up in this gang, Smith? America too hot to hold you?"

"If I was Smith, that might be so. Also there's good coin in it, if anybody should ask you."

"How interesting! Let's see, the market price for a plain bumping-off party in Chicago or New York was anywhere from fifty to a thousand dollars when you were there. How much do you get on this side, Smith? How much do you pay green hands in this business? I might be open to a proposition."

"Pipe down," ordered Smith. "You think you can talk yourself out of a bath, but you can't. It's just a question which of you steps off into the natatorium first. I think you'll find the water just right and very invigorating—for a few minutes."

"Where, if I may ask, does this open plumbing lead to?" Greg asked.

"Positively, I aint been told. Nobody never came back to draw a map. But you'll know in a few minutes, anyhow. Just because you talk so much, you can go first. Step into it."

Gregory laughed. "I don't really care for it."

Smith produced an automatic. "Step, I said."

"But my dear Smith, how absurd! You can't force me to do anything I don't wish to merely by threatening to shoot me. If you'd think a moment, you would certainly arrive at the conclusion that I would much prefer a bullet to a bath. You seem to be so set on my demise one way or the other, that I am beginning to believe that you mean it. Therefore I would certainly be silly to oblige you by going via water, when the sound of a revolver-shot might attract the attention of the real police or at least of some one upstairs. Go ahead and shoot. I'm so heartily in favor of it that I wouldn't raise my hands if you told me to. Let's go."

"Aw, hell! Grab him, boys, and stuff him down that sewer. Step on it."

"A very wise decision," Greg approved, stepping cautiously to one side until, by turning, his back was against the wall, "but even so, noise is practically unavoidable." He raised his voice. *"Holá!* Help—help! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Wellesley!"

When she saw what he was up to, Gwendolyn joined in on the locomotive yell, although there was some confusion at the finish as she had no idea what organization he was rooting for and shouted "I. C. S.!" before she realized her mistake.

The halberdiers had dropped their clattering halberds on the stone floor and started to close in on Gregory in approved manhandling fashion.

"Damn anybody who fights in iron underwear!" complained Greg. "No place to punch you bozos except in the beaks. Cover 'em up."

The first two men to reach him he did actually manage to stretch out on their backs by a swift feint to the nose, followed by a forceful kick in the stomach which was effective even through the chain links.

But the others had learned that lesson, and came at him low, almost football fashion.

They got him around the waist and hips, and the entire group fell to the floor, everybody shouting and yelling, aided materially by Gwendolyn, who had excellent lungs and had doubtless longed, during five years of dignified restraint, to give them a real work-out.

Gwendolyn also had the inspiration to snatch up one of the halberds from the floor, and using it after the fashion of a picklefork, to jab the uppermost halberdiers right where chain mail offers no protection because soldiers are not supposed to retreat. This added to the noise and confusion, especially the confusion, because some of the jabbees had to sit down suddenly for protection, and in order to have a solid foundation for their quaint guttural swearing.

Greg broke away from what looked like a touchdown with every able-bodied opponent after him but Smith, standing in the middle of the room like a ringmaster stopped the parade.

"Let him go," he ordered. "There's been so much racket now that a shot'll scarcely be heard. Stand away from him, or you'll get hit yourselves."

A sudden hush ended the marathon. Greg stood still against the wall.

"Are you a good shot, Smith?" he asked.

"One of the best. Sorry we aint got time to talk over old times back in the States and—"

"Not homesick, Smith?"

"Naw. But it was more fun there, and—stand up and shut your trap."

He raised his pistol.

"HANDS up!"

"Archie!" exclaimed the Queen, turning unerringly toward the grilled opening in the wall.

Archie, First Lord of the Bedchamber, was there with the nose of an automatic poked menacingly through the grating.

But only for a second. Smith had been raised in a school where quick, accurate shooting was the principal requirement for graduation. He had fired as he turned.

With a cry, Archie sank out of sight.

Greg knew something about fast thinking, too. Before Smith could turn again, Greg was on his back, had grabbed the heavy weapon from his hand and delivered one swift crack with the butt of it on Smith's skull.

He stood up, the gun leveled. "Now we'll go. Up the stairs, Gwen. Beat it. And all you little gentlemen lie flat until I tell you to get up."

Greg stood at the bottom of the stairs, Smith's revolver at his hip, waiting for somebody to make a move. He could hear the Queen's footsteps on the stone stairs behind him.

"Tell me when you've got the trap open."

ANOTHER silence, except for the sound of the Queen's slippers. Then a beating on the under side of the trap.

"It's locked," came her voice from above.

There was a laugh from one of the men on the floor. It was Smith.

"Even if it opened, do you think it would do you any good, you damned fool?" he jeered. "My men are outside, and the first thing they'd do would be to lay out anybody that came through that door without the right password."

He was gradually getting to his feet.

"Stay flat!" commanded Greg. "I'm pretty handy with one of these things my-

self, though I probably have never killed as many men before as I'm going to tonight."

Smith subsided.

"That's good. Now let's reason this thing out," Greg began.

But there was a noise behind him.

The Queen came down the steps on the run.

"Quick!" she said. "They've lifted the trap, and more men are coming through."

Smith, on the floor, began to rise.

"The talking part is over once more," he said. "Hand me the gun."

INSTEAD Greg fired it—only through Smith's leg, however, to anchor him during the subsequent military maneuvers.

The sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs made Greg abandon his dangerous position at the foot. Taking the Queen with him, he backed over to the wall once more, and covered the stairway.

"Hold it," he ordered as the first men appeared.

The chances are that they did not understand his language, but they comprehended his gesture and the gun. They stood still.

But Smith, although he could not walk or even rise from the floor, was not incapacitated as far as his mind and voice were concerned.

"Get up, you scum there on the floor," he ordered, addressing the men who had been resting comfortably since the last round. "Get up and take that gun away from him."

"But he will kill us," pointed out one prudent halberdier.

"If you do as I tell you, he'll only kill a few of you, because that gun's partly empty already. But if you don't obey orders, I'll let the daylight through every damned mother's son of you; and if I m not alive to do it, you'll be hung for this anyhow. Do as I tell you, and I'll get you out."

Smith had the dirty technique of the American gun-man, a snarling, half-jocular speech that carries conviction. His men apparently believed that he could carry out his threats. They rose like myrmidons around Greg's feet.

He fired. One of the men fell; but that did not affect the others.

Greg realized that Smith had won a psychological victory. He wounded two others, and then gave up with one shot still left in the gun. There was no use in hurting anybody else.

They held him firmly this time, and lashed his hands together. They lashed the Queen's wrists also. He reached over and touched her, raised her two hands with his and touched them to his cheek.

"May I have this dance?" he asked.

"The music hasn't begun," she replied protestingly.

"They're just striking up, I think. Can't you hear that melody?"

"What is it?"

"'More Than Ever.'" He hummed it himself.

"Cut the comedy," ordered Smith. "You can step into this drain-pipe by yourselves, or I will have a couple of men stuff you down. Take your choice."

"Thank you," said Gwendolyn. "We prefer the first alternative."

"Atta girl!" applauded Greg. "Pass in

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review. All clear to the left. All clear to the right. We roll."

They stepped forward in the general direction of the opening in the floor. . . . .

They were almost there. The water looked very dirty and turgid. For some reason or other it seemed to boil higher than before, as if it were reaching up for them.

When they were quite at the edge, it did rise higher, and out of it crawled a figure, the figure of a weed-tangled, dripping man. It might have been old *Breck-a-kek-kex* from "The Sunken Bell."

"Hello, everybody, hello!" he said.

"Peter!"

"Absolutely," the King assured her. "It seems to me that you have been sitting out entirely too many dances, my dear. The tongue of gossip will waggle."

"But however did you manage?"

"Quite simple. I told you I had noticed where the river had been diverted to an underground channel, and when I heard all the hullabaloo down here, I thought I ought to join the party even if I had to come in by the back door. It's easy to come this way with the current, but nobody could swim against it. I made rather a narrow thing of it, at that, what with the weeds and everything."

THE halberdiers stood agape at the extraordinary termination of the scene. The sudden appearance of this sea monster through the trapdoor was enough to paralyze all movement for a moment, and now the nonchalant manner of the King's conversation put the finishing touch on their amazement.

But this was not the case with Smith. He had noticed what the others had not seen, that Peter was unarmed.

"Step lively there. Tie into him, you dumb-bells."

The King offered little resistance. He could not have done so even if the odds had not been so great. He was exhausted by his underwater swim and his very obvious struggle with the clinging vegetation he had run into somewhere in his travels.

"Why did you do it, Peter?"

He looked at his Queen.

"I couldn't do anything else, old thing. Besides, it didn't seem quite right to let this young man go through with something that was planned for me."

"Cut out the conversation, there!" ordered Smith. "I don't know who you are, but now that you've joined the party, you can go all the way with the rest."

"You don't know who I am?" asked Peter incredulously.

"No."

"Don't tell him," prompted Greg.

"Certainly I'm going to tell him," countered Peter. "Otherwise there wouldn't be any sense in my taking all this trouble to get here. I could just as well have eaten ground glass or arsenic and be warm and dry." He turned to Smith. "You're certain you don't know who I am? Well, I'm the King of Alturich, the man you've been looking for. This chappie is merely an impostor, wearing my clothes and taking my place for the evening. Silly but true."

"What of it?" growled Smith. "One of you is the King. If I put you both in the soup, the flavor will be royal enough for all practical purposes. We're wasting time."

"That's just the point," Peter returned pleasantly.

"Shove him in!" ordered Smith.

The men around Peter began to move.

"Wait!" ordered the King. There was still power in his command. "You'd better hear what I've got to say first."

"Yeah? What is it? Make it snappy." Smith with an effort dug a chronometer out of his pocket.

"You should wear a wrist-watch," suggested Peter. "Deuced handy on an occasion like this. I'm afraid mine is ruined. I forgot to remove it before taking my plunge—otherwise I should be glad to present it to you. But as you were saying, we waste time. In fact, although you do not know it as well as I do, we have already wasted so much time that there is no hope of your ever getting out of here alive unless I help you. Your men are in the guard-room, it is true; but we have sent for gas-bombs to drive them out. The upper entrance will be in the hands of my soldiers any minute now. Do you think they'll stop to ask any questions when they catch you?"

Smith laughed.

"That's a good eight-cylinder bluff, old sport, and if I believed you, I'd be scared to death. But I don't."

Suddenly there were distant noises—heavy blows and the sound of firearms somewhere overhead.

"No?" questioned the King imperturbably. "I suppose that must merely be your own men upstairs practicing dance steps."

"Well, what of it? Suppose we do get caught? There wont be anything to prove that you've been here. And where's the crime in a few policemen going down cellar to shoot a friendly game of craps? It's been done before, you know."

"Another splendid bluff," criticized Peter. "Unfortunately I left word where I'd be. And if I'm not here, well—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Smith had no come-back for the moment. Instead he considered thoughtfully.

The King pushed his advantage. "But there's a joker in my proposition. I know another way out of here. There's a section of this circular wall that is really a door. It leads to a secret passage which runs underground, all the way across the border. Don't try to locate it. It would take you hours unless I showed you. But it's there and I'm offering to lead the way in exchange for our lives. What do you say?"

His argument received undeniable emphasis by reason of the increasing tumult above. There were crashes that might have been splintering oak, muffled but more or less menacing.

"All right, I'll take you," agreed Smith.

BUT the halberdiers had been conferring among themselves. Now one of them stood forth, a spokesman.

"We refuse," he said, looking scornfully at his traitorous leader. "We were assigned by the high commission to a glorious duty, and we shall not fail. What matters it if we should give our lives, providing one more blow is dealt to class rule? I, Feodor, assume command. Your Majesty will please to hasten."

This man was more respectful but also more earnest. Fanaticism, not greed, was his driving force, and for him to turn back was impossible.

"But how do you know which one of us is the King?" demanded Gregory.

"Hush," cautioned Peter.

But they had heard.

"We will take both," returned Feodor, solving the problem with Solomon-like simplicity. "You will hasten."

"Wait," ordered Peter. "I am the King. Look, here upon my chest is the family crest and heraldic motto." He tore open his wet shirt, disclosing a tattooed symbol. "I never cared much for illustrations myself, but I had nothing to say about this one. Surely you've heard about it. The Latin inscription is a little bit difficult unless you've got several degrees from our best universities, but it reads: *'What is ours we love and cherish.'* Or words to that effect. What do you say, gentlemen? I say 'gentlemen,' because I see that now I am dealing with men of faith and integrity, not hired assassins. I am the King. If I give you my life, which you desire, will you permit to go free these two whom I honor and love? The house of Pfalterburg perishes with me. Further destruction will avail you naught."

Feodor, troubled with the newness of his leadership, turned again to his men.

"Go on, take him up," advised the deposed Smith from the floor. "Have his Nibs show you the way first, and then take the other two with you after you get him started on his voyage. But for God's sake, hurry."

The conference huddle ended.

"We shall accept Your Majesty's proposal. Only show us the secret passage and we will guarantee the safe conduct of the others."

PETER looked at them sharply. "I shall not show you the passage or the entrance thereto. But instead, I will tell this brave gentleman here what to do after I am gone, how to locate the door and how to lead the way through the labyrinth in which anyone would be lost unless he knew its secret."

There seemed to be no opposition.

The King indicated with a nod of the head that Greg was to step a little apart from the Queen.

He whispered in Greg's ear. "You may have guessed, old man, that there really isn't any secret passage at all. But talking about it has gained a jolly lot of time. And even if I have to go, you can delay matters a great deal longer by pretending to search for the concealed spring or whatever it is secret tunnels usually have."

"Hurry, messieurs," urged Feodor.

"Yes. Just a minute." Again to Greg: "If you get through all right, you'll take care of Gwen, wont you?"

"Yes."

"She's a sweet thing."

"Ready, Your Majesty."

"Um—er—yes, I might say. Where is this damn' puddle? Thanks. I see it. *Au revoir*, all."

"Peter!"

"Of course, my dear. But you must step back. Gregory will take care of you. He's a fine man, and a brave one. I can see now why—"

"You fool! Of course he is, but not such a fine one as my own, and not such a brave one either."

She was matching his step as he was half pushed toward the oubliette.

"What are you doing, my sweet?"

"Did you think I'd let you go alone?"

"Don't, Gwendolyn, don't!"

"We've only a few more steps together," she cautioned him. "We must not waste them. It is so important for you to know—"

"Are you trying to tell me that I'm as important as that?"

"More important than anything. Here we are at the very edge. May I go first?"

"Look at me, Gwen." He drank deep of the love and faith in her eyes. "Yes—but I shall find you."

"Good-by, Peter."

"Good-by, Gw—"

The floor shook a little, like a minor earthquake; some of the stone ceiling fell in, and the water in the trap rose in a column and spread ankle-deep around their feet.

When the muffled explosion was over and a little of the smoke had cleared away, it was evident that one of the walls had been blown in, the one in which the small iron grating had been set.

Archie came through the opening, somewhat bloody because he had not had time to be properly bandaged, but otherwise very much the First Lord of the Bedchamber.

There were other men behind him, all armed.

"Your Majesties," said Archie in character, "the jolly old ball appears to be over, and if I might suggest it, it is long past your bedtime."

Peter laughed. "Sez you?"

"And how!" responded Archie gravely.

"All right," conceded the King, "but I'm not going to take a bath for a week."

THE very next morning, when Archie, the First Lord of the Bedchamber, went in to awaken His Majesty, he discovered that the royal mattress had not been slept upon—at least not to any considerable extent.

But he did not worry very much about it. Instead he hunted up the Princess Sonia, First Lady in Waiting, and looked a question at her.

She nodded her head and smiled. She went further. She held up her arm, laid her cheek against it and shut her eyes. The rest of her features were composed into an expression of the most fatuous complacency which it is possible for the human female to assume.

Archie laughed and hunted up a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* which some tourist had left behind.

That same day on the express to Paris, Mary Griswold and Gregory Gayl sat in a first-class compartment which by a miracle,—and a tip,—they had to themselves.

"They urged us to stay," sighed Mary, "but I doubt if they really meant it."

"Some such thought had crossed my own mind," admitted Greg. "However, I believe we'll have a better time in Paris. My mother is there, and she'll show us around until we know the ropes and—"

"And after we know the ropes, what then?"

"Then I'll show you around."

"Around?"

"And around."

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FANNIE'S FIRST SPREE

(Continued from page 57)

job of removing the elephant's harness and headpad. The train was moving. Fannie munched on at her hay, halting only for a querulous chirrup, or to stretch her trunk wonderingly about her. Withal, she was content; her long lifetime as the asset of small circuses had witnessed many a change of abode. Besides, wheels were rolling beneath her, and railroad wheels, to a circus animal, are strangely soothing.

AN hour later, an atmosphere almost of panic swept down upon the grounds of the Brewster Dog and Pony Circus; the lot superintendent had reported that he could not find Fannie. Tracking was of little use; the elephant's hoof-prints were everywhere as a result of her varied activities. Besides, once she had left the circus ground, she had stepped on asphalt, leaving no clew. In the early hours of morning, when Jim Brewster's short train had been loaded after herculean efforts, he climbed aboard, white and haggard; the search for Fannie had reached a heartbreaking end.

On the loneliest portion of the road to the loading runs was a wooden bridge, over which Fannie had trundled many times that day, on her journeys to and from the cars. Searchers had found a gap torn in the wooden railing, as if from the impact of a heavy body—a thirty-foot depth of swift water lay beneath. It was logical that the elephant should have gone this way on a wandering course to the train. It also was logical that she could have struck the side and fallen off in the darkness. Jim and Mary Brewster understood nothing of the fact that Boston Harry had been hurried there with a draft team and a pull-rope to jerk loose a section of railing and push it into the river. They only knew that Fannie had disappeared without trace other than a gap in the bridge guard where she must have traveled. Men had been left behind to patrol the river banks, but hope was slight. The current was swift and vicious.

"If we'd have only thought of it we could have pushed her over there in the first place," said Shifty Bill, sitting in his private car.

"Just how would you push an elephant?" asked Boston.

"Yeh, an' somebody might have seen us take her there," agreed Shifty. "We're doin' all right."

He felt even more sure about it the next day. There was only a scattering of people on the Brewster Dog and Pony show-lot. Arrival had been horribly late; besides, the word had passed around that it didn't even have an elephant. The World's Marvelous, just two blocks farther on, carried a herd of sixteen, and was ready for its matinée before Jim and Mary Brewster's little show had even reached the lot. The day following that was even worse. The dog and pony show missed its matinée entirely; a fact which Boston Harry intended to tell Dopey about as he left his work early that night and passed the rival circus lot on the way to the World's Marvelous train. But he forgot it in the press of other business. That first barrel had reached the proper point of fermentation.

WITH the sound of the highball, they dragged a gasoline burner from beneath the canvas, and shunted a barrel into a place of ready access. Then they filled a pressure-cooker with the liquid, arranged a barrel of water for a coil to run through and got down to business.

"'At aint bad applejack!" said Boston Harry unsteadily an hour or so later.

Dopey did not answer directly. Weaving heavily from other causes than the rocking of the train, he stood regarding the outstretched trunk of an elephant which had been extremely lonely for these past two days.

"Wha' know 'bout that?" he asked. "Dumb Dora wants to taste it."

"Well, don't ge' too generous," Boston hiccoughed. "I see elephant drink whole bucket whisky once."

"Nev' drink no bucket applejack off me," said Dopey seriously. "Ain' got no bucket applejack. Jus' got this jug-full. Wan' drink, Fannie?"

He found a tin can and poured it full for her. She sniffed it and sucked it into her trunk, then rammed it down a waiting throat. It stung her mouth, but it warmed her stomach. Fannie had felt that warming sensation before; alcohol is a specific for certain disorders, especially colic. After a time, a bland, satisfied feeling came over her. She stretched forth her trunk again, an action which caused intense argument between two extremely busy and very unsteady men. But at last Dopey reached for the can.

"Wouldn' be gellmunly for me to pass up nice girl frien' like Dumb Dora. Down the ol' hatch, baby!"

Shortly after that, Fannie grew sleepy. Finally, she ignored her companions completely in contented dozing, blinking into occasional wakefulness as Dopey Green and Boston Harry grew more hilarious in their labors. At last she slept soundly. It was daylight when she awoke, and the train was on its siding. Boston Harry was gone. So was the barrel of water and the gasoline burner and the pressure-cooker. At her side, the canvas was pulled back, revealing emptiness where one cider barrel had stood, but revealing also the half uncovered opening of the second one, its rubber-flanged top, usually tight in place, careening loosely. Clean-up operations had been a bit haphazard, as Dopey Green and Boston Harry had kicked the empty mash barrel out the door and unsteadily put their still-room in order before the train should stop. Now all was quiet, except for the snoring of Dopey, sprawled on a pile of canvas.

FANNIE waited a considerable time for him to awaken, but he only continued to snore. Her hay was gone, scraped away because of the danger of the gasoline burner. There was no water—they had used her barrel for cooling the coil and inadvertently kicked it out the door too. Fannie chirruped dolefully, and, stretching forth her trunk, ran the finger of it delicately over Dopey's unshaven face. He only grunted, slapped viciously and went back to snoring. Fannie gave that up, and began a search of the floor for food. She was terribly hungry, and even more thirsty. It was about this time that she noticed the barrel with the awry top.

She sniffed it, curling her trunk in an attempt to classify the odor. She rolled her eyes and sniffed it again, grunting thoughtfully. The smell was sweet, yet acid—not at all unpleasant. She pushed the top aside, and with the care that only an elephant knows when extending its proboscis into foreign territory, lowered her trunk until she touched the scum. This tickled and she pulled back hurriedly, waiting a long time before she tried it again. But a bit of the foam had clung to the end of her trunk; when she raised it to her tongue to lick it off, she caught the pleasant taste of sugar. So she invaded the barrel with less caution this time and hooking her trunk for a heavier bite, found liquor beneath. This she licked off too, and found pleasing. Her eyes widened. She swung her trunk about to her ear, thus forming a sounding box, and blasted a faint bugle-note of joy. Then with a sudden, shimmying motion, she pulled herself as far to the left as her chain would permit, jammed her trunk deep into the barrel and sucked up a proboscis full.

IT was when the barrel was about half empty that Fannie noticed a strange benign feeling creeping over her. It was a sort of glow, a warmness, a sense of rapture. A queer, loose droop had come to the corners of her mouth, and a glazed, watery brilliance was making itself apparent in her eyes. Once as she moved closer to the barrel, the knees of her forelegs developed a queer springiness, like weak hinges, a condition which passed unnoticed, in her general state of ecstasy.

This blissfulness faded however, into an instant of irritation. In moving to the barrel, Fannie found her right foot impeded. She grunted and gave a yank, which tore out a board as the screwed ring-pin was jerked from its fastening, and almost awoke Dopey. But in a moment he was snoring again, a sound echoed by the sucking gurgle of a trunk in a barrel. The contents were lowered another eight inches. Then Fannie drew back, straightened her loose-hinged knees, and stared straight ahead with sudden obsession.

She wanted to trumpet. She wanted to bellow and blast and roar. She didn't know why, but she wanted to do it. She shuffled uneasily. A strange command had come over her to get going, to go places and do things. She raised her trunk, and popped her glassy eyes. As quickly, she blinked and shook her big head. Everything about her was swaying; Dopey and the canvas upon which he lay, were moving as if in a swing. Then, forgetting Dopey and ignoring the dizzy scenery about her, she started to move again, only to be betrayed by her tricky knees and go crashing into the end of the car, and the cider barrel. It broke beneath her weight, spilling the rest of the liquid, thus forming a more unsound footing than ever. Fannie fell with a jolt that rocked the car. But it didn't hurt; it pleased her in a silly sort of way, and scrambling to her feet, she raised high her trunk properly to express herself.

Never had she been so dazedly happy.

Never had she trumpeted as she trumpeted now—a blast starting deep in her throat, and roaring forth with the reverberations of thunder. She flopped to the floor again, and with silly chirrupings rose, only to bump into the side of the car on the upward course and send it bulging, with great sounds of crackling wood. But Fannie only trumpeted at that too, while beneath the detonation of her joyous voice, a weak undertone made itself faintly audible.

Dopey Green was dancing about considerably in his efforts to evade her, screeching as he leaped. At last, as Fannie skidded anew, he reached the door, pulled it half open, and then, unhampered by anything but underwear, leaped for the safety of the outdoors. Fannie glimpsed daylight through the doorway, circus wagons on the near-by lot, bellying canvas and fluttering flags. A new joy came into her heart; taking a wide course, she too headed outward.

The door was open only wide enough for her head to pass through, but that fact was hazy. She felt a pressure against her shoulders, and pushed against it. Wood ripped, nails screeched. She pushed harder, trumpetingly gayly. The door broke from its fastenings on one side; five or six feet of the car crashed away on the other; Fannie careened forth, struck the high, cut bank which rose beside the tracks nearly to the level of the car floor, flopped to her back, scrambled mightily for a footing, and at last rose.

She was in the freedom of a circus lot—glorious surroundings, which for days had been denied her. She didn't know where she wanted to go and didn't care; she was happier than she ever had been in her life. She just wanted to move, and bellow and trumpet and gambol—five glorious tons of whoopee! But things kept getting in her way, while in the distance, crowds formed and men ran here and there, shouting. Fannie started toward them, slightly nonplused. The earth seemed unstable beneath her, the canvas of the circus tents rose and fell; whenever she set herself to go in one direction, she found herself proceeding in another.

Not that it made any difference. Fannie didn't care. Life was too full of joy, too lazy, too fraught with floating happiness. A wagon got in her way, but she persisted on moving; so the wagon crashed into wreckage and Fannie, trumpeting her joy, proceeded.

MORE crowds gathered. People began to run about her, shouting. She tried to be pleasant to all of them, chirruping gladly, sticking forth her trunk, or trying to follow them. More wagons came into her path, although she had tried to avoid them. More crashes followed. Once, when she got off balance, she merely sidled until she hit a tableau float, and fell with it, leaving but little for salvage. Then, just as she started to skirt a tent, apparently with plenty of room, ropes tangled around her feet, poles fell, and rending canvas swooped down all about her, shrouding her beneath it.

Fannie bellowed happily at this. It was great fun to throw the canvas high into the air with tremendous flailings of her trunk, and feel the swish of air about her as it descended. Then miraculously she

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was free again, while the crowds ran and milled in the distance, and red wagons, with bells ringing, came clattering upon the lot. The next thing Fannie knew, men with hoses were squirting water at her, and that was fun too. Fannie loved water. But after a time, she grew tired of it, and moved obliquely away, smashing into a hose-reel as she did so and ruining it.

Then she saw some more elephants. They were strange elephants, which rose and fell and moved jaggedly on a course toward her, while bull-bosses shouted and Shifty Bill Moran screamed orders. Fannie went to meet them—but just as she got there, they spread out, and an old herd leader whacked her with a vicious trunk. Then came the voice of Shifty Bill, high-noted with excitement:

"Close in them bulls! Close in them bulls, I tell you, before she busts through 'em!"

The bulls closed in, tighter, tighter, under the command of voice and hook. Elephants compressed all about her; Fannie trumpeted and squeezed back at them for the pleasure of it. They didn't seem to get the fun out of it that she did. Outside the bull line, Shifty Bill Moran turned excitedly, and awaited a policeman, just arriving with a man and a woman.

Shifty Bill's usual elegance was gone. His white suit was soiled, his face streamed perspiration, his Panama hat was a wreck, almost as much of a wreck as his circus.

He stood glowering; then as the policeman approached with Jim and Mary Brewster, he growled:

"Well, you got 'em, did you?"

"Yes," said the officer, turning suddenly to Jim Brewster. "This fellow says it's your elephant. Is it?"

Jim Brewster gulped and stared through an aperture in the wall of pachyderms, to the swaying, leaden-colored form of Fannie, deep within.

"Why, yes," he admitted. "It's my elephant. But—how she got here—"

"That's what I'd like to know," cried Mary Brewster. She had been kneeling, and staring toward the rubber legs of Fannie inside the circle. "I'd like to know how she got here," she demanded. "Especially since she's got a World's Marvelous leg band around her right ankle! There's the name, stamped into the metal!"

Jim Brewster had turned, staring about him, his eyes at last centering on the World's Marvelous circus train.

"And that car!" he shouted. "Look at that car!"

"We've just looked at that car," panted the first of two patrolmen just arriving at the elephant line. "Who's been making booze down there?"

IT was late that afternoon before Shifty Bill Moran began to see a weakening in the armor of the man and woman with whom he had been arguing all day.

"There aint no use in us showfolks fightin' this way," he begged. "We ought to be able to get along—just be a big happy family. Give an' take, that's my motto."

"I haven't seen you do much giving," snapped Mary Brewster, a thought immediately seconded by her anger-whitened husband. Shifty spread his hands.

"Give me a chance, give me a chance!" he pleaded. "Aint it enough I got two men in jail with a booze charge hangin' over 'em? Aint it enough I lose more'n a week fixing up this show before I can hit the road again? Aint it enough I have to spend fifteen or twenty thousand dollars making repairs without you folks slappin' lawsuits against me—"

"And criminal charges," said Jim Brewster quietly. Shifty Bill slumped.

"Name your terms," he said humbly.

There was quite a celebration that night on the Brewster Dog and Pony Circus, a special dinner in the cookhouse and much gayety. In the midst of it, a midway juice-joint man brightened with inspiration, and called for assistance, that he might carry a tub of lemonade into the menagerie, where Fannie lay at her picket pin, breathing heavily.

"Come on, ol' gal," he said. "It'll cool you off."

Fannie rolled her eyes, from which the brilliance was gone; they were fishy and vacant now. She sighed, and the air blubbered over loose lips. She raised her trunk almost to the side of the tub, then let it flop limply to the ground.

"Fannie don't feel so good," said the juice-joint man as he went back to the celebration.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY

(Continued from page 86)

Frosty arises and strikes an attitude representing dignity.

"I hope you aint insinuating that we was planning to throw Medland down."

"I aint insinuating nothing like that, boys. Because it strikes me that you are both healthy young fellers which would despise to become suddenly dead. Right?"

"Uh-huh," says Frosty. "You're right."

"You see," goes on the big chief, "we'll say that a certain town happened to hire a swell battery to win an important ball-game—not you two fellers, of course, but somebody else. And we'll say there was a gambling element in town which worked with them two ball-players to let the other team win, it looking like a cinch that the team they was on was going to cop. Well, it seems to me like the town which hired them fellers for a lot of money could get in on the game itself and really take advantage of a certainty. Do you foller me?"

"Chief, I'm two bases ahead of you."

"That makes it simple—because, my dear friends, I have got me a hunch that certain folks are backing Greenburg heavy, and it seems like the best thing Medland can do is win all their money and thus get rid of them. Understand?"

"Yes—Chief—I'm afraid we do."

"That's fine," says the large feller. "Just play the game like you was hired to do, and you wont need no undertaker."

ONCE he was gone, I and Frosty indulged in a large gloom. Says Frosty:

"Sam, if we throw the game to Greenburg, we get completely lynched by a bunch of Medlanders."

"Entirely."

"And if we play Medland to victory, a certain undesirable element in this burg is going to think we have double-crossed them, and we will immediately start collecting on our life-insurance."

"I aint even got that advantage," I says, "because mine lapsed last year."

"That looks like a tough break for your heirs," says Frosty. Then, after a long silence he says:

"These here little towns aint rural—they are terrible!"

"Yeh—and do they take their baseball serious."

"They have got to do something for fun, Sam."

"Sure, but why should killing a couple innocent ball-players give them such a good time?"

"I dunno, but just the same it looks like we was in a tough spot. If Greenburg wins, we get two thousand dollars and a nice funeral. If Medland wins, we maybe get the latter only."

"Then," says I, "perhaps we better win the game for Medland."

"I wish we could," agrees Frosty. "They got all the right on their side, except maybe they slipped a little by bringing down a couple of ringers in the first place. I think, Sam—that we ought to see a lawyer."

"A criminal one?"

"He'd have to be awful criminal to understand all this."

ALL evening we talk without getting nowhere. More than that, we can see that everybody in Medland knows who we are, although them that speak with us call us Mr. Frost and Mr. Samson, but they wink when they are doing it. Also a lot of fellers has drove over from Greenburg, and most of them will not bet on their team, which proves that they have heard some rumors about us being there, although I don't believe they know who we are. We run into this little feller called Snapper Crawley in a pool-room, and we ask him.

"Of course they don't know who you are," he says. "Do you think we are fools?"

"Certainly not," I says. "I think *we* are fools."

"But you aint such fools that you wont play ball like I suggested?"

"We sure aint so silly as that."

"Here's the situation over in Greenburg," explains Crawley. "They know that something is wrong, but they don't know what it is, and have sent some snooping citizens over to investigate. Naturally, nobody in Medland that knows the truth will tell them, because the Medlanders want Greenburg to keep on thinking they will win and so back their team with plenty of money. Also, we aint got no idea of telling the Greenburgers, because the less those fellers are willing to bet, the more Medland money there will be for us to pick up. Aint that clear to you?"

"It sure is," agrees Frosty. "But don't

you think Medland will be pretty sore if we throw them down?"

"Maybe," says Crawley, "but not near as sore as me and my friends would be if you didn't. Besides, don't forget that we can prove that you are in with us—having given us your thousand dollars to bet on the other team."

"You sure are considerate of us," observes Frosty.

"We always take care of our friends," says Snapper. "And what we do to our enemies is horrible."

MAYBE you think I and Frosty had a good night's rest that night, but I am telling you we didn't. We would take turns sitting by the window thinking what a nice life this was to end so sad, and wishing that we had stuck to the big cities, where even if a couple guys get enthusiastic and sock an empire, they only get fined and suspended.

"It aint the thousand dollars," remarks Frosty suddenly at four o'clock in the A. M. "I just hate to get obliterated."

"Hmph! Frosty—they'll do worse to us than that."

"I mean, it aint the thousand dollars I am worrying about."

"Me neither, Frosty. The biggest ambition I have got right now is to get away from this town with all the legs and arms and necks I brought here. And if I never see Medland again, it will be a hundred years too soon."

At five o'clock, Frosty says:

"Have you got an idea?"

"Uh-huh. I have got an idea that I wish we never had come here."

"You're a lot of help, Sam. I will do my own thinking after this."

That makes me sore, because Frosty is always congratulating himself that he has got a better brain than I.

"Well," I says, sarcastic, "maybe if you need help, you can get lots of it from Chief Jones or Snapper Crawley."

"At that," he cracks back: "they would be more assistance than you. Their brains aint ossifried."

SATURDAY morning dawns bright and clear instead of rainy like I was hoping. I and Frosty drink lots of hot coffee and decide we aint feeling so happy.

At nine o'clock there is a lot of noise outside which seems to be imitating music. We rush to the window, and there is a big automobile parade carrying Greenburg banners and right in the middle is a huge truck with a brass band on it marked "GREENBURG STRING & BRASS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA." They was tooting "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and other tunes similar. Everybody was yelling and smiling, and the Greenburgers and Medlanders was kidding back and forth, and altogether it looked like a grand occasion for everybody but us. Frosty turns sadly from the window.

"Now," he says, "I got a very good idea just what a couple of Christian martyrs felt like just when the hungry lions opened their mouths."

"That's foolish talk, Frosty. I aint even seen one lion."

All that morning Frosty is glum and silent, as I guess he has a right to be, considering how near his earthly course has been ran. But finally he gets on my

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nerves and I go out for a walk. Everywhere they have put out flags and banners and signs that say "Down with Greenburg," and every shop is selling tickets to the game, and there is a big announcement made that all shops are closed down at noon, and in the Courthouse Square, where there is a big monument showing all about the Civil War, some fellers are making speeches that no true Medland citizen could possibly remain away from the park, and them that cannot afford fifty cents for a ticket can get comps, thanks to some public-spirited citizens who have put up a sum of money with the Chamber of Commerce. The more I see of all of this, the more certain I am that I and Frosty pulled an awful boner coming to Medland in the first place, because it is a cinch that these Medlanders wouldn't have no mercy on a Class A battery which happened to double-cross them.

I return to the hotel room, and there I find Frosty sitting by the window smoking.

"Frosty," I says, "there is no use for us to part enemies. Let's shake and be friends."

He slips me a fishy paw. "Kayo by me," he says. "What's all the racket out yonder?"

"They have come to celebrate our demises, Frosty; but they don't know it yet."

Well, we sit there discussing how the worst is surely upon us, and what can a couple of nice guys like us do in a case like this, when the door of our room opens and four fellers walk in.

Now, I thought Chief Jones looked mean and Snapper Crawley downright tough, but these four guys would make granite look like mush. The leader, a big six-footer who was all muscle and guns, jerks his head towards the door and says: "Come with us."

"Wh-wh-where to?" I quaver.

"None of your business. Just come."

I look at Frosty, but he is already rising. "Come along, Sam," he says. "It don't seem to matter much who we get killed by."

I think Frosty is making a mistake, but I foller because I don't hanker to be left alone.

It aint no lie to admit I am scared. These four guys are plenty hard. They aint saying nothing, and they are saying it constant. The elevator is waiting at our floor, but there aint no elevator boy. We get in, and one of these tough guys runs the thing.

They stop at the second floor and herd us out. We walk down the hall towards the back of the hotel. Then they open a window and lead us out onto a little low roof. A ladder leads from there down to an alley where a big car is waiting.

This car is a limousine, and all six of us crowd in the back. The curtains are all down, and as soon as we get inside, these fellers pull out guns and suggest that we better not holler. I tell them that they needn't worry about that because I am too busy preparing myself for an introduction to the Angel Gabriel.

We start out of Medland at the rate of about a hundred miles an hour, and now it seems like maybe we will get killed in a wreck instead of by angry baseball fans. I have reached the point that it don't matter much, so long as the end comes quick.

Of course we cannot see where we are going, on account of the curtains being drawn, but that don't make no difference, either. The four fellers are continuing to say nothing at all.

AFTER a long time, we stop. Then we hear the whistle of a locomotive, and one of these tough babies speaks.

"Listen, you two," he says in a hoarse voice. "That whistle you hear is a train which is headed for your home town. We are going to put you on it, and if you ever show up in Medland or Greenburg again, you will wish you had never been born."

"Mister," I says, "you needn't worry about that. But would you mind telling me who you are and what is the trouble?"

"Yes," he says, "I will tell you plenty. We got word over in Greenburg that something was wrong, but we didn't know what it was. We knew it was something connected with the ball game, and we was suspicious that Medland wouldn't play it out on the level. So me and my friends was appointed a committee to find out what was what, and we come over last night. We couldn't learn a thing.

"But this morning when we came back, we learned everything. We got a letter telling us who you two fellers was and that with Johnson pitching and you catching, Greenburg didn't have a chance to win the game. All we done then was to fight fire with fire, and we are now putting you on a train that you sure better not get off of until you get back home."

"We sure wont," I says. "In fact, I aint certain but we wont even get off then."

"Hmm!" says this guy. "You said that suspiciously. I think I better travel with you just to make certain."

So he gets on the train with us. He sits with Frosty, and I sit alone; and of course I and Frosty don't get a chance to say a word. We finally get home, and I'm here to say I was never so glad to see a big city in all my life. These small burgs may be peaceful places, but they sure take their baseball homicidal.

Minute we get off the train, the tough egg rushes to a telephone-booth and calls Medland. He comes out looking awful sad.

"Medland won the game seven to three," he announces, "but you guys are in the clear, and you better be glad of it."

"We are," I says. "And now we will say good-by and hope we will never see you again."

I AND Frosty walk down the street together. Frosty aint talking any, so I begin.

"Medland won the game anyway," I says. "That means our thousand was completely lost and Mr. Snapper Crawley and his friends was plumb ruined."

"Serves them right," he growls. "They was crooks."

I'm feeling a lot better. "I hate to lose all that money," I says, "but I sure feel relieved at still being alive."

"I aint crying over it myself."

"I just had an idea, Frosty," I continues. "The bird that wrote that letter to the Greenburg crowd sure had the wrong dope. He thought we was going to let Medland win and never suspected that we was going to throw the game to Greenburg."

"We didn't suspect that either," says Frosty.

"No," I remarks. "But no matter what that guy knew, I sure owe him my life. I just wish I could shake his hand one time."

Frosty stands still and looks at me.

"All right," he says, "shake."

"What do you mean, Frosty?"

"Just this," he says, "I knew Crawley and his friends wouldn't never blame us if we was removed through no fault of our own, specially if we was kidnaped by a bunch of Greenburg fans. So I wrote the letter suggesting that they had better get us out of town. I done it to save our lives. And also," he finished righteously, "because I believe that baseball should be kept clean at any cost."

THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 53)

They elbowed each other in the blue, sticky slime of the gutters. They greeted, stopped, buttonholed, abused, ridiculed, swore, cheated, praised, embraced, and kissed each other; with the eternal, whining counterpoint of barter and trade, all fattening their purses and their stomachs at the expense of the stolid, bovine Osmanli Turk who hated them, despised them, ruled them—and spat in their beards when Kemal Pasha's police were not about.

A kaleidoscope. And Fathma took a last look. Not a look of regret; she was glad to go; she was going to the new world, the free world—with her husband.

She thought the word in English: "My husband!"

Such a nice word, she said to herself. She laughed.

"What's amusing you?" asked John.

"Oh—life!"

Then the depot, the train: Men and women piling on; porters running; the pompous Syrian station-master shouting himself hoarse with:

"All aboard—all aboard—for Vienna—Paris!"

Fifteen times he shouted. Fifteen times he blew his shiny shrill official whistle. Fifteen minutes it took to solve quarrels over *bakshish* between passengers and porters. Yet another fifteen minutes elapsed before the train finally got under way with a wheezy, pessimistic cough. For this was Turkey, this was the Orient, to whom all time, including railway timetables and also including the eternities, is only a matter of a yawn, a stretch; and to whom hurry and punctuality are the ungentlemanly and rather disagreeable qualities of Western barbarians.

Off, though, at last! And Madame Sabri and Shukri Yar standing on the platform, waving handkerchiefs, crying:

"Good-by!"

"Au revoir!"

And in soft Turkish:

"Bizi douvala oumnoutmayin—remember me in your prayers, little sister!"

The train gathered speed; Stamboul paled to a blurred palette, a faint memory of mosques and palaces etched on the horizon; and forty-eight hours later they reached Paris—Paris on a spring day, with the sunshine, yellow as a lamp, pouring across the boulevards in a great warm flood, the vaulted sky blue as flax, the gay Latin life surging everywhere.

THERE, since the steamer on which they had taken passage sailed at the end of the week, their honeymoon was short. But it was crowded with the full happiness of their love. It was crowded, furthermore, with their striving after reciprocal adjustments—those adjustments between a man and a woman which seem so petty in detail and are so enormously important in their totality, and which, when successfully achieved, mean as much in the final reckoning of marital happiness as love itself.

There was never a doubt as to their love. It was fine and strong and beautiful; it was a clear, unwavering flame, destined, in the future, to illuminate many a dark hour.

Indeed, each morning found them more deeply devoted. Yet each morning found them steadily more strange one to the other as, with growing intimacy and decreasing shyness, not only physically but also in exchange of ideas and thoughts, they discovered ever more facets in each other's character; as they wondered and, at times, were a little afraid.

The mutual surrender was there from the first. The mutual understanding was a thing of slow, often painful development.

For their love had come to them suddenly, glowingly, on the wings of romance. It had come to them sweeping and impatient and clamorous and golden, giving them no chance to know each other, to look beneath the outer gestures, to probe their souls. Nor—as would have been the case had they belonged to the same civilization with the same traditions, or at least the same tricks of manner and fad—had they a basis on which they could weigh and balance their differences and reach a compromise: the kind of compromise that, although cold, is a rock to which two human beings can cling, secure in the knowledge that it will not crumble, that it will outlast desire and fulfillment.

Perrington became aware of all this before Fathma did—doubtless because he had known other women, whereas she had not known other men; and also because, like so many Occidentals, he was devoted to the sort of mental stenography called psychologizing, dissecting his own and other people's emotions, reactions and motivations. So he proceeded to delve into Fathma's soul; and very soon he was forced to admit that she responded to no method of analysis with which he was familiar. She did not answer to any of the established tests, seemed to possess no trait in common with the women with whom in the past, for various reasons, he had been more or less intimate. It was to him as if her mind evaded his in a perpetual game of hide-and-seek of which the rules were her own.

This he attributed to her Oriental subtlety. And he was wrong. She was not subtle at all. On the contrary, similar to most Moslems, men as well as women, brought up in the prosaic, rather materialistic faith of Islam which says that two and two is four and never five, her mentality was simple to the point of naïveté, was almost Germanic in its forthrightness, a forthrightness so utterly brusque and direct that, for a long time, Perrington did not believe in it and imagined it was a deliberate defense mechanism.

Thus, in this matter of psychologizing, she did not at first know what it meant, what it was all about. When, finally, she did understand, it frankly bored her.

Her reactions to other people were plain and unembroidered: either she liked them, or she disliked them. If she liked them, they could do no wrong. If she disliked them, they could do no right. She knew black and white, but not gray; and she did not bother about the why and wherefore.

Nor was her refusal to delve more deeply caused by stupidity or mental laziness. It was, perhaps, the result of a certain atavistic inheritance. For during many generations her ancestors back in the Caucasus had lived by the strength and right of the red sword; had had to battle, in turn, against Persians, Scythians, Huns, Arabs, Seljuks, Tartars and Slavs; had been forced to decide, on the spur of the moment, who was friend and who foe, whom they should embrace and whom kill; and had they stopped to figure out involved psychological reasons for their love or hate, they would have perished many centuries earlier.

It was so with Fathma. It was all instinct with her—quick, pouncing intuition. Not only in her relations to people, but also in her relations to things and conditions.

It was always:

"I like—because I like! I dislike—because I dislike!"

Only when urged by her husband's probing curiosity did she think out a reason for her opinion; and this reason would be as disconcerting in its straightforward simplicity as the opinion itself, would often be unanswerable in its passionless logic.

FOR instance, on the day of their arrival in Paris, in the restaurant of their hotel, she ate a particularly juicy quail, including green peas and mashed potatoes, with her fingers. Then, when she had finished, she calmly licked them clean with a pink little tongue.

Perrington knew this was an Oriental habit; lunching and dining with Fathma in Constantinople and aboard the train, he had noticed it. The very novelty of it—so charmingly exotic, he had thought—had amused him. Nor had he minded, from a social angle. For in Constantinople the other Turkish women in the restaurants had also used their fingers, while on the train the meals had been served in their compartment. But now they were in Europe; they were eating in public; and at the next table two Frenchmen saw, smiled, nudged each other.

He became embarrassed; and later on he spoke of it to her, explaining, patiently

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and tactfully, that it was customary in the West to employ knife and fork.

"Very well," she replied. "In the future I shall use knife and fork—to please you." And she added: "Personally I do not approve of forks. Not at all!"

"Eh?"

"To eat with a fork—it is a dirty habit."

He was amazed.

"A—a wh-what?" he stammered.

"A very dirty habit!" she insisted severely. "It is much nicer to eat with one's fingers."

"But, child—"

"My fingers are clean," she explained. "I wash them. But a fork."—with a little shiver of disgust,—"somebody else has had it in his mouth before me."

"Oh, forks are thoroughly scrubbed—with soap, and hot water."

"How do I know? Am I in the kitchen to supervise? But I do know my own fingers. I wash them myself, John."

She held out her lovely narrow hands for his inspection, and he laughed. He considered it a clever answer. But she did not mean it as such. She spoke the truth as she saw it. Nor did she ever change her mind on the subject. Forks to her were dirty. She used them to please her husband—for no other reason.

THAT same evening they had a similar argument, of East and West; and this time the East did not submit.

He had bought tickets for the opera. She was keen to go. For she had never watched a theatrical performance except, occasionally, as a child, the rather crude pleasantries of a *Kara Gyuz*, the Turkish Punch and Judy, which does not differ much from its European prototype but for the villain of the piece, who, in the Orient, is always an Armenian or Greek or Jew, while the noble hero is a splendidly bearded Moslem warrior, with enormous turban and grand, glittering scimitar.

It was after eight when John entered Fathma's room.

"Hurry up, darling," he said. "It's late."

"I am ready."

"But—you aren't dressed."

"I am."

He looked at her. She wore a simple little afternoon frock of blue charmeuse with tight-fitting bonnet to match.

"Absolutely adorable," he told her, "and absolutely incorrect. There's nothing quite as swanky as the opera. You've got to put on full war-paint." Tossed on the bed he saw a deeply décolleté gown of coral-pink velvet which Madame Sabri had chosen for Fathma. "This one seems O. K. to me," he went on.

She shook her head.

"No."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Look!" She held up the dress. "Hardly any front—nor back—just two shoulder-straps!"

"Well—I guess it's the fashion."

"Not for me, John. It shows my bare arms—my neck, my throat. . . . . I tried it on."

He smiled.

"Are you ashamed, you silly little goose?"

"How can I go out, in public, almost nude?"

"You're exaggerating! Why, all the girls I know back home—my own mother—they think nothing of—"

"Nudity," she interrupted, "is meant to be a lure, a temptation. Tell me—do you *want* me to tempt other men?"

He grew impatient—perhaps because her question was difficult to answer.

"Good heavens, child!" he exclaimed. "Don't be so all-fired prudish!"

"I am not prudish. Nor am I ashamed of my body."

"You are!"

"No! But—" And she spoke calmly, looking straight at him: "My body, my nude body, is for *you*—for *your* eyes, because I love you, because you are my husband, John!"

HE gasped at the candid directness of her words. He considered that no young American woman of his acquaintance would have wasted a thought on how few clothes she wore before strangers, at a theater, a restaurant, or at the beach; and he doubted, on the other hand, that a young American woman would have addressed her husband with the unblushing frankness which Fathma had used a moment earlier.

Incidentally, she had her way. She went to the opera that evening in her simple charmeuse frock, and he admitted that nobody there was as attractive as she.

But he was a bit upset. Her frankness shocked him, and continued to shock him.

Modest, almost too modest, the veiled woman without the veil, in the presence of others, she seemed devoid of all physical embarrassment when she was alone with him. It was to her part of woman's normal, natural duty to appear before her husband in as alluring a manner as was humanly possible. But this allurement was only for him. It belonged to their intensely personal life. It was sacred. She believed in the old Oriental proverb:

"What is known in the private apartment, let none know outside!"

Her interpretation of marriage would have dovetailed with that of the great Frenchman who claimed that a wife should be as ice to strangers and as a flame to her husband.

IN spite of her narrow upbringing, between her father and her Egyptian governess, Fathma, although completely innocent before her marriage, had not been ignorant of the facts of life. No Oriental girl is. For in the lands of Islam sex is neither a matter of fear nor a matter of wantonness. It is indeed reckoned a thing of proper, almost religious import, since it is based directly on the Koranic principle of divine creation. Besides, from an early age, she had listened to the free talk of the servants.

Thus, while the inner meaning of love had been a mystery to her, the gestures had not—in theory, that is. She had experienced none of the minor interludes such as an American girl of her own age and even younger would already have passed through. She knew nothing of hero worship, *Schwärmerei*, flirtations, petting, crushes, the passing, footling thrill. She was a stranger to the various vicarious releases of the suggestive book or play or motion-picture. Her mind was untarnished. Yet her feminine wisdom was more ancient and acute than that of girls who have spent half their silly little lives in parked automobiles.

Hence, now, passionately in love, bringing to her marriage unblunted senses, an utter lack of hypocrisy, and a tremendous willingness to give pleasure as well as a calm acceptance of the principle that she should also receive it, she was to John a revelation—and somewhat of a shock.

He was, after all, of New England ancestry on his father's side. Tolerant, and proud of his tolerance, he was still at heart, like so many of his race, a Puritan; and there were moments when inherited inhibitions would spread themselves in spasmodic blurs through his soul and burst in little crescendoes of hard, tight conviction. Of course he denied it, but the fact remained. So this struggle was in him. He was young, strong, healthy, full-blooded. His body reacted keenly to physical enjoyment—while, deep within himself, his mind was ashamed of it; was aware of a curious, dull feeling of guilt at his very enjoyment.

Here he and Fathma differed radically.

It worried him, because he loved her so. But he could not bring himself to put his chaotic ideas into words. He was silent. And this silence, more than the difference itself, created a certain barrier between them—a barrier of which he was conscious and she entirely unconscious.

He tried to find consolation in the thought that it would wear itself out when they got to America—when she met Americans, men and women, and absorbed some of their philosophy.

Oh, yes—everything would be all right! There was no doubt of it. And he was impatient to be home; was glad when, on the following Saturday, they boarded their steamer.

America! He looked forward to it.

LET others, he told Fathma, rave and rhapsodize about the wonders of Europe and of Asia, about the glories of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Notre Dame, the Taj Mahal. He, personally, preferred the view from the top of the Woolworth Building; and his notion of a real vacation would be a rocking-chair on the corner of Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue.

She laughed.

"What a patriot you are, John!"

"You bet! If I had a flag in my pocket, I'd wave it. A few weeks abroad always kill in me any lingering germs of cosmopolitanism. I'm not so sure but I like bootleg better than honest-to-God Scotch—more pep to it. More pep to all America. Wait till you get there. You'll love it."

"Of course I shall," she said with deep seriousness. "It is my America too—because it is yours."

"You're a darling!"

He smiled.

Oh, yes, he repeated to himself, everything would be all right—and they would be happy, very happy.

They walked up the gangplank. A steward showed them to their suite, two outside cabins connected by a bathroom. Womanlike, her first thought was of putting her new house in order, beginning by unpacking her trunk. Manlike, his first

thought was of taking a stroll and look around the deck.

He went there. He watched the last passengers hurry aboard—watched presently, as the steamer got under way, the coast-line of France receding slowly, in a neat checkerboard pattern of white and gray and bistre-brown, punctured here and there by the spires of square churches, the solid bulk of some great braggart warehouse, the rigging and funnels and smoke-stacks of ships that rode breast-high above the stone quays.

It was late. The ragged coast-line was fading into the purple-gray welter of evening. The sun was dying in a flat disk of dull, unhealthy, decayed copper, to give way to a dense bank of olive-tinted cloud that rushed down with the speed of a stage drop. But a wind boomed out of the north; and soon the moon would come from behind the scud and the wrack, bringing the fierce thrust and stab of the heavy mid-channel swell.

John Perrington walked away from the gunwale.

There were other passengers looking out on the sea or pacing the deck, men and women, mostly Americans.

Not a familiar face among the lot, he decided—decided, the next moment, that on the other hand his own face seemed familiar to some of the people. For he became conscious of eyes staring at him, of a surreptitious undercurrent of curiosity leveled in his direction. He noticed a woman bend her head to speak to a steward in a low voice. Then, as two men passed him, he caught a few words pronounced with the Far West's rolling, careless burr:

"Sure! That's the bird—John Perrington. They told me he was aboard this tub . . . ."

"The guy who—"

"Right! The fellow who—"

The voice sank to a murmur. But Perrington knew what was being said about him. The night before, he had picked up the Paris edition of an American daily. There he had seen his picture and had read the startling caption:

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE
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JOHN S. PERRINGTON ELOPES WITH HAREM BEAUTY!

At the time it had amused him, had struck him as refreshingly American. He and Fathma had laughed over it.

Now, amidst the whispers, the smiles, the knowing winks, he was annoyed.

It was only the beginning, he told himself; and he pictured the end of the voyage: the reporters, greedy for news, who would hurry out on the press boat to meet the incoming steamer, who would interview him and his wife, who would quote him and misquote her; he pictured the headlines, the four days' sensation, his mother's disapproving face and her stern dictum:

"It's your own fault!"

Well, he considered, he was paying a double penalty. A penalty because he was the son of the late Josiah C. Perrington, because thus he had been born with all the good things of life, having crossed its threshold with a letter of introduction from the kindly fairy who bestows the bank-accounts, the Southampton villas, and the golden mocha spoons. And a penalty because, by marrying an Oriental girl, he had braved stodgy conventionality.

He shrugged his shoulders. He thought:

"To hell with the gossiping, meddling, cackling fools!

He turned toward the smoking-room, entered—was greeted by a drawling voice:

"Saw your name on the passenger-list. Had an idea you'd drift in here. Step up to the well-known brass rail, John, and mention your favorite poison!"

Chapter Six

THE speaker was Gordon Lee Davies, a friend of Perrington, though a good many years older, a member of the same clubs and the same social set.

Gordon Lee Davies was a Southerner—intensely, consciously so, faintly redolent of magnolia blossoms and cornpone. But not of stately Colonial mansions; indeed, there was nothing stately about him. On the contrary, he was gay, in both the American and the British sense of the word. He was a man who seemed to have passed directly from the charming gaucherie of the University of Virginia into the charming sophistication of international drawing-rooms. For, rich by birth, he had never done a stroke of work in his life, and had traveled extensively.

His reputation, to tell the truth, was somewhat thumb-marked by having been hawked through several continents. In the bars and on the race-tracks of Ostend, New Orleans and Biarritz, men spoke of him and dropped a knowing, tolerant eyelid over his various sins. Women did likewise; they liked him and more than liked him—although nemesis, in the form of dyspepsia, had put its stamp upon him; although his once clear-cut features were today slightly swollen, his hair thin and graying and his paunch obvious. Yet in his presence, and under his curious influence, young girls kindled to a brightness of false maturity, and middle-aged women to a brightness of false youth; and even staid, aggressively virtuous Boston and London dowagers forgave him over and over again, giving as their sole reason that he was that "delightful Mr. Davies."

"Glad to see you, Gordon," said Perrington.

"Same here." The other turned to the barman. "Two dry martinis, Tom."

"Yes sir."

The cocktails were shaken and served. Gordon Davies lifted his glass.

"Let's drink to what our British cousins call 'the wife!'"

"Oh, you know that I am—"

"That you eloped with a harem beauty? Of course. Who doesn't? You're news, John—front-page news—as if Mabel Walker Willebrandt became a wet, or Chicago's Mayor Thompson a loyal subject of King George."

"I guess that's so," sighed the younger man.

"Sure enough! Why, I reckon by the time we get home, all the papers will have the full story of your misdeed—and they'll be preaching about you—against you, I mean."

"Let 'em!" smiled Perrington. "I'm happy."

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"I know. You've married the sweetest, purest, dearest, prettiest, darlingest—am I right so far?"

"Quite—except for a certain understatement."

"By the way, some of the gang are aboard. Carter Thorpe, the Frisby girls—one or two others. All crazy to meet your wife. So am I."

"You'll meet her soon."

"No better time than right now."

"Eh?"

"Must welcome the young bride. My duty. I'm a Virginian and supposed to be a cavalier. Pocahontas stuff—if you know what I mean. Tom,"—to the barman,—"a bottle of champagne—the Krug extra-dry—and three glasses. No, never mind calling a boy. Put it on a tray—I'll play waiter."

In spite of the other's amused protests, he accompanied him to his suite. There Perrington knocked at the door.

"Are you dressed, Fathma?"

"Yes, John."

"I'm bringing a friend—a very dear friend."

She opened the door; introductions were made; she curtsied; and Davies laughed.

"Mustn't do that," he told her, easy in his manner because that was the way of him, and also because, like so many gay men, he was kindly, because his protective instinct toward all women was quickly stirred; now, seeing Fathma's nervous, fluttering hands, sensing her shrinking strangeness, he meant to break the ice and make her feel at home. "No," he repeated, "mustn't do that."

She was astonished.

"Must not do—what?" she asked.

"Curtsy. I know I'm old—but not as old as all that. Besides, nobody in our crowd goes in for the grand old Mid-Victorian breeding. If you do, people will impose on you."

FATHMA had not the faintest idea of what he was talking about, was a little afraid.

"Oh—" she stammered.

"Honey," he went on, "being as you are my best friend's best and only wife, welcome—welcome to America, in the person of Gordon Lee Davies, Esquire!"

And suddenly she found herself in his arms, soundly hugged, as soundly kissed.

She murmured something, anything. It had come to her as a shock. Why, it was incredible—a man, a stranger, had taken her in his arms, had kissed her!

She turned to her husband.

Surely the latter would resent this outrage even more than she. Surely he would—

But John stood there laughing, looking at Davies with affection, and a moment later he sent the champagne cork popping against the ceiling.

The Virginian filled the glasses and handed one to Fathma.

"Here you are, honey."

She refused it.

"Oh, I forgot. Fathma is a Moslem," explained Perrington, who was still laughing. "She never touches liquor."

"That," remarked the other, "will go over big in the home circle—I don't think." He held out the glass. "Can't I persuade you—just this once?"

"No," came her stiff reply, "it is against my religion, Mr. Davies."

"All right. But why all the formality? Why the 'Mr.' Davies? *Gordon* to you, Fathma!"

She made no answer. She shrank back as against an invisible wall, while the two friends continued talking, jesting, reminiscing, and sipping their champagne. She spoke when spoken to, courteously enough, but with no warmth, no friendliness; and the Virginian noticed and was vaguely disturbed. He looked at her: the pure oval of her face, the sweet impassioned mouth, the smoldering eyes—lovely; and never a smile, never a laugh, and so icily, curtly polite, bowing her head, saying, "Oh, yes!" and, "Oh, no!"

NOR did he attribute her behavior to anything he might have said or done. He had only tried to do the decent thing, to help her over her constraint, her strangeness. What was the matter with her?

"Glad to go to America, Fathma?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

She dropped her eyes, and he felt sorry for her. Must be something within herself, he decided. He liked her. . . . . Why, damn it all, what *was* the matter with her? Was she, perhaps—oh, stupid?

Was that the solution of the riddle?

Well, what of it? He himself was sick of brainy women, women with metallic minds and chiseled wit and polished, cynical repartee. Stupidity was rare and refreshing. Cleverness was ordinary, commonplace and trite. Even chorus girls wise-cracked, these days, and knew all about the Einstein theory and the home policy of the ancient Peruvians.

He rose to go.

"Tell you what I'll do," he announced. "I'll toss a party tonight—one humdinger of a party in honor of the bride and groom. I've a large suite, and the skipper is my pal. I'll get a phonograph—the chief engineer is bound to have one—and I'll collect some of the boys and girls. And then we'll eat and drink and dance and tell each other our real names and make whoopee and break the less valuable furniture, and generally behave like sensible Americans. It's a date!"

He left; John and Fathma were alone.

HER first impulse was to say to him straight out:

"I hate your friend—and I shall not go to his party."

Her second impulse advised silence. For John had evidently enjoyed himself, was now telling her:

"Gordon's all right—don't you think?"

She gave an indistinct reply which might have been interpreted as, "Yes." She excused herself and went to her cabin. She sat down. She recalled what had happened.

This strange man, with his quick, boisterous familiarity, kissing her, calling her Fathma—was it American? Were all Americans like that? Or many? And suppose they were, how was she going to stand it?

"I am not going to stand it!" she said to herself; and she stared into the void with her hooded, black, determined eyes; and her small face was as grave as a kitten's, and her lips thinned to a contemptuous line—for she was very young and intolerant and resented things.

"No! I am not going to stand it! I shall tell John—"

John—her husband. She thought of him. He too was an American. She loved him. He was so strong, so kindly, so considerate. And—he was this other man's friend. Therefore there must be something to this other man.

Honestly, with the best will in the world, she tried to discover this something, honestly failed. She disliked Gordon Davies. She could not help it.

Still, he *was* John's friend—and so she must not show her dislike.

Not only because of her love for her husband, but also—the thought came to her suddenly—because everything in life demanded a price. America meant freedom. Freedom could not be bought for nothing. It demanded a price—and it appeared that men like Gordon Davies were part of the price.

Had she been an English girl, she would have said:

"I'll play the game."

Being an Oriental, she considered:

"The Lord Allah does not close one door without opening another."

She would step through that door, fearlessly, and as quickly as possible. Islam was behind her. She was going to be an American, was going to throw all her Moslem prejudices to the wind. She was like her father. Once her mind was made up, she did not believe in compromise, in half-measures. She might fail—again and again; but she would try—again and again. That too was part of her racial inheritance.

So, when twenty minutes later she entered her husband's stateroom, he greeted her with an astonished and delighted:

"Well—I'll be damned!"

FOR Fathma seemed to have forgotten their argument a few nights earlier when he had called her a prude. She had put on an audaciously low-cut evening gown of peacock-blue chiffon, high-waisted, accentuating every line of her supple young figure.

"Absolutely stunning!" he complimented her; then complimented himself: "Lucky—that's what I am!"

They went to Gordon Davies' suite—a *de luxe* suite of three rooms—and found the other guests already waiting. There were four: Carter Thorpe, Arthur Hunt and the two Frisby girls.

Carter Thorpe was a Chicagoan, domiciled in New York and famous as well as feared on Wall Street; a little over forty, short and stocky, with a face like that of a cherub who, for years, has been dieting on underdone beef, musty ale and vintage champagne. He was a very shrewd business man, often headlined in the financial news; and in a sketch devoted to his life, a fashionable Gotham weekly had said that his intelligence usually triumphed over his humanity and his common sense over his sympathy. But he was popular, because he was a good spender and possessed of a sharp wit, and because, occasionally, his stock-market tips were valuable.

Arthur Hunt's two claims to fame were his inherited wealth and his skill in han-

dling a polo-mallet. Outside of polo, his thoughts were mostly of his spats, his ties, his pre-prohibition cellar, and his honey-colored mustache. He too was popular. For he was a very kindly man who tried his best to impress upon the world his conviction that, though heaven may be for saints, the earth was largely inhabited by sinners, and that a helping hand was much more appreciated when it was not held out by an individual riding the high horse.

The Frisby twins, Shirley and Allison, looked like charming, golden-haired, entirely inconsequent dolls—deceptively so, since, of good family, left without a cent on their parents' death in an automobile accident, they had proceeded to make their own way in life. Shirley had become an interior decorator and was doing very well, in spite of the fact that, in the beginning of her career, she had been devoid of all technical knowledge—was endowed, on the other hand, with an instinctive knowledge of human nature and of how much to charge or overcharge; while Allison, with precisely the same technical ignorance and the same psychological shrewdness, was accumulating a substantial fortune in a salon where stout women were massaged to leanness, and lean women to yet more leanness. In trade and decidedly Bohemians, neither of the twins had forfeited her place in society.

HERE was the circle, utterly provincial in a New York sense, into which Fathma was introduced. She endeavored to be part of it, at least to hold her own; and she did not succeed.

It was not the fault of the others. They were friendly to her over the cocktails, cordial over the Spanish melon, expansive over the entrée; and with the table cleared and removed and the phonograph whirring the latest jazz, they treated her with easy familiarity, teasing her as to her bridal status, asking her jesting questions about the Orient, telling her that her name reminded them of a popular cigarette brand—but all good-humoredly, expecting her to retaliate in kind.

No, it was not their fault that Fathma—as Shirley Frisby confided to Arthur Hunt—was a "wash-out." Nor was it, precisely, Fathma's own fault, except that, perhaps, she tried too deliberately, too self-consciously, to be one of them.

She failed; and suddenly,—by this time the Frisby girls were dancing, Allison with John Perrington and Shirley with Carter Thorpe,—it seemed to her as if a barrier were descending, a barrier of race and faith that separated her from the other people in the room, even from her husband. And she grew unhappy, grew constrained and monosyllabic. . . . .

"Pretty as an angel," whispered Shirley Frisby to Arthur Hunt, "and dumb as hell!"

How she got through that first evening she never knew. It was not long before Perrington realized that something was wrong. She was stiff to the point of priggishness. She kept close to him. He could not move that she was not there. When he danced, Fathma watched him uneasily. She had seen women dance with men, that day in Stamboul, at the Hôtel de Londres, and also in Paris. She had, in fact, envied them.

But—this was John, dancing with a woman—this was *her* man!

When Gordon Davies came up to her and put his arm about her waist and tried to lead her into the middle of the floor, she shrank away with such angry passion that he was taken aback.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"I—" she stammered, "I do not dance."

"I see." He was patient with her. He liked her. "But you want to learn, don't you?"

"No!"

"You wanted to in Stamboul!" interrupted John, who had overheard.

"Not tonight!"

"Come on!" urged the Virginian. "I'll show you the ropes. I shake a mean ankle."

"No, no—"

"All wet!" commented Shirley Frisby to Arthur Hunt, while Gordon Davies was a little hurt, a little astonished, a little sorry for her, and a little sorry for poor old Johnny Perrington.

Better, he thought, if John had married one of his own people. Harriet Hackett, for instance. Not that Davies cared much for Harriet—

He heard Fathma sigh—and he said to her in a whisper:

"Poor kid!"

For he was an understanding person under his drawl, his slanginess, his Southern frivolity. He felt, dimly, something of the adjustment that Fathma was experiencing.

He took Perrington aside.

"John," he told him, "your girl is worn out. Put her to bed. Tomorrow is another day."

"I guess you're right," answered the younger man.

SO they went to their suite. She was white, and her eyes were darkly circled. He looked at her. He was keenly disappointed. He had wanted to show her off tonight, to shout to the world, his own world, his good fortune—and she had shrunk away from his friends, had repelled all their overtures, had seemed stiff and cold.

"What's the matter?" he demanded suddenly. "Didn't you have a good time?"

She read the anger in his eyes, his voice. It roused her own anger.

"No!" she cried. "I had a very bad time—all evening! To—to be kissed by that—that man—that Gordon Davies—who calls himself your friend."

"He *is* my friend!"

"But not mine! How—oh, how did he dare kiss me?"

"For heaven's sake,"—exasperatedly,—"your narrow Oriental prejudices—"

"Is it a prejudice—to be decent?" It might have been her father speaking. "I—I prefer Oriental prejudice to—to—" —she hunted for the right word, went on rather ludicrously,—"to—yes—Occidental—looseness—of conduct—"

"What do you mean—looseness?"

"Just that!" Her eyes blazed. She was very unreasonable, because she was very young and very unhappy. "To be urged to drink—to be kissed by strangers—to see you dance—with women! I—ah—I shall not permit it!"

"Is that so? Well,"—for he too was very young, very unhappy, thus very un-

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reasonable,—"if you do not like it, you can lump it!"

They were silent for quite a while.

Occasionally, furtively, their eyes would meet, then look away at once.

He lit a cigarette with nonchalant deliberation.

She gave a yawn that was a pure product of art.

"I do not like men," she said, speaking to the ceiling.

"And I do not like women," he addressed that same ceiling. "Not one damned bit!"

OF course they meant nothing of the sort. But they behaved as if they did. For it is queer how cruel love can be when two people are young; and queer, too, that a man and a woman should be kindly and considerate to each other, at least in little things, when they are strangers or merely friends, and that the moment the passion of love comes to them, they should deem these little things vital and all-important, and row over them, and be kindly and considerate no longer, and become haughty and stubborn and unforgiving, and hurt each other because of pride. . . . . Yes, it is queer beyond belief what a cold dwelling the pride of youth can make for warm love.

She said:

"Good night!"

He replied:

"Good night!"

She went to her stateroom. She closed the door. She did not lock it.

That was unnecessary.

(East and West! The twain have met and married in this fascinating story—with what dramatic clash of spirit the forthcoming August installment discloses.)

COUNT NO MAN HAPPY

(Continued from page 77)

a year? Fifty-two articles, a thousand words apiece, a dollar and a half a word. Even with all your bloated profits, I suppose you could use another seventy-eight thousand."

Mr. and Mrs. Compton looked at each other; money was still so new that mention of such figures startled them.

"Why, I don't know, Hal," said Compton slowly. "I've said about all I had to say. It wouldn't be fair to rehash the old stuff."

"It would be a big circulation builder, Vic; you'd reach millions of people that you haven't reached yet. Spread your message."

"Of course," Compton began, "if you put it that way—" He broke off, with a grimace. "Hal, I was about to fool myself. It's hard not to fool yourself, when the big money begins to roll in. . . . . No, I wont do it. I wont say anything more till I've got something new to say. Adele and I have more money now than we can spend. . . . . And do you know why I wont do it?" he demanded fierily. "As a sort of thank-offering. I don't believe in anything supernatural, but—"

HE got up, began to stride up and down, puffing at his pipe.

"Hal," he said at last, "I had a piece of great and undeserved good fortune. I wrote this book because I believed it and I thought people needed it. I've seen people making messes of their lives—college students in the twenties, our friends in the forties—because they've thrown away the old code and are trying to do without any code at all. That doesn't work. I thought I saw something that would work better. So I gave up my job, spent every cent I'd saved, threw away all hope of another teaching job, exposed Adele, at forty-four, to the risk of real poverty—all because I believed this was true and ought to be said. Believe it or not, Hal, if they'd told me I was going to be burned at the stake for writing that book, I think I could have got up the nerve to go through with it." He halted, smiling unsteadily.

"And then," he said, "it made me rich and famous. Maybe it's superstitious, but I feel as if I owe something to—to Fortune, for that. I wont write any more till I get hold of something more that's true to me and needs to be told. . . . . You know I'm right, don't you?"

"I'm a newspaper man," said Bartlett. "I'm not sure of anything except that a good comic strip is more precious than rubies; and that the next best thing, right now, would be a syndicate feature by the author of 'Morals for Moderns.' Vic, will you give me first call, if you ever do decide to write for the newspapers?"

"Of course. I owe you that for the splendid way the *Press* has stood by me here in Ridgemont, right from the first."

"You don't owe me anything for that. The *Press* is always glad to support anything that annoys certain powers in Ridgemont. I haven't forgotten how, and why, they threw me out."

"I was thinking more of the news columns," said Compton. "When the book first came out, the *Fress* quoted it by the page, interviewed me, stirred up people to read it and answer me, day after day—and all that was carried all over the country to other papers. I know perfectly well, Hal, that I was made by the newspapers."

"Yes, you were. But you still don't owe me, or the *Press*, any thanks. A good newspaper is as impersonal, in its news columns, as the law of gravitation. Step out of that window, and you'll fall to the ground. The law of gravitation doesn't care whether you're going to fall two feet on to a lawn, or two hundred feet on to a sidewalk. So with an honest newspaper. If you do something that's news, the paper is going to feature it, whether it damns you forever or makes your fortune. It was your luck that when you broke into the news, it made your fortune. But you were always a lucky devil, Vic." Bartlett rose. "I've got to go," he said. "Still got things to do downtown, before I make my train. You people are coming to New York soon, I hope?"

"We are," said Compton. "Alan's sailing in a month—going over to study in the American Academy at Rome."

"Then spend a couple of weeks in New York," Bartlett advised him. "The papers will give you about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of free publicity, with your publishers prodding them on. And the current Mrs. Bartlett is always glad to see my old friends from back home."

Adele had risen; he took her hands, kissed her good-by.

"You'll excuse my not going out with you?" she said. "Ridgemont progresses slowly. We receive in our pajamas, now, but we haven't quite got around to wearing them on the front porch. . . . . Good-by, Hal."

"Yes," said Compton as the two men walked out, "I've always been lucky. Adele— Monogamy would seem the normal state to any man who lived with her. And Alan—I wish you could have seen him, Hal. He's going to be a better man than I ever dreamed of being. The biggest piece of luck I've had was in being able, at last, to give him his start. . . . . Well, good-by, old man. If I ever do any syndicate writing, you'll get it."

Hal Bartlett's car drove away; Victor Compton lingered on the porch, in the mansion that had till lately belonged to old Harrington of the First National Bank, and wondered, with a rather humble gratitude, at the transformation that had enabled him to refuse seventy-eight thousand dollars for a rather refined point of conscience. . . . . Yes, he'd always been lucky—luckier by far than he had ever deserved. . . . .

He heard the telephone ringing, heard his wife answer it.

"Hello. . . . . Yes—Dr. Compton's residence; Mrs. Compton speaking. Who is this? . . . . Who? The *police* station?"

AT the moment when Hal Bartlett rang the Comptons' bell, Alan was ringing a bell on the twelfth floor of Ridgemont's newest apartment house, much favored by childless couples of the young married set. A girl in a rose negligée opened the door. She was slim and young, but her eyes were haggard; the rouge made patches on her pallid cheeks. He closed the door, caught her up hungrily.

"Brenda! Darling!"

She was limp in his arms; when he kissed her, she turned her lips away. He let her go; she walked to the window, stood staring out.

"Well—" She turned and faced him. "I guess there's no doubt about it. . . . . Got any bright ideas about what we're going to do?"

"Yes. It's all right! I was ready to take a job downtown—but I don't have to. Dad told me this morning that he was going to endow me—ten thousand a year. So I can take you to Rome with me—" She shrugged angrily. "I suppose we couldn't leave Ridgemont together," he said. "But people are going to have to know, pretty soon. You could slip away, join me over there. Then, after John gets his divorce, we can be married—"

"But I don't want to marry you."

He felt a simmer within him—countless tiny tingling explosions, all over his body.

"Brenda, you said you loved me—said it again and again—"

"I might have said anything, then. . . . . I thought I did, for a month. . . . . It was as much my fault as yours," she conceded. "John's fault more than anybody's; he ought to have known better than to go away and leave me.

. . . . . But he did; and he's coming home in three weeks. . . . . Well?"

"Please marry me, Brenda! I'm crazy about you, more than ever. When you wouldn't let me see you for two weeks, till last night—it was horrible! I know I could make you happy—"

"Oh, I'm sick of the sight of you!" she screamed. She was standing by the open window; he was afraid the neighbors could hear. "You got me into this," she said. "You've been reading that crazy book of your father's! He thinks grown-up people haven't any rights; that they've got to pay all their lives for what they do. Well, I'm not going to!"

"Not so loud!" He strode forward, seized her; she writhed in his grasp; her clenched fists beat vainly on his chest. "Brenda!" he said. "People would say it was rotten of us to cheat John. Maybe they're right; but you loved me, and I love you. I can't be sorry. But a thing like this— The—the children come first—"

He broke off; through the open window he had seen a woman standing at a window across the court, watching them with gleeful interest—Edna Ferrell. . . . . His arms let Brenda go just as, still struggling, she gave him a terrific shove. The impact sent them both staggering back; the hollows of her knees struck the low window-sill—

He saw two outflung arms clutching wildly at nothing; then two slim silken legs sticking straight up in the air. . . . . He plunged forward, too late; he stared. Into the deep court a bundle of fluttering rose was falling, turning over and over. It struck. An instant of dead silence; then a dull thwack floated up to his ears.

He felt his feet running out, his finger pushing the elevator-bell. Nothing happened. He could picture elevator-boys, hall-boys, casual passers-by, gathering round something in the paved court. If only he could reach her, take her in his arms— There was a fire-stair beside the elevator; he flung open the door, ran down the steps, flight after flight. Twelve flights. He reached the lobby floor at last, stumbled out of the secluded stairway door —white, shuddering, crazed—looking the very picture of escaping guilt, to the policeman who intercepted him in the lobby.

VICTOR COMPTON sneaked home in the dark, and was grateful for it. So much of these last thirty-six hours had been bright daylight; a man couldn't hide from it, even in a lawyer's office—not even in that cold gray building where he had seen Alan, with iron bars between them. . . . . Alan, held on the charge of murder in the first degree; Alan, who would say nothing, even to his father and his mother, except: "I was crazy about her. . . . . She pushed me and fell. She turned over and over." Alan, who was always staring fixedly at something he saw every moment, by daylight or dark—two slim silken legs sticking straight up in the air.

Compton drew the shades on the living-room windows clear down to the sill before he turned on the light. He supposed Adele was lying down somewhere; she hadn't said five words to him, or to anyone but Alan, since she got that call from the police station. He dropped into a chair, touched a lighted match to a pipe he had forgotten to fill. Not much use shutting himself in; even alone, even in the dark, all the mad phantasmagoria of these last two days still assailed his eyes and ears. Reporters everywhere; he could shake them off, but he couldn't escape seeing the papers—the papers that had made him.

They were howling at him, howling at Alan, like a pack of wolves on the trail. Even the *Press*, usually so eager to annoy the vested respectabilities of Ridgemont, was running with the pack this time. The whole story, as Ridgemont saw it, had been summed up in that first headline in the *Press*, a headline he couldn't help seeing, even when he shut his eyes—SEX AUTHOR'S SON SLAYS LOVE MATE.

He couldn't help seeing—they stood out in full-face type—the long passages from "Morals for Moderns" that every paper in town was reprinting, probably every paper in the United States.

IMPERSONAL as the law of gravitation; this was news, whether it damned a man or made his fortune. Beyond question Victor Compton was damned; but that didn't matter now. What mattered was that Victor Compton's book seemed likely to damn his son.

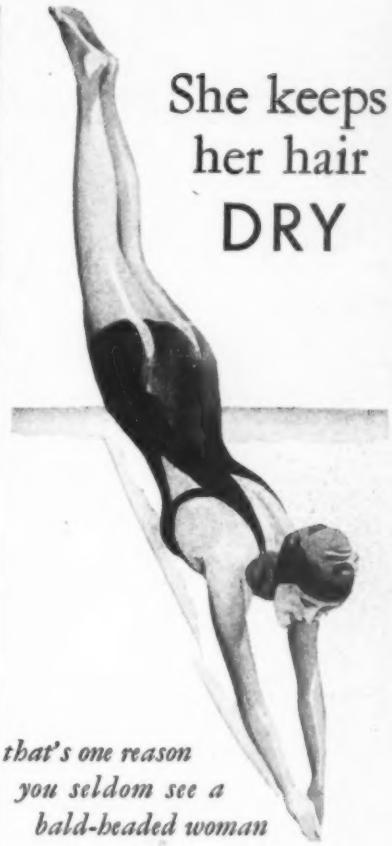
At first he had simply been appalled by a horrible accident; he had never doubted that Alan's innocence would be obvious to anybody who knew Alan. But there was that Ferrell woman, who said she had heard Brenda tell Alan she was sick of the sight of him, who said she had seen them struggling at the window, seen Alan push her out. Hysterical, of course; but her testimony went on the record. Still, even when Alan had been locked up on the magistrate's order, his father had never doubted that they could get him off.

He had gone to his own lawyer—Lucius Leigh, his lifelong friend, the best and most respected lawyer in Ridgemont. And Leigh had said: "Compton, I'm terribly sorry, but I'm engaged in another case that takes all my time. Can't betray the interests of my client, you know."

Then to Marlowe, the second-best lawyer; Marlowe, at least, had been frank: "Compton, I don't dare. If I happened to get an acquittal, I'd have to resign from my clubs. You don't know how much feeling your book stirred up. It was driven underground for a while, but now that we've all seen exactly where that sort of doctrine leads—"

So at last Victor Compton had gone to Brady. To go to Brady was a confession of guilt; but he had no reputation—except for getting the guilty acquitted. Brady had taken a check for ten thousand dollars, and then shrugged.

"Ordinarily," he said, "I'd get a change of venue. But there's no use doing that; your book's known everywhere. In an ordinary case like this, we might get the district attorney to let us plead guilty in the second degree. That means twenty years to life, but you get out in twelve years, if you behave yourself. But no chance of that now; the district attorney's going to run for Governor next year, and if he gets a hanging in this case, the vote will be solid for him. . . . . No, I'm afraid we'll have to fall back on insanity."



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"But that would be admitting that he killed her!" Compton cried. "And he didn't! He couldn't! It's unthinkable!"

"Of course," said Brady soothingly. "But there's that Ferrell woman—a friend of both of them, and a millionaire's daughter. And he was apparently running away. And of course Mrs. Vincent's condition supplies a motive. You and I might not consider it a motive for murder, but the average juryman—"

"But if they've read my book, they'd know that's precisely what I don't admit."

"Hell, do you suppose jurymen read? They haven't read your book; they've heard about it. They'll hear bits of it read by the district attorney; I'll object, of course, but the judge will overrule me. Not the whole book, just choice bits. . . . . No, if we can get some experts to swear he was insane, and even one or two jurors to believe it, we'll be lucky. The judge would commit him to an asylum, of course, but I think we could get him out in a year or two."

Compton stared at him.

"Brady, the boy's almost crazy now. He was in love with her. A year in an asylum, and he'd really go insane!"

Brady shrugged. "We've got to take that chance. There is no other chance!"

So Victor Compton sat in his living-room, behind drawn blinds, absently lighting one match after another and touching them to an empty pipe. . . . . If only he could do something for Adele! But Adele, for thirty-six hours, had been a dead white mask; she hadn't known whether he was there or not. . . . .

A ring at the bell. Voices in the hall. The maid at the door—

"The Bishop is calling."

THE Bishop of Ridgemont was a man of the world—so much a man of the world that his friends sometimes forgot that his professional concerns were otherworldly. For twenty years Victor Compton had known him, as an excellent golfer, a brilliant bridge-player, a polished inspirational orator at Chamber of Commerce luncheons, but there was one character in which Compton had never seen him until tonight—as the right reverend father in God. . . . . He came forward, episcopal sternness overlaid by pastoral charity.

"Compton, my friend—" He paused, smiling. "I suppose you wont let me call you my son? You have long been estranged from the Church. But I venture to come in the name of the Church—yes, and of your old friends—in the hope that I might offer you some consolation."

"He didn't do it!" Compton cried. "You know he didn't do it!"

"I should gladly believe he did not. He was a splendid boy."

"Was?" shrieked his father. "He is! We're going to get him acquitted! Don't talk as if—as if he were gone already—"

"I sincerely hor may persuade the court and jury t ere has been some mistake. And I uld not add to your burden by pointing out the obvious—"

"That my book's a millstone around his neck? Yes," admitted Compton, "I know that."

"If you know that already," said the Bishop, "some good may yet come of this terrible tragedy. We have had an object lesson that the wages of sin is—" Suavely, he suppressed the word. "It's a pity," he said. "These young people, I suppose, were drawn to each other by a feeling that had its deceiving show of beauty. If they had not been ill-advised, Compton—" His voice was resonant in the stillness. "If they, and millions like them, had not been taught that they could safely discard revealed truth, reinforced by two thousand years of human experience—"

COMPTON felt an automatic impulse to self-defense.

"People were discarding the old code before I ever wrote. I recognized that, and tried to give them something to take its place."

"I have never doubted your good intention," said the Bishop. "But when you see to what your teaching leads— Granted this was an accident, Compton—these young people had sinned, a sin that you had taught them was no sin at all."

"That's not fair! I hold that a woman should stick to one man at a time, that a childless wife who falls in love with another man should leave her husband and marry the other. That's what Alan wanted her to do. . . . . As for her being his friend's wife, in his friend's absence—That's a special case; I hadn't thought of it. But I should say they should have waited till they could frankly tell her husband—"

"They should have waited?" said the Bishop. "But human nature overcame them. And there, Compton, is the fatal flaw in your teaching. You're a good man—in intention; a learned man—in abstract ideas. But you don't know human nature as the Church has learned to know it. You think that if men and women are permitted to choose their own way, they will choose the right. The Church knows better."

Compton stared into the cold fireplace.

"What does it matter?" he said wearily. "I don't think you're right. But even if you are, what can I do about it now?"

"Recant! Abjure your errors! Make public confession, to the newspapers, that you see where your abominable doctrine leads! That would undo some of the harm you have wrought; you might save other men's sons from the fate that threatens yours. And perhaps, Compton, you might save your own son too."

"Save my son too? What do you mean?"

"Compton, all your old friends pity you. And they pity that poor boy whom we all loved, and who yielded to an impulse he had been taught to gratify, not to repress. If there is a guilty man, it is you, Victor Compton, not the boy whose character you formed! Nothing the law can do to Alan can bring back that unhappy girl. The most we can hope for, from this tragedy, is a lesson that may save other men's sons and daughters. If you recant, that lesson has been taught. I do not ask you to go all the way, return to the Church. But you have been a stumblingblock to the weak and ignorant. Remove that stumblingblock from their way! That would be a greater service than any vindication of the law."

"You mean—" said Compton. "You mean that Alan—"

"Personally," said the Bishop, "I am convinced that the death was accidental. We have no evidence to the contrary but the words of a frightened, hysterical woman, who can no longer remember exactly what she saw and heard."

"Mrs. Ferrell can't remember?" Compton gasped.

"Mrs. Ferrell," said the Bishop, "belongs to one of our best families, of the old stock. Some of your friends have talked to her father, and he has talked to her. She says that in the first shock she might have told the police anything."

"But they have notes of what she said. They've been printed—"

"The notes may be lost before the trial. The district attorney is prepared not to press Mrs. Ferrell with questions. If your son says it was an accident, the jury will realize that there is nothing to controvert his word—if indeed it ever comes to trial at all. If Mrs. Ferrell changes her testimony, the district attorney will very likely drop the case at once. So you see, Compton, your old friends haven't deserted you. I give you my personal assurance that your boy will not be punished—"

"If I recant," said Compton. "And if I don't my son is hanged." He tried to fill his pipe, gave it up after he had covered his lap with spilled tobacco. "You're surprised," he said, "that I hesitate for an instant. So am I. . . . . But what I put in that book is what I believe—the truth, as I see it. I believe it's true, and I believe it's useful; I believe that if those ideas prevail, people will live better and happier lives. I suppose that faith is—well, my substitute for God."

"Always substitutes!" the Bishop sighed. Compton turned on him fiercely.

"Would you recant what you believe?" he demanded.

"If a man has faith—" the Bishop began.

"He'd die for it? Yes, but I'm not the one they'll hang."

"You are the one they want to hang, my friend. They wont hang Alan for murder; they'll hang you in his person for writing a book. You will suffer more than he, and they know it. . . . . As for recanting—Galileo recanted, despite which the earth still goes round the sun. If you have faith, real faith, in your doctrines—"

"I've heard you preach about Abraham," Compton told him. "His God demanded that he sacrifice his son. Abraham was ready to do it, and you said his faith and submission were splendid. . . . . But you never had a son. I know how Abraham felt."

"Passing over your blasphemy," said the Bishop, "which I am sure was inadvertent, may I point out a difference between the two cases? Abraham's son was spared, at the last moment; a ram was provided instead. In the present instance, there will be no ram."

"AND this," said Compton, "is the favor my friends have done me!"

"Precisely. . . . . Your friends who have watched your progress with pain; your friends, most of whom believe that your son is a murderer; your friends, whose sons and daughters you have led astray. Compton, I think your friends are letting you off rather easily."

"And I suppose you want an answer now? Yes or no?"

"Tomorrow will serve. But don't let it go too long; who knows what Mrs. Ferrell might remember, if she were not

well advised? I shall busy myself in the meantime with writing out a statement, which you perhaps will be good enough to sign and give to the evening papers. It would look better, coming from you."

"Yes," said Compton. "It would. . . . . I'll let you know in the morning."

He walked with the Bishop to the door. When he came back, he found his wife in the living-room. Her white mask had cracked at last; she was glaring at him, with horror and with hate.

"YOU let him go?" she gasped. "Run after him, and call him back! . . . . Yes, I heard you. I'd fallen asleep in the next room; I woke up just now—but I couldn't believe what I heard. I thought I was dreaming, till I heard the slam of the door. . . . . And you let him go!"

He dropped into a chair; he sat with arms and head hanging limp.

"I suppose I'll give in," he said at last. "Deny what I believe, profess what I believe is a lie, give up any attempt to help people out of their troubles—"

"Help people out of their troubles? Aren't you going to help Alan out of his trouble? You! You've always boasted that this was the central point of your doctrine—the children come first. Men and women haven't a right to consider themselves; they must think of their children. If you wont save your own son—"

"It's not myself," he protested. "It's what I've contributed to a better morality—"

"What do you know about morality? You never needed any; you're a one-woman man. You don't know what it means to be pulled between two attractions, two loyalties. . . . . I don't know anything about morality, either; I'm not an intellectual. But I know there's a way to save Alan. . . . . Victor," she said, "have I made you happy? Have you liked living with me—not just at first, but always up till now?"

"Always, my dear. You know that."

"You owe it to Alan," she said. "If I hadn't had a little boy who needed his father and his mother both, I'd have gone to New York with Hal Bartlett, fifteen years ago. I think I could have held Hal; and he would never have left a son of his in the lurch. If you wont save your son—"

"Adele!" he cried. "Good God, I never dreamed—"

"Of course you didn't. . . . . I was over that brainstorm in six months; I've been glad I didn't go with Hal. I've been happy with you—happy enough, anyway. But if you let them hang Alan, I'll never speak to you or look at you again. If you think more of your pride than of your son—"

"Pride? No, that's gone; my reputation too. Victor Compton and his ideas are damned, in the eyes of the public. But I believe them still. There may be a few other people who believe them too. If I deny them now—it's not Alan or me; it's Alan or—well, call it truth."

"Truth?" she said bitterly. "What is truth?"

And, of course, he did not know. He had only faith. . . . .

"Well?" she demanded.

"I don't know—I'm still thinking," he said.

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THE NINTH CHILD OF THE SUN

(Continued from page 73)

mathematicians, another planet *ought* at that particular moment to be; and the ninth, long undiscovered because it is so exceedingly faint, has just been picked up through the aid of calculations made some years ago by Professor Lowell. It is, they say, about the size of the earth, but some forty-five times farther away from us than the sun, and about ten thousand times less bright than anything which can be seen with the unaided eye.

Now, only the finest camera, looking through one of the very best of telescopes, can note the existence of this new addition to our little family of earths. Knowledge of its presence is not likely to make any practical difference to any of us, and yet the average man who reads in the newspaper an account of its discovery, reads with a thrill because he knows that of all the sciences astronomy is the one which has had the most profound effect upon the human spirit. It has not, to be sure, much changed our physical environment; but not even steam or electricity has done so much to make us different from our remoter ancestors as has the knowledge gained by the mind in its voyages through the immensities of space. A man who rides on an electric train need not be essentially different from a man who rides in an ox-cart; but a man who knows his insignificance in the vast scheme of the universe is inevitably a different creature from one who imagines, as the Greeks did, that his little earth is the center of a universe constructed around him. Darwin did something tremendous to us when he showed that man was one among many animals; but Copernicus had already done something even more important when he had showed that our world was only one among many worlds.

WHEN men first began to think, they not unnaturally thought things agreeable to their own egotism. Since they were very important to themselves, they supposed that they were very important to the universe at large, and they constructed an imaginary scheme of things with themselves at the center. It never occurred to them to doubt that everything to be found upon the earth had been put there for their uses; and it never occurred to them to doubt that the universe had been constructed about the little ball upon which they crawled. Thus they arrived at what philosophers call a homocentric explanation of the natural world; as long as they seemed the center of all things, it was reasonable to suppose all things were to be explained by reference to them.

But every step in natural knowledge has taken us farther and farther away from such pleasant fancies. The larger the universe becomes, the smaller is man, and the less likely does it seem either that the universe was made for him, or that its meaning is to be found in his wants or needs. That is the reason why the conclusions of Copernicus were so violently opposed, and why Galileo was made to recant his opinion that the world moves.

If it does, if our earth is only one of many planets, and our sun only one of innumerable suns, then every philosophy and every religion based upon the assumption that man is the central fact of nature totters, and he is left a mere incident—a mere accident, perhaps—in a stupendous scheme. The ninth planet just now recorded on the photographic plate does not change any of this. But it is one more reminder of how right the astronomers who knew where to look for it are, and hence, one more reminder that astronomy has made highly improbable certain thoughts about the world which are so natural that even today men cling unconsciously to them.

SCATTERED through the inconceivable immensities of space are untold thousands of blazing suns, many of which are vastly larger than our own, but many of which are also so far away that only the finest telescopes can glimpse them. Surely if they were put there by any conscious power, they were not put there with direct reference to us; and surely the purpose of the created universe must be, if a purpose exists, one in which our world can count for little. We have no possible need of one hundred billionth part of the space and matter which our telescopes can investigate; but that is not all, for despite all the immensity of space, it is quite within the realm of possibility that nowhere throughout it all does there exist any living thing except upon this speck, the earth.

Life can exist only under certain very particular conditions. There must be air and water, and there must be a temperature which does not vary beyond the limits of a narrow range. We know enough about most of the nine planets about our sun to know definitely that life would be impossible on most of them, and it is extremely unlikely that it exists on any other than this. Thus by far the greater part of our solar system is a complete waste so far as life is concerned; and when we pass to a consideration of the other suns, we find that planets of any kind are probably extremely rare. Professor Jeans has said that calculations show that even after a sun has lived its life of millions of millions of years, the chance is still about a thousand to one against its having a planet; and when to this fact is added the additional fact that the chances are heavily against life's being even possible on any given planet, it becomes apparent that life of any kind—to say nothing of human life—is certainly extremely rare throughout the universe, and quite possibly exists only here.

ASTRONOMY has thus effected a revision of man's ideas about himself more sweeping than that effected by any other branch of human knowledge, for it has taught him that he is not only an accident in the universe, but, it may very well be, a unique accident at that. If we could imagine a traveler moving with the speed of an airplane, he could wander for thousands of years through space without even knowing that we exist or (probably) that any kind of life exists. He would pass from the blazing furnace of one sun through the absolute cold of space to another; he might, very rarely, come upon a little ball like the one just discovered; but he would never dream that on the minor planet of one sun were certain creatures who assume that they were somehow very important.

From the moment when Copernicus made his announcement, men began to suspect that the ideas they had held about their place in the scheme of things were a little ridiculous; but every new bit which astronomers have added to our knowledge of the heavens makes it less and less possible for us to suppose that we count for much. And yet, so deep-rooted are the older ideas, that even now we hesitate to draw the inevitable conclusion. We no longer say quite naïvely that the sun was put in its place so that we might keep warm, and the stars scattered over the sky in order that we might admire them on a summer's night. But we continue to think about things in a fashion hardly less self-centered. We still have hope to find that Nature is working toward some end for us.

Yet however unimportant and however accidental he may be, this creature called man has done some remarkable things for himself; and indeed, he seems more and more capable of doing them as he comes to be more and more aware of the fact that he must do them himself if they are done at all. He has, for instance, begun to comprehend this scheme in which he counts for little. He has measured distances which he could not traverse in a thousand lifetimes; he has stated the laws which govern the movements of bodies thousands of times greater than the earth upon which he lives; he has developed a mind which can calculate where the ninth invisible planet should be; he has invented the eye of a camera which can catch it. But the lesson to be deduced is still the same. He is all in all to himself, though he may be nothing to anything else.

ONCE he looked outside in the attempt to discover the answers to the most important questions. He felt that Nature had a meaning and a purpose in relation to him and that it was his duty to discover what that meaning and purpose were. Now he feels that Nature's purpose, if she can be said to have one, is no part of his; that he must decide for himself what the meaning of life is to him and decide for himself how he ought to behave in order to get at that meaning. Perhaps the realization of the fact leaves him sometimes lonesome and afraid, and when in that mood he wishes that he could once more believe himself under the special guidance and protection of the force which made the sun and stars. But he can no longer believe, as the astrologers once did, that the vast stars which blaze so far away concern themselves with guiding his destiny. The lesson of astronomy is to make him realize that for him the meaningful world is not the one which was created but the one he creates when he does things and decides things for himself.

Since he stands alone, it is well that he should learn from astronomy just how utterly alone that is, but perhaps his real development is only beginning now that he has learned that he can afford to trust in himself: When he wants to know what is

worth doing or wants to know what is right and just he will henceforward consult his own mind and his own heart: He will know that only he can make this world the kind of world he wants it to be; he will be compelled to invent standards and rules and commandments for himself.

Doubtless the human mind which has been able to weigh the sun and to discover the ninth invisible child of the sun can do that also. But whenever any man turns away from himself to ask the universe at large to give him the rules, he had best consider the stars. Then he will realize how necessary it is that he should ask such questions of himself.

THE JUST JUDGE

(Continued from page 47)

An explanation is necessary here, perhaps. The girl had telegraphed to her mother, via Juneau, a few days after leaving New York, that she was en route to Kampost, and the telegraph office in Juneau had put a stamp on the telegraph envelope and sent it up by mail to Kampost. The effect upon Catty had been terrible. For the first time in her life she fainted; and upon regaining consciousness she found herself in Faro Dan's arms, while the Butterfly Kid stood guard at the entrance to the little back sitting-room into which she had been carried. She had handed Faro Dan the telegram; and Faro Dan, being a man of great initiative and instantaneous decision, said:

"Don't worry, Catty. I'll go down and meet the steamer and shoo her back where she came from."

There was nothing in the telegram to indicate why the girl had so suddenly decided to come to Kampost. Faro Dan, however, knew there must have been a very potent reason, since Florence had left school in the middle of the semester. En route down-river in a launch he told himself he must ascertain this reason without evincing any curiosity about it.

He found the girl packing a suitcase in her cabin. He stood outside on deck and lifted his hat. "Miss Florence Devoux, I believe," he mumbled.

She turned. "That's my name, sir. Who are you?"

"A friend of your mother's, Miss; I—"

"Oh, how stupid of me! You're Mr. Tandy, of course."

On the instant Faro Dan detected an odor of rat, but his face had never been more impassive as he replied: "You were expecting Mr. Tandy, of course."

"Yes, rather. In answering his letter telling me of Mother's serious illness, I asked him to arrange transportation for me from the steamer landing to Kampost, and expressed the hope that he would meet me here."

"So he informed me," Faro Dan lied glibly. "Unfortunately he's been took down with pneumony o' the lungs, so I come down to save you the trip up. There aint no use goin' further, Miss Florence, because your mother's left Kampost."

"Is she—dead?"

"Not at all. Some of her real friends finally prevailed on her to sell out her hotel business on account of her health. Health's more important than money, Miss Florence, so your mother finally saw we was right about it and sold out. She went down to Juneau two weeks ago, an' from what I gathered, she must be on her way to San Francisco now." He smiled his most winning smile. "I wouldn't be a mite surprised if she aint headed back to New York to spend the winter with her little gal."

"I'm disappointed, of course, Mr.—"

"Simmons is my name, Miss Florence. Dan Simmons."

"—But so glad you prevailed upon her to leave Alaska before her health was too far undermined. Mr. Tandy wrote me, begging that I should come at once and induce her to leave Kampost. He said she didn't realize how ill she was and refused to sell her prosperous hotel business—that I was the only one whose plea she'd listen to."

"Mr. Tandy forgot your dear mother has some friends closer to her than him. Did he tell you what was ailin' your ma?"

"He said she had tuberculosis."

"She didn't have nothin' o' the sort. What she's got is bronchitis. She's all right in the summertime, but come the cold weather, she coughs fit to make anybody think she's got the consumption. She don't get no rest on account o' coughin' all night, an' Doc Hamby told her she couldn't stand another winter in here, with the temperature sixty degrees below zero."

"What shall I do?" the girl demanded. She was very close to tears.

"Buy a return ticket back to New York and wait there for your mother to arrive. Maybe she'll lay over in southern California a spell to get rid of her bronchitis an' flesh up a little. She was sure worried about comin' home thin to you. It wouldn't surprise me, come to think of it, if she wintered in California and joined you in the spring as a sort o' surprise. You don't get no mail from her in the winter anyhow, so she knows you wouldn't worry about not hearin' from her."

"But I—I haven't enough money to buy my ticket."

"I'll advance that, an' when you meet your mother, you tell her about it an' she'll send me a check."

LYING not being one of the trades at which Faro Dan was proficient, he left her immediately, sought the purser and arranged for the girl's transportation back home. This respite gave him time to consider all angles of Tandy's plot.

He lived aboard the steamer during the three days she was discharging cargo, and taught Florence how to play Russian bank and pangingi. He entertained her with tales of life in remote corners of the world and represented himself as a banker, but neglected to state that his activities were confined to banking a faro game. The girl was sweet, lovely, innocent and refined; Faro Dan had never met a woman like her before and sometimes he felt that he was in the presence of a being from another world.

At parting the girl did something that thrilled and embarrassed Mr. Simmons almost to the point of tears. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him goodby because he had been such a good kind friend to her mother, and also because he

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was such a dear. She told him he was *sui generis*. He stood on the bank and waved a red bandana handkerchief to her until the shallow-draft stern-wheel steamer turned a bend in the river.

Back in Kampost he called upon Doc Hamby. "How's Tandy comin' along?" he queried.

"So-so, Dan. I've had to hire an Indian to keep him in bed. He gets delirious and keeps telling me he's got to get out of Kampost quickly or somebody'll kill him."

"Maybe he aint so delirious as you think, Doc. Is he goin' to get well?"

"Oh, certainly."

"There is a God," said Faro Dan, and went over to the Golden North to tell Catty the happy result of his recent expedition down-river. "Which I stacked the cards on you deliberate, Catty," he concluded. "I aint got what you'd call an alert imagination, and I told her you was already on your way out. I had to tell her something. So now you got to quit an' go out on the next steamer to make good on my lie. However, in order to give you time to get shet of the Golden North, I told Florence maybe you'd spend a few months in southern California, because Doc Hamby'd told you a warm climate was good for bronchitis. I told her, too, she probably wouldn't have no word from you until you showed up in New York next spring, on account you was fixin' to surprise her a lot."

"I'll quit," Catty agreed. "I can't risk this life any longer."

"It's time to quit a boom minin'-camp while the goin's good, Catty. I've stayed too long in more'n one, settin' there, full o' hope an' optimism, like a white chip on a dead card."

"Did you find out what induced Florence to come here?"

He nodded and told her. "It wont happen again," he promised.

IT didn't. After Tandy came out of his cabin to take the sun in the lee of his woodpile, Faro Dan appeared before him. "That low-down scheme o' yourn to break Catty Devoux's heart, an' shame her an' humiliate her an' her daughter, has sort o' back-fired, Tandy," he announced. "The girl came, but I met her at the steamboat landin' an' sent her back. An' she told me all about that letter you wrote her." He gazed at the scoundrel as impassively as a Buddha. "What do you reckon ought to be done to a skunk like you?"

Tandy turned the color of old ivory and stared at Faro Dan like a trapped wolf.

"On account the United States commissioner died while I'm away," Faro Dan resumed, "there aint no law left in Kampost, so the constitutional right o' trial by jury aint in workin' order. Hence, I've elected myself judge an' jury, an' you've been tried an' proved guilty. You got anything to say in your own defense before I pronounce sentence upon you, Tandy?"

But Tandy merely stared at him.

"Mebbe," said Faro Dan, "you're figgerin' on throwin' yourself on the mercy o' the court."

Tandy managed to nod affirmatively to that, and Faro Dan considered the silent plea gravely. "No, I can't trust you," he decided. "If I'm merciful, you'll think I'm weak, an' you'll take advantage of my weakness. The first thing you'll do if I send you down the river will be to write a letter to Catty's girl an' tell her the real business her mother's engaged in. Catty never done nothin' to you 'ceptin' to prove you was partial to your own set o' trained dice, an' as she done that as a favor to me an' the Butterfly Kid, you got to agree, Tandy, that I'd be considerable of a skunk not to protect her when she's in danger. I aint much on law, Tandy, but I'm hell on justice; an' it's the decision o' this court that you've asked to be killed, an' it's up to the court to oblige you."

"Help! *Murder!*" Tandy screamed.

Thereupon Faro Dan drew a small automatic pistol, no longer than a derringer, from his vest pocket and shot Mr. Tandy expertly between the latter's shifty eyes. Then he walked sedately back to town, cleaned his little gun, buried the empty shell, slipped in another cartridge, replaced the gun in his vest pocket and turned in for a siesta prior to going on duty that afternoon in the Golden North.

AS soon as Faro Dan arrived, Catty Devoux sent her bouncer to his table to ask him to come into her office.

"Doc Hamby found Tandy out by his woodpile this afternoon."

"I reckoned Doc would, Catty."

"Doc says he thinks you did it, Dan."

"I have a lot o' respect for Doc's intelligence. I done it, Catty."

"Why? I'm not worth it."

"The kid is," Faro Dan muttered bluntly. "I told you she kissed me, didn't I? Or didn't I? And she said I was *sui generis*, whatever that means."

"It's Latin," said Catty, "and it means there aren't any more at home like you."

"Is that so?" said Faro Dan, brightening visibly. "Well, I sure am complimented, Catty. She's mighty sweet."

That night when Dan closed his game and spread the cloth over his layout, the deputy United States marshal said to him:

"Well, Dan, the coroner's jury says Tandy came to his death at the hands of a party or parties unknown, but recommends that some effort be made to find out. So, as the representative of the law in Kampost, I'm starting with you. I'm hoping you wont offer no objection to accompanyin' me to my little log jail."

"Where's your warrant, Marshal? The only person in Kampost with the right to issue a warrant is the deputy United States commissioner, an' he died o' heart disease a week ago."

"I'm arresting you on suspicion."

"Which I wont be arrested," Faro Dan replied evenly, "until you serve a legal warrant on me. The Butterfly Kid's a-watchin' you, an' if you get rough, you'll go out of office more or less sudden. So I reckon it wouldn't be a bad idea if you was to waive arrestin' me an' lemme go on my own recognizance. I give you my word of honor I wont leave town. I'd even put up bail, but it aint legal to deposit the bail money with you. You might lose it shootin' craps."

"You'd better come peaceable, Dan."

"I'd ruther shoot it out with you, Marshal."

So the marshal did not arrest Faro Dan. Instead he chartered a launch, took on a surplus supply of gasoline and went down the river to Juneau, there to swear to a warrant before the district judge, charging Faro Dan Simmons with murder. And that night the first blizzard of the season arrived a month ahead of time.

The deputy United States marshal did not return to Kampost. Nor did he ever reach Juneau. Months later it was assumed that, since the visibility is so bad in a blizzard, the launch went into one of the numerous rapids in the river instead of around them—thus leaving Kampost quite outside the law.

When the weather cleared, the river was frozen solid and navigation was at an end for that year. However, all signs pointed to a few weeks of clear weather before the winter should arrive in earnest, so Catty Devoux sold the Golden North saloon, gambling and dance-hall, hired a musher and twenty dogs, and went down the river in a sled and back to respectability.

The night before she left, she asked Faro Dan to come with her.

"Why?" he queried bluntly.

"For lack of a better excuse, suppose I say I love you, Dan, and would like to marry you. I wouldn't fool you, Dan. I know you love me."

He smiled one of his rare golden smiles. "I'm sure complimented, Catty; nothin' would suit me better, but—I can't go yet."

"You can," she contradicted. "How much money have you and the Butterfly Kid got?"

"We could split about two hundred thousand."

"I have as much more. Dan, you and I need each other."

"Bein' what I am," he replied, "I reckon I could be mighty happy with you—bein' what you are an' not what you used to be. But I can't go now. I promised that deputy marshal I'd stay in Kampost till he got back with his warrant an' served it—an' he wont be back till spring. An' a new deputy United States commissioner'll come back up with him to try me for killin' Tandy."

"Suppose they prove it on you, Dan?"

He shrugged. "Gambler's luck, Catty. But if they don't convict me, I'll come out as soon as the trial's over."

"Will you look me up?"

"If you leave me your address. . . . . We might buy a little ranch somewhere an' raise chickens. I always did have a leanin' for chickens."

"Kiss me," Catty commanded fiercely. "I'll wait for you to come out."

"It may be a long wait, my dear."

"I'll wait," she promised, and cried in his arms and kissed him over and over and over. Faro Dan couldn't understand why she should love him so, and privately ascribed it to gratitude, for he was a singularly modest man.

WELL, there wasn't any law in Kampost that winter, and before the winter was half over, various law-abiding citizens in the camp commenced to realize this. Kampost suddenly developed a crime wave. The Northern Trading Company's store was burglarized. Quite a quantity of groceries were taken, and the small safe in which Sandy McKenzie, the local manager, kept his coin and gold-dust was carried away. It was found in an alder thicket a week later, with the door blown off. A miner had a wordy quarrel with the Butterfly Kid because the latter changed dice

on him after the miner had rolled craps eight times in succession. The dice were not loaded, but the Butterfly had grown suddenly superstitious and believed in change. So the miner killed the Butterfly, and Faro Dan killed the miner.

While public opinion exonerated Faro Dan on the ground that he had a moral right to protect his business associate, nevertheless the incident revived memories of the mysterious demise of Bob Tandy. Then three masked men held up the Aurora Borealis Club and took all of its bank-roll in sight, and a girl in the Golden North stabbed a customer with an ice-pick. Brawls, verbal and physical, were of nightly occurrence. One Smoky Maguire, proprietor of a saloon and dance-hall, married Diamond Annie and celebrated the wedding for a week; hence Kampost was in an uproar.

Along toward spring a wastrel known only as the Duke took Dutch Marie out on the river for a sleigh-ride, broke through the ice and lost Marie in the river. While nothing tangible could be proved, it was known that the Duke and Dutch Marie had been dwelling together without the sanction of church and state, and some there were who thought it exceedingly bad taste for the Duke to offer some of her diamonds for sale at a ruinous price. Dutch Marie always wore her diamonds in daylight, and the fact that they had not followed her into the river was deemed, by the worldly-wise, to savor more of a miracle than luck.

IT was Sandy McKenzie's uncompromising Scotch nature that precipitated the civic crisis. Laboriously he pecked out on his typewriter a summons for a mass-meeting of all law-abiding citizens at his store, for the purpose of taking steps to stabilize the morals of Kampost. He pointed out that, in the absence of the servants of the law, or the failure or refusal of said servants to enforce the law, it had always been the custom of free men to organize for mutual protection, to formulate and enforce their own laws. Kampost, he declared, must be made safe for the law-abiding and decidedly unsafe for the lawless.

Both elements of Kampost society attended the mass-meeting—the law-abiding with hearts filled with sincerity, and the lawless with heads filled with curiosity. Fortunately the law-abiding had a safe majority, as McKenzie realized when he rose to call the meeting to order. After reciting the numerous crimes and disgraceful brawls that had occurred when the deputy commissioner died and the deputy marshal went down-river, he said he would like to hear suggestions as to the best method of purifying Kampost.

One Tupper thereupon arose and said it would help if they drove the Indians out of the latter's camp down by the river and killed off eighty per cent of the Indians' dogs. Said Sandy McKenzie: "Mon, ye hae the brain of a bairn. Sit down, else I'll knock ye down."

With frivolity thus slain a-borning, as it were, the meeting grew serious. Before it broke up, a vigilance committee of thirty men had solemnly affixed signatures to a rough code for the government of Kampost until the law should put in an appearance in May. Denunciatory speeches were made by many of the Committee, and the Committee elected itself a permanent jury before whom all offenders should be tried. By unanimous consent old "Judge" Borden, the district recorder, who had come into Alaska during the Klondyke days and who had been a justice of the peace in a previous incarnation, and had a reputation for being the most just and incorruptible man in the territory, was elected president of the Vigilance Committee, the position carrying with it that of judge whenever that Committee should function as a jury.

JUDGE BORDEN knew little of the law, but he was courageous, and strong on equity. Sandy McKenzie was elected public prosecutor, with authority to enforce appearance before the Committee of all persons charged with an offense against the extremely sketchy statutes made and provided. Mr. McKenzie thereupon decided to commence operations by bringing Faro Dan Simmons to the bar of justice for the murder of Bob Tandy, and in an impassioned speech demanded that the Committee meet at nine o'clock the following day, make inquiry into the Tandy case, and provided the evidence appeared to justify it, to hang Faro Dan for murder. The suggestion was seconded and carried unanimously.

When the Vigilance Committee met, Doctor Hamby was the first witness called. He testified to the finding of Tandy's body, to the nature of the wound that had caused Tandy's death, and to the fact that, during the latter's illness he had, in moments of delirium, begged to be taken out of Kampost, on the ground that if he remained somebody would kill him. Tandy had not mentioned the name of his possible assailant, and it was possible he did not know who would kill him—possible also that his fear was the result of his delirium during periods of high fever. On the other hand, Doc testified, it was equally possible that Tandy really had feared a violent death and that in his delirium he voiced the fears of his subconscious mind.

Under the shrewd questioning of McKenzie, Doc Hamby testified that Faro Dan had manifested an alert interest in Tandy's welfare—had voiced to him, Doc, the opinion that perhaps Tandy wasn't as delirious as Doc thought; that he had inquired if Tandy would get well, and upon being assured that Tandy would, had remarked that there was a God—and walked off.

Another witness testified to having heard a voice, presumably Tandy's, shriek "Help! Murder!" at about ten o'clock on the morning of Tandy's death—which, according to Doc Hamby's testimony, would appear to have been the approximate hour of Tandy's demise. The witness had heard a sound which might or might not have been the report of a pistol. He had not thought it a pistol shot at the time, because it sounded more like a small firecracker. This testimony dovetailed in with Doc Hamby's testimony that a very small caliber bullet had killed Tandy, albeit the bullet had not been recovered.

Two witnesses then testified to the fact that Faro Dan had killed the miner who slew the Butterfly Kid, and that the weapon Dan employed for that job was a

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.25-caliber vest-pocket automatic. A reputable housewife testified that at about nine o'clock on the morning of the murder she had seen Faro Dan walk through Kampost and out in the general direction of Tandy's cabin, that at a quarter past ten she had seen him walking back. There were any number of witnesses to prove a motive for the crime. It was well known in Kampost that Faro Dan and the Butterfly Kid were partners in the gambling business, that Tandy had been accused by both men of having introduced loaded dice into the Kid's craps game, that Catty Devoux had ordered him not to come into the Golden North again and that the Butterfly Kid had supplemented the order with a blow, that on or about that time Faro Dan had been very indignant and had stated frequently that it would be a most meritorious act to kill Tandy.

THROUGHOUT the trial Faro Dan had sat calmly by, smoking. When the prosecution's testimony was all in, Judge Borden said to him: "Daniel, you have refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of this Committee. You have declined to plead guilty or not guilty. While I admit that this Committee is—er—ahem—extra-legal in a sense, nevertheless I would remind you that all law is the result of a mutual understanding on the part of a majority of the citizenry of a community as to what constitutes a crime against society. I believe that in the absence of any duly constituted territorial authority in Kampost,—in view of the social conditions here obtaining,—the citizens of Kampost have a moral, legal and ethical right to organize for protection until such time as a new deputy United States commissioner shall have been appointed by our government. You are being given a fair trial, and you have declined counsel. If you care to conduct your own cross-examination of the witnesses, it is your privilege so to do."

"They told the truth, Judge," Faro Dan replied. "Far be it from me to try to trap 'em into sayin' somethin' else an' gettin' them in wrong with their feller-citizens."

"Have you any statement to make in your own defense? If you have, I advise you to make it before the jury retires to deliberate on a verdict."

"Who sets the penalty, Judge?"

JUDGE BORDEN squirmed. "Certainly not the judge of this court. The Vigilance Committee—that is, the jury, will set the penalty and carry it out. If I am a judge of the temper of the Committee, it will, upon finding you guilty, hang you forthwith to the nearest tree." His tone changed to one of pleading. "Dan, for God's sake, don't be obstinate. If you killed Tandy and had a real, valid man's reason for doing it, speak up and say so. This Committee is not unreasonable."

But Faro Dan shook his head. "If I did that, Judge, I'd have to drag a lady's name into it—two ladies, in fact. An' both ladies are plumb respectable."

His Honor sighed. "Then you admit having killed Tandy?"

"I admit nothing."

"I greatly fear you have, Dan. Come now, tell us the facts in the case."

"But, Judge, all you got ag'in' me is circumstantial evidence, an' you can't hang a man on circumstantial evidence."

"Theoretically, no. Nevertheless it would require quite a large cemetery to contain the men who have been hanged on circumstantial evidence. There is such an element in the mind of a juryman as moral certainty."

"I wont admit nothin'," Faro Dan replied doggedly, "except to say that this skunk Tandy wanted killin'. He tried to ruin one woman's reputation in a quarter where her reputation counted, and to do that he had to break the hearts of two women. A man found this out, and proved it by one reputable witness and a letter Tandy had written. There bein' no law in Kampost at the time, this man elected to try Tandy himself. He was judge an' jury; he found the feller guilty; an' after pronouncin' sentence o' death upon him, he carried out the sentence himself. An' you can hang me if you care to, but I'll not tell that man's name."

"Ah," Judge Borden murmured. "You have made a statement that will carry weight with this jury, provided you can prove it. I think every real man in this room will agree that if Tandy did that, he deserved killing. Suppose you produce the two ladies in question and the incriminating letter, if you have it. Such testimony would greatly clarify the case."

"The letter wasn't mine an' I haven't got it. Also the two witnesses live in the United States an' I wouldn't disgrace 'em by askin' 'em to come up an' testify in my behalf. Judge, I just couldn't do it, because that would reveal the disgrace they was saved from, an' which one of the ladies don't even suspect as yet. An' as far as I'm concerned, she never will suspect it."

"How about the other lady? Is she informed of the facts?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Does she know who killed Tandy?"

"Yes, I told her."

"Dan, I advise you to make a clean breast of this whole affair, without mentioning names. I assure you your statement will carry weight with this committee. If you did not kill Tandy, you have admitted you know who did, and by refusing to name the murderer, you make of yourself an accessory before and after the fact."

"That's my hard luck, Judge. I just wont tell. The man who killed Tandy had as much legal right to kill him for his crime as you have to organize, try me an' mebbe hang me for a crime you can't really prove I done. An' that's all I'm goin' to say on the subject, exceptin' that I thank you, Judge, for your interest an' fairness an' friendliness, an' if there's no objection I'll go out an' git my lunch now an' leave the jury to its deliberations. I'll be at my cabin when you send for me."

"Ye'll stay where ye are!" Sandy McKenzie ordered.

"I'm *goin'*," said Faro Dan grimly, and drew two small automatic pistols from his vest pockets. "An' there's a lot o' hard luck comin' to the man that tries to stop me."

"Gentlemen," said Judge Borden, "you will retire to your deliberations. Under the circumstances you will excuse me from charging the jury, and as judge, I may not join in your deliberations. I'm going to lunch myself, and will be back at one o'clock. I will be responsible for the appearance of this defendant in court after you have arrived at a verdict."

"I give you my word of honor, Judge, I'll come back with you peaceable an' hand you my guns before we start back." And Faro Dan replaced his small but deadly weapons in his vest pockets; together he and the Judge walked forth into the snow that fell so heavily and silently over Kampost. Faro Dan took the Judge's arm in his, and they walked on in silence.

"Well?" said the Judge presently.

"I'll tell you all the ins an' outs of this case," Faro Dan replied affably, "because I can trust you. You're a gentleman, an' you never talk out o' your turn; besides which you're a man of honor. You wouldn't know how to do a crooked deed. You're incorruptible, an' every man in the territory of Alaska knows it." And thereupon he told Judge Borden he had killed Tandy and why.

THE Judge made no comment—not a syllable. When the tale was done, he said: "Let's eat at the Owl Restaurant, Dan. Today's Thursday, and they'll serve the most excellent corned-beef hash."

Together they returned to the headquarters of the Committee, to discover that the Committee was deadlocked on a verdict. "Reckon I got fifteen friends an' fifteen enemies on this jury," said Faro Dan, "an' one thing I'm sure of. My friends will stick by me till they grow oranges in Kampost."

"Is there any hope of your reaching a verdict?" the Judge inquired.

"No!" A unanimous reply from Faro Dan's supporters.

"Under the rules governing this Vigilance Committee, a verdict must be reached within four hours. At the mass-meeting which elected this committee, it was unanimously agreed that there should be no hung juries—that in the event of a failure of two-thirds of the jury to decide on a verdict, the prisoner was to be discharged, but that in the event of a tie vote, some method of deciding the deadlock must be devised, since a tie vote argues as strongly for guilt as it does for innocence. Personally I voted against this rule and I still protest against it."

"Well, I don't," said Faro Dan cheerfully. "There aint no sense in wastin' the time of our citizens, so let's get down to business. Judge, I'll cut the cards with you. High or low. High, I'm innocent. Low, I git hung."

"Nothin' doing," a juryman protested. "Dan Simmons can do things with cards none of us know nothin' about. He can cut cards and draw high, because he's handled cards all his life. I've seen him do tricks with cards—so his proposition don't go."

Judge Borden gazed sadly upon Faro Dan. "I think that objection is well taken, Daniel, and in consequence the court sustains it. Moreover, under the rules, the court alone has the right to devise the method of deciding a tie vote. Therefore, gentlemen, with your permission, I will retire for about an hour to think the matter over."

HE left the courtroom and was gone exactly half an hour. When he returned, he said: "The court has decided

to roll the bones, one flop, odd or even, with the defendant. Odd, he wins; even, we lose. Is that method satisfactory?"

A chorus of "Yes!" answered him.

"In the event he loses, what is the sentence?"

"Murderers git hung," said the foreman of the jury.

The silence which followed that announcement predicated unanimous consent. "I aint got no grudge ag'in' that," Faro Dan announced. "My friends on the jury aint willin' to find me guilty on the evidence, but if I'm found guilty by the dice, they'll agree I had a fair trial an' let me git hung. I'd do the same myself."

"Somebody," said the Judge, "produce a pair of dice."

Three pair of dice were flung on the table before him. He selected a green pair. "I will investigate these dice," he then announced, and tossed them half a dozen times, with varying results. "They appear to be honest dice, gentlemen. Dan, will you throw first?" And he tossed the dice to Faro Dan, who rattled them in his palm an instant and threw them out.

"Eight—and even," the Judge announced. "If the court throws an even number also, the contest is a tie and must continue until one throws an even and the other an odd."

Judge Borden moistened his lips; he reached into his pocket, drew forth a bandana handkerchief and wiped his brow. He put the handkerchief back in his pocket with his right hand and reached for the dice with his left. He rolled them in his cupped hands and threw them.

"Seven—and odd," Sandy McKenzie announced. The Judge sat back and thrust his hands into his coat pockets. His calm judicial gaze swept the room; his hands came out of his coat pockets, and in each hand was a small automatic pistol belonging to Faro Dan.

"The defendant is discharged," he declared, and passed both the guns to the defendant.

FARO DAN walked out of the courtroom. He stood on the porch a moment and gazed about him. The sky was blue—a portent that spring would soon come to Kampost. The snow had ceased falling, and down by the river the Indians' dogs were howling; from the dark blur of forest above Kampost a wolf answered them; overheard a great wedge of wild geese was flying into the south.

Faro Dan breathed deeply, for it was good to be alive, good to know that somewhere down there where the wild geese were flying there was a haven for him—at last. He and the Butterfly Kid had had a partnership, but it had been entirely verbal. Neither had any heirs, and it had long been understood between them that if and when one of the partners died, the firm's bank-roll belonged to the other in its entirety.

"Two hundred and twenty-eight thousand, more or less," Faro Dan muttered. "Well, I'm out o' business. The ice will begin to break in the river within a week, an' a month later the steamboat will come up on her first spring trip. Well, birds of a feather should flock together—an' I'll be heading home to Catty. Six per cent on my roll is twelve thousand a year—an' twelve thousand a year is enough if we don't buy diamonds. An' Catty never wore 'em! An' I'll daddy that nice girl an' trust to God we'll hole up in some quiet town where we wont meet folks who knew us when."

He strolled over to his cabin, on the way to his door noticing footprints in the snow. The footprints led to his front door, then turned and went around to the rear entrance.

"I've had a visitor while bein' tried for my life," Faro Dan decided, and let himself in. On the shabby old rug in his combination dining-room and sleeping quarters he observed a small wet spot; he saw that a drawer in the rough homemade bureau was partially open.

"Dang this here crime-wave," Faro Dan soliloquized. "I been burglarized!" He went to the back door and found that it had been jimmied free of the lock with a short crowbar. Indeed the crowbar lay

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Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

on the kitchen table. "Dropped a little snow off hisself in front of the bureau, an' it melted," he decided. "Wonder what the sucker's took?"

He investigated carefully and finally came to the conclusion that his sole possessions that were missing were the pair of green dice Catty Devoux had taken from Bob Tandy and given to Faro Dan, and which he had placed in his bureau drawer. While he was wondering who could have taken them, Judge Borden walked in on him.

"Well, Dan," he announced, "I suppose congratulations are in order. I couldn't evince any sentiment in the courtroom, but now that we're alone, I do most heartily congratulate you."

"Thank you, Judge," Faro Dan replied. "Under the circumstances I'm wonderin' if we shouldn't hoist one?"

"We should by all means, Dan."

So they hoisted. Faro Dan raised his glass, looked through it and then at the Judge. "I drink," he said, "to a just and incorruptible judge, to a man so honest there aint a man in the territory of Alaska that would dream of criticizin' his decisions. God bless you and long may you live—you danged old crook!"

The Judge smiled a bit sadly. "Daniel, if we're to be judged by the worst we do, rather than the best, a lot of us would be in awfully hard luck, wouldn't we? You rolled the bones, one flop, for your life; but both you and society got an honest run from honest dice. You might remember I mopped my fevered brow with my handkerchief just before you rolled, and then returned the handkerchief to my pocket. All eyes were on you; nobody was looking at me; so I got my crooked dice in my right hand, the said dice being in my pocket all the time. I reached for the honest dice with my left hand after you'd thrown an eight and even—and palmed them for the educated dice. I was wholly without fear as to the outcome, having tested the ability of my dice before appearing in the courtroom; I knew that no matter how often we shook you were bound to win, because you'd chosen even. However, it didn't make any difference. If you'd chosen odd, I would have tossed you the trained dice and rolled the honest dice for society. Daniel, the truth is mighty and must prevail, and an open confession is good for the soul. If you hadn't trusted in my integrity not to reveal your confession,—if you hadn't confessed,—we might have been up Salt Creek without a paddle, because I would never have known that your trouble with Bob Tandy started over those crooked dice. Having that information in my possession, however, it occurred to me that the dice would be among your effects or those of our late lamented friend the Butterfly Kid; and since you and the Butterfly shared the same cabin during his lifetime, naturally the search was considerably narrowed. Fortune favored us in another way, for it was snowing to beat four of a kind when I called at your cabin, and I was quite certain nobody would see me, the flakes were so thick."

The Judge raised his glass. "Well, Daniel! Pleasant green fields!"

THEY drank. "You sure handled them dice like an expert," Faro Dan said admiringly.

"And why not?" the just Judge retorted. "When I was a very young man—many years before I discovered that honesty is the best policy—and subsequently established a reputation for incorruptibility—I made a living betting the credulous that the pea wasn't under the walnut shell they had seen me place it under." His Honor smiled. "And besides," he concluded irrelevantly, "I always did like Catty Devoux. I always figured she assayed more pure gold than country rock."

"Judge," murmured Faro Dan, "you're *sui generis.*"

"Maybe so," the Judge replied, "but I've been good to you, so I don't see why you should call me names!"

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL

(Continued from page 93)

on Queen Mary's. The smallness of my engagement ring—everything!"

"You say money was at the root of the trouble. But Jeff's father was rich."

"That was the report Daddy had of him in his *dossier*—or rather that he was presumed to be rich. Mummy, you must remember, had always planned to marry me to money. But there was a doubt about Mr. Stanhope. He had a bad habit of putting his name on the notes of friends. On the other hand, Jeff assured me that his father was worth several millions. He'd never found the least difficulty in extracting money from him. 'Dad, I'm hard up,' he'd say—and Dad would shell out anything from a hundred to three hundred dollars. But let's leave Jeff's people for the moment.

"Mummy was determined to set an example of munificence, however the Stanhopes acted. Their turn to support me would come later. Having brought me up like a princess, she was going to polish me off like a princess. She chose a French house in New York to make my wedding-gown because it had the power to get my bridal portrait into the papers. Mummy gloried in the publicity, and in heaping coals of fire on the Stanhopes' heads.

"'Well, there's one thing,' she consoled herself; 'neither I nor your daddy need meet them again when once you've started on your honeymoon. It's too ridiculous that I should be a mother-in-law with that Stanhope woman. People could mistake me for her daughter, with her armor-plated gowns.'

"Poor Mummy, as you're aware, has the youth complex. In her heart she believed that she was the one who ought to have been getting married. A son-in-law was a milestone—almost a tombstone. A woman old enough to possess a son-in-law can't kid herself that she looks young enough to pass for thirty. Moreover there was worse to come; within a year she might find herself a grandmother. Were that to happen, she would only make herself a laughing-stock with her beautifying pilgrimages to Vichy.

"So for a variety of reasons smothered hatreds spread and smoldered. On the surface, however, our two families were hypocritically amiable. Each boasted about the other's influence, high connections and financial importance. Mummy referred to Jeff as a rising young stock-broker. *Rising* was right, since he was earning thirty per week. Jeff's mother introduced me to her friends as the heiress to the fortune of the rich Harry Angel. Her words conveyed that meaning though they didn't state it explicitly.

"'But wasn't their engagement very sudden?' some tactless person would ask.

"For an engagement to happen suddenly isn't reckoned respectable. So a legend had to be invented. Mummy was its originator. The reason other suitors had never stood a chance with me was that Jeff and I had been secretly engaged almost from the night of my coming-out. Of course, when the lie had been told, I had to subscribe to it. I wasn't a bit ashamed of how I'd become engaged. To have to lie made me feel shabby."

I shrug my shoulders.

"My dear Mary, the truth would have sounded rather shabby."

"I wish you'd view the situation through my eyes." Her voice becomes querulous. "Why must you pick holes in me? I was longing to be sincere as never before in my life. I found myself drowning in a rising tide of falsity. All Mummy's attitudes were artificial. I was in love—that was the one fact to which she attached no importance. She attached so little importance to it that dressmakers' fittings, wedding-announcements, almost any triviality took precedence over getting to know Jeff better. When he came to the house, it was to find me so busy that I had hardly time to spare on him. If I snatched a few minutes, Mummy made a three-some of a two-some.

"Let me tell you, since you're a bachelor, that to play a three-some at courting is a darned sight more irritating than to play it at golf. Directly you start to do any cuddling, there's always some one behind you yelling: 'Fore!' When I expostulated with her, she explained that an engaged man alone with his baby-doll wasn't to be trusted. Having paid a deposit, he might get to sampling. If the sample didn't come up to expectations, he might cancel negotiations. That was why she was clothing me with mystery—treating me as a rare volume after having permitted any chance reader to thumb me. I couldn't get her angle and said so.

"'Most engagements are broken,' she replied, 'through too much prenuptial familiarity.'"

MARY bumps me with her stockinged feet. "You're staring into space. Am I boring you?"

"Not at all, Mary. You're only destroying the day-dreams of a bachelor. I was thinking how different your account of an engagement is from anything I'd imagined."

"Pray, what did you imagine, you idealistic old darling?"

"Kisses, orange-blossoms, and wedding-bells," I grimace.

"They come later." She brushes the bobbed hair from her eyes. "The next thing that occupied my attention was presents. They all had to be catalogued, and little gushing notes of gratitude hurried off."

"Why catalogued?" I ask.

"The very question I put to Mummy. You'll grin at her answer. It throws a search-light on what cynical affairs weddings are. She said that a catalogue was necessary, so that there might be no dispute as to which presents had come from my friends and which from Jeff's."

"I call that looking for trouble," I object. "To dispute over who gave you your presents, you'd have to be hard up for a quarrel."

"Silly—you're missing the point," she snubbed me. "Mummy was long-headed. I wasn't married yet; she was taking precautions in case I should be divorced. The catalogue would compel Jeff, if ever we separated, to divide things fairly. But don't interrupt; I'm anxious to get over this part of my story.

"As the presents arrived, Mummy pounced on them like a hawk on chickens. Those from Jeff's friends were scrutinized carefully. If they hadn't been bought at Fifth Avenue stores they were held up to contempt. One might have supposed that the sole purpose of marrying was to wheedle presents—that a girl's bestowing of her body and soul on a man was a means to an end. I simply wasn't interested. The only reason I was marrying was Jeff. I hadn't looked a day beyond the honeymoon. Jeff found me one evening bleary-eyed with scribbling notes of thanks. Against Mummy's protests he kidnaped me. The moment we were in the car, he trod on the gas.

"'This has got to stop.'

"Too raging for words, he drove clear out into the country. When I tried to speak to him, he paid me no attention. He kept his eyes on the road as if he couldn't bear the sight of me. Wounding—I'll say it was!

"I'LL never forget that drive. It was a bleak March evening with a melancholy touch of spring in the air—fields sodden, scarcely a sign of greenness, daylight fading. I could feel Jeff hating me. Anger made him handsome. If he'd seized me by the throat, I'd have blessed him for the compliment. His not desiring to touch me was the hardest thing to bear. Turning into a lane, he jammed on the brakes.

"'What's the great idea?' he snapped viciously. 'If I've the smallpox, you'll catch the contagion on the honeymoon.'

"He was cruel and babyish. He didn't care a damn whether I replied or remained silent. He'd collected a list of grievances as long as your arm. Gee! I was sorry for him. They were the same grievances that I've been voicing to you, only he phrased them heaps more vigorously. What did he care about a public wedding and a lot of fools craning their necks at him? I was the person he was marrying—not my family. What the dickens did my mother think he'd do to me if we were left alone for a second? Within a week I was going to be left alone with him for fifty years. If he were so dishonorable that he couldn't be trusted with me now, why trust him when he'd have a legal right to me?

"'Or perhaps you're the one she doesn't trust,' he surprised me. 'Lord knows, I never supposed you a shrinking violet.'

"You see, he'd learned about the boys I'd jilted, my hundred-and-one flirtations.

"'Now that you're engaged to a man who wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, what's the fool notion of sticking you in a show-case? The time to have locked you up was when you were running like a cat on the tiles.'

"He wasn't flinging my past at me, he assured me. It cut no ice with him how I'd acted before we met. The point was that from the moment he'd expressed his intention to become my husband, my people had treated him as a crook who was trying to steal what didn't belong to him.

"'It's hell getting married on a shoestring,' he stormed on. 'We're both ignorant of whether we can afford it. For myself I don't care; it's of you I'm thinking. Our two old men are standing pat like a pair of poker-players. God knows what they hold in their hands—a pair of twos, or four aces. They're each waiting for the other to bid first!"

"Having got that off his chest, he sat quiet. He looked such a silly little boy that I slipped my arm around his neck.

"'Jeff, darling!'

"'I guess love's fine to read about,' he grunted; 'but the world's full of cheats.'

"'Meaning me?' I said. I'd left the car and was hurrying down the muddy lane when he came dashing after me.

"'Whatever put that into your head? I've been starving for you.'

"He wanted to elope. I canned his suggestion. We would gain nothing by affronting our parents. If we allowed them to believe that they were managing us, they would have to foot the bill for the privilege.

"'Only one week more of tyranny,' I pleaded.

"'Tyranny's right,' he growled. 'Once we're married, they'll have to lay off.'

"We returned to the car and seated ourselves on the running-board. Between bouts of love-making, he sketched for me his autobiography, which except for the difference of sex was much the same as mine. Funny—wasn't it?—that the first chance I had really to know him was a week before the honeymoon. His character, he asserted, had been weakened by subsidizing. To get their own way his parents had bribed him with lavish tips. He'd been drugged into a false security by the supposition that his father's affluence was his own. He had the use of servants, horses, automobiles—none of which belonged to him.

"Too late he'd awakened to the fact that not a solitary thing that created his appearance of prosperity belonged to him. Worse still, he'd been trained to do nothing practical. You couldn't hire yourself out on the plea that you were a gentleman. While he'd been treating life as a holiday, the sons of sweatshop workers had been studying special courses at Columbia, burning the midnight oil, sacrificing to accumulate knowledge. They'd required no one to tell them that life was a battle, which was what it was. His father had delayed tearing the bandage from his eyes till he was on the point of

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marrying. Now he was full of niggardly maxims, 'cutting one's garment according to the cloth'—muck of that sort. He'd been grossly unfair if after having educated his son to expensive tastes and placed him in a position to marry a girl with tastes equally expensive, he proposed to wash his hands of him. If from the start that had been his intention, he ought to have apprenticed him to a trade."

"BUT what did you have to say, Mary Angel?"

"Now what would I? Be yourself. Everybody gets an attack of nerves before marriage. If I'd taken him seriously, I might have lost him. I soothed him, of course, with the assurance that both our fathers were bound to come across. For their pride's sake, after having spent a fortune on our wedding, they couldn't let us exist on a less sum than they paid their chauffeurs.

"The moon was rising. You know what the moon does to lovers. It did it to us. We talked ourselves into a delirious mood of optimism. 'All in the wild March morning we heard the angels call'—if it wasn't morning, it was long past midnight when Jeff returned me to my doorstep.

"Mummy and Daddy were both sitting up for us with a pile of verbal brickbats. Mummy had worked herself into a panic. 'What would the neighbors think?' I might have retorted, 'Nothing worse than they'd thought a thousand times before.' Sharp words followed, in which Jeff was informed that if the wedding-announcements hadn't been sent out, our engagement would have been canceled. His reply was that a few printed cards shouldn't be allowed to weigh against my future happiness. He accused Mummy there and then of doing everything for the sake of appearances. Daddy called him an impertinent jackanapes. The fight was on. The amount of mud slung was appalling.

"Suddenly Mummy turned her guns on me—hoses rather than guns, squirting sentiment. She begged me before it was too late to consider whether Jeff was the proper man to whom to entrust my happiness.

" 'You've had so many passing fancies,' she urged tactlessly. 'Marriage isn't a flirtation. It's a sacrament ordained by God.'

"Probably you've noticed, Uncle Biff, how mothers invariably drag God into a discussion when they want to bolster a shaky argument. The divine right of mothers! They never fail to appeal to it when they're cornered. She of all persons had no license to adopt this lofty tone. Marriage for her had been a meal-ticket. She followed up her advantage by warning me that a man who before marriage could high-hat the woman who bore me, was capable of showing me even less respect when he'd got me in his power.

" 'Rot!' Daddy intervened sensibly. 'What I do say, Mary, is that if you have any doubts in your mind, it's easier to get rid of a fiancé than a husband.'

" 'She has so few doubts,'—Jeff glared at him,—'that we almost eloped tonight!'

"He drew me into his arms.

" 'Let them yelp, darling.'

"The moment he was gone, a lecture commenced on the responsibilities and obligations of matrimony. Had I foreseen that we might have children? I replied that if I hadn't, I'd be an imbecile. All right, then. But had I foreseen that in choosing a life's partner I was marrying his family?

"I cut the lecture short by pleading a headache.

"Next morning everyone rose ashamed and sorry; and Jeff did the handsome thing. He called while we were still at breakfast and apologized. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope put in an appearance. Daddy was phoned to return post-haste from the office. Tea was served. Compliments flew. The only reference to what had occurred was Mrs. Stanhope's: 'Young people are liable to become so excited.' They were all afraid of scandal if the match were broken off. At last they'd stumbled on one emotion that united them. After a round of gossip, Mummy suggested that Mr. Stanhope and Daddy should retire to the study where their privacy would be uninterrupted.

"I can still see Mr. Stanhope's expression as he was shoo-ed up the stairs—benevolent, unwilling and tom-cattish. I can see his expression an hour later when he descended—genial, wary and still tom-cattish. Suave old boys of his sort can get away with murder.

"My future parents-in-law embraced me at departing, saying that already they considered me their daughter. The door had scarcely closed when Mummy was questioning Daddy.

" 'How much?'

" 'He promised to do what was just. Said Jeff had been pampered; that he had confidence in him, but was reluctant to cramp his efforts,' Daddy answered.

" 'Passing the buck! Well, if he fancies we're going to support his son—'

"I ducked into my bedroom."

"ONE minute," I halt her. "You accused your mother awhile ago of trying to eat her cake and have it. Seems to me, young lady, that's what you and Jeff were doing. You engaged yourselves without consulting anybody's convenience. You led off in a high-handed manner, as though you were self-sufficient and prepared to face the consequences. Having entangled everybody, it turned out that you weren't as independent as you'd fancied; you expected the parents whose authority you'd flouted, to finance you."

"And why not?" She pounces on me. "They'd accustomed us to luxuries till they'd become our necessities. If we were performing dogs, they'd taught us our tricks. For the first time, in selecting each other, we'd decided without them. That was what made them sore; but it didn't give them the privilege to disown responsibility for us."

"I'm afraid, my dear," I cough apologetically, "you don't regard these matters from a man's viewpoint. We'll leave you out of the picture. Consider Jeff: He was well aware that his resources didn't entitle him to marry you. If he couldn't support a wife of your social station, it wasn't manly of him to have asked you. On thirty dollars a week he ought not to have aspired to a stenographer."

"What a class-ridden old idiot you are!" she cuts me short. "The poor devil couldn't help himself; he was wild about me."

"I've been wild to own a Rolls-Royce."

"Jeff naturally fell in love with a girl in his social circle," she rushes on. "Naturally, having fallen in love, he was mad to marry. It was unreasonable to expect that at his age he could earn the salary of a man past forty. His father would have to leave him his money some time; he couldn't take it with him to the grave. He'd placed his son in an utterly false position, if—" She doesn't give herself time to finish the sentence. "Jeff was on the level—which is a darned sight more than I can say for your generation. Here's how white his conduct was: You must remember that his father had conferred with my father, but that he himself had never been given the chance to discuss ways and means with Daddy. Our elders had been determined to manage everything and to treat us as a pair of incompetents. They'd managed so brilliantly that with the wedding six days distant, they were still haggling, each afraid to pledge assistance lest he'd let the other off. The evening following Mr. Stanhope's visit, Jeff demanded an interview with Daddy and made a clean breast of his prospects: the sum he was earning; the three thousand allowance from home that he was receiving. To this he added that to the best of his belief his father was several times a millionaire, so that a little extra generosity wouldn't hurt him. He was honest in hinting that he'd counted on my family to continue my pin-money.

"Daddy didn't return his frankness. It was for Mr. Stanhope to open the bidding by sweetening the pot. He read Jeff a lecture on what was usual under such circumstances. The bridegroom's father was the person who should declare his hand. He ought to buy his son a partnership, and so forth. A man in his position couldn't be asked to hand over his daughter on the strength of a lot of guff."

"That clinched the matter?" I suggest.

"How little you know about human nature!" she scorns me. "Daddy should have taken this strong attitude long before. But he'd been outmaneuvered. The house was jammed with wedding-presents. We'd have to send them all back if the engagement was broken off."

"HUMPH!" I hide my mouth with my hand. "So it's your Daddy's turn to be blamed? I've been wondering whether he'd be allowed any say at all. This is the first time you've mentioned that his wishes were consulted."

"They never were." Mary gives a hard little laugh. "I never remember that he was consulted at any time, till Mummy by her bossing had ditched the cart. Then she'd become pathetically weak and feminine. This time it was too late to pick up the pieces.

"I'll say this for Mummy; she realized how she'd bungled. In my last week at home she did her best to make amends. There wasn't a day when she didn't bring me peace-offerings—pictures off the wall, odd bits of furniture, her personal jewelry. I hated taking them. She stripped herself. I guessed that an uneasy conscience prompted her. And here's the joke: while I was piling up possessions, I hadn't an idea where I would find my next shelter. The amount and source of our married income being undecided, there seemed

to be no sense in hunting a house or apartment when we weren't certain whether we could pay the first month's rent.

"Nevertheless, the flinging away of money continued. Detectives slept in the house to guard the presents. New York caterers submitted their estimates. Bootleggers dumped champagne and whisky at the back door. A florist was commissioned to decorate the church to the tune of several thousand dollars. A harpist and a minor luminary of the Metropolitan Grand Opera were engaged to make a cheerful noise unto the Lord. Appearances were to be kept up till the last."

"Seeing that you weren't sure of a roof to cover you," I remark shrewdly, "I should think your parents would have acted more wisely by handing you the cash and curtailing the extravagance."

"Again you're missing the point, Unkie. This final burst of fireworks was a form of blackmail, on a par with dispatching wedding invitations in order to coax presents. It was intended to shame the Stanhopes so that their meanness wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Having seen their son married in such splendor, they would simply have to cough up."

"I hope it gave them the most violent sort of moral bilious attack."

"Hope springs eternal. If ye have tears to shed, provide yourself with a large-sized bath-towel. We approach the last night of my stainless maidenhood."

"Then approach it quickly," I advise. "When the clock strikes midnight, I approach my pajamas."

"WELL, my last night, pitiful to relate, was like all the events that had preceded it—hectic. I wasn't to be given time to collect my senses. Some one threw a dinner and dance for the bridal party. I didn't arrive home till the small hours of the morning. As I placed my key in the latch, having bidden Jeff good night, I suddenly realized that as a single girl I was doing this for the last time. At the head of the stairs stood Daddy, just as he'd always stood and would never stand again, waiting for me. It came over me how selfishly I'd used him. I suppose I became hysterical, for I hurled myself into his arms. He tried to comfort me, inquiring what was the trouble. He even accused himself, saying that he'd been a careless daddy. Poor darling, it never occurred to him that I'd been a careless daughter.

"'I'll never play hide-and-seek with you again,' I sobbed. 'I'm going to be an old woman.'

"Mummy, coming out on the landing in her dressing-gown, overheard my words. She thought she knew what was the matter. Having tucked me safely in bed, she began a bewildering sex-monologue on all the things young brides ought to know. I hardly knew any of them, but pretended I did. I was too weary to seek enlightenment. Then Daddy was permitted to enter and kiss me.

"Next day— But you were present. After all the futile bargaining, there was a great calm—religion, solemnity, the church carpeted with flowers. The organ booming, *'Here comes the bride.'* The congregation pop-eyed. Hypocrisy!"

"I disagree as to the hypocrisy." My sense of reverence is offended. "I must say you brought to marriage blurred views of existence."

"Then pray how did my wedding impress you?" she demands ecstatically.

"TO me, my dear child, the scene is unforgettable—you two young creatures standing among the lilies before the altar, imploring God's blessing on the union of your hearts. Treacheries which may have happened since can't efface the effect of sacredness. You looked spiritual as the name you were exchanging. I never refer to you as Mary Stanhope. You will never be less to me than Mary Angel."

"Very sweet of you." She pats my bald spot. "But of course you realize that it was all stage-managed. Everything was eyewash. It was a climax to the game of bluff that our two families had been playing. I wanted to giggle; its insincerity was so apparent. Thousands and thousands squandered to create an appearance of generosity, and not a cent to spare for us—not even to hire an apartment! Then the reception that followed—the world and his wife getting tight on bootlegged bubbly. Sick of being paraded, I collared Jeff and whispered: 'Let's escape.'

"Upstairs we changed in a panic, lest anything should occur to hinder us. I ripped my wedding-gown in my haste and left it crumpled on the floor, a symbol of my banished personality. Whoever chose could pick it up; I had no further use for it. We felt like hares for whom the hounds were waiting. If they got wind of our intentions, the chase would commence. A tap startled us. An envelope was thrust beneath the door. It was marked *'With Dearest Love from Daddy.'* I tossed it into my suitcase unopened. That Daddy hadn't attempted to enter proved to me that I was married.

"Most of our baggage had been placed in the car beforehand. To avoid the usual horseplay of old shoes and confetti, we'd arranged with the chauffeur to join him in the garage. Sneaking out through the kitchen, we made our get-away, bidding no one, not even our parents, good-by.

"In the car our only thought was that we were beyond interference. To be free to give ourselves to each other with no one to bargain as to price, atoned for everything unpropitious that had marred our courting.

"'You'll succeed now you have me, Jeff.' I uttered the promise with the fervor of a prophecy.

"I WONT bother you with the raptures of our honeymoon—only with the barest facts. You're getting restless for your pajamas—and all honeymoons are alike. We had made no plans further than our first night in New York. We hadn't been able to make plans through not knowing how much we would have to spend. In the hotel bedroom, while unpacking, I ran across Daddy's envelope. That reminded Jeff that he also had received an envelope from his father. We opened them together. The most beautiful moment of our lives depended on their contents. Mine contained a check for five hundred dollars and a scribbled note from Daddy: 'Sorry I couldn't make it larger.' Jeff's contained no note—merely six bills. You couldn't guess their total amount if I gave you a dozen chances. There were four tens and two fives—in all, fifty! I was so sorry for him that I rushed him mine to cash.

"'You keep it. Nothing is mine—everything is ours now.'

"'With five hundred and fifty, plus what I've brought, things might be more gloomy.' He adopted a cheerful attitude.

"We decided to go south, and chose Pinehurst for the sake of the golf." She pulls an impish face. "I know now how much a honeymoon costs; I didn't then. Jeff did all the paying; he hid his anxieties from me. Both of us, having lived at home, fed by the ravens as it were, we were complete innocents at estimating how far money will stretch. But Jeff was learning fast. Night and morning, often during meals, he made frowning calculations in a little notebook which he carried in his pocket. He never refused me any extravagance, and to be on the level, I was careless about spending as Mummy. He silently worried and suffered.

"We'd been at Pinehurst three weeks when he received a telegram. 'Read that,' he said. 'It's in answer to one I sent.'

"Taking it from him, I read: *'I didn't ask you to get married.'*

"In reply to my questions he explained that we'd exhausted our resources and he'd applied to his father.

"'We'll get a different answer when I apply to mine,' I encouraged him.

"The telegram that I dispatched was: *'Broke to the wide. A thousand very welcome.'*

"My reply came in the form of a letter addressed to the hotel management, stating that Harry Angel would settle all outstanding bills for us. Enclosed were our return fares and a bunch of press notices describing the magnificence of our wedding—the latter evidently put in by Mummy; not a line that was personal.

"'It looks like the return of the prodigals.' Jeff rubbed his forehead.

"'More than looks like,' I pouted. 'But wait till I see Daddy. I can always win him.'"

"And did you?" I ask.

"Leave that till next time," she springs from the couch.

AS I hunt for my coat and hat, I address her.

"As far as I can make out, in your opinion nothing that your elders ever did was right."

"Not much." She scans me gravely. "They did right things in the wrong places and wrong things in the wrong places. They seldom did either wrong or right things in the right places."

I hang on the threshold reluctantly. At the back of my mind something's worrying me. Then I remember.

"By the way, Mary, about that man who visits you—"

Contrary to my expectations, her face wreathes with smiles.

"You're greedy. Leave something for next time."

Gently, but determinedly, she pushes me from her apartment into the public passage. Her door closes.

This sprightly self-styled chattel of the marriage market brings her vivid revelations to a climax in the next, the August, issue.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The world-famous Waikiki Beach, where the surf-board originated.

Favorite Places of Famous People

J. P. McEvoy, author of "Show Girl in Hollywood" and "The Potters," etc. etc., chooses Hawaii. At least we suppose he chose it, because he is on the way there. Here is his own account of the matter:

At first I said: "Let it be Havana." That was in reply to the question where I would like to spend my declining years. Being an old Hollywood ex-yes-man—you get old quick in that racket, and by racket I mean sound pictures,—I looked forward to a long period of declining. But then I bethought myself,—I hope you don't mind,—and I said to some one who happened to be standing near for no particular reason other than she was married to me at the time, and is yet for all you care:

"We can't go to Havana, because we will always be running into that joke I made last winter on the beach."

And she said dutifully: "What joke?"

And I said: "The Cuban theme-song joke—would you care to hear it?"

And she said: "Certainly not."

And I said:

"I wasn't talking to you, but to my great unseen Redbook audience."

And this is the joke: First, let me explain that there was and still may be a song called "Me and My Shadow." Second, that the president of Cuba is named Machado. Third, it is customary now to have theme-songs for everything except little whimseys like this for Redbook.

Now you are all ready for the joke. You stand over there. (A little more to the right. That's better—the acoustics here are something terrible.)

Now I say: "Isn't it nice down here in Cuba?"

And you say, "Yes," and take three steps forward and then say:

"They ought to have a theme-song."

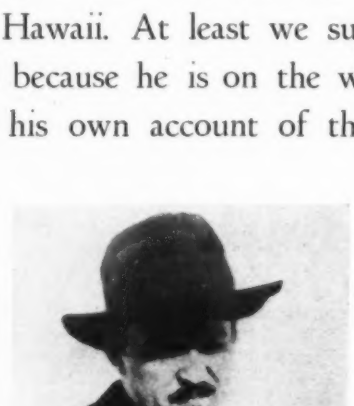
And now here comes the joke. Oh, you'll just scream.

"They have a theme-song," I say. "You must have heard it." And then I sing: "Me and Machado."

That is why I would rather go to Hawaii.

"So?" remarked my wife, who had just returned. "Hawaii going?"

Maybe I'll have to stay in Woodstock after all.



P. & A. Photos, Inc.

J. P. McEvoy

WOMEN AMERICA REMEMBERS

(Continued from page 33)

mentals of feminism which became the cornerstone of the fight for women's rights, and won her international renown. Next year Horace Greeley offered her the post of literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, and she moved to Manhattan.

In 1846 Greeley sent her abroad as foreign correspondent of the *Tribune;* and in London, Carlyle introduced her to Giuseppe Mazzini, who turned her steps toward Rome, where she was soon entangled in the intrigues for Italy's liberation. Here too she quaffed her short draught of romance. The man was the Marchese Angelo d'Ossoli, ten years her junior, a gentle, negative soul, who worshiped her as mother, no less than a lover. A secret marriage was arranged.

Margaret was happier than ever. But her son hardly had been born in the little hill village of Rieti when the storm of '48 burst upon a startled Europe. Shoulder to shoulder she stood beside Mazzini and Garibaldi, her room in the Piazzi Barberini the scene of many a midnight conference. When the French laid siege to the city in April, 1849, Ossoli commanded a battery on the Pincian; and she herself managed a military hospital.

Through all the havoc of the siege she kept her head high, working tirelessly, undiscouraged; and after Garibaldi fled, she saw to it that Mazzini escaped before she and Ossoli heeded the French decree of banishment and retired to Florence, where the Brownings made them welcome.

But she was at the end of her rope. Ossoli had broken with his family over her, and they had no money. Their one chance was to return to America, in the hope that she might reëstablish herself in journalism—although even this prospect was dubious, since the irregularity of her early relations with Ossoli had prejudiced Greeley against her and produced a storm of social criticism.

They sailed from Leghorn in the American ship *Elizabeth* May 17th, 1850. Bad luck haunted them: the captain died of smallpox; then the baby developed the disease, but Margaret's devoted nursing saved him. Then, with New York almost in sight, the *Elizabeth* was cast ashore on Fire Island in a howling gale, and Margaret's resolution crumbled.

She crouched at the foot of the mainmast in her nightgown, the salt-spume drenching her, clutching the baby in her arms. The first mate, in command, begged her to let him send her and her family through the surf on improvised rafts; but she steadily refused.

"I see nothing but death before me," she said. "I shall never reach the shore."

Ossoli was as effortless as she, content to pray; and the baffled mate ordered his few remaining sailors into the water. One of them, the cabin steward, snatched the baby from her arms, and made a gallant attempt to carry him to safety. But only the mate gained the beach, and he never forgot the picture of the gaunt woman, with wind-blown hair, awaiting with fearless acquiescence the doom she held to be as preferable as inevitable. She had received so much from life she dared not hope for more.

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AFTER SOPHISTICATION—WHAT?

(Continued from page 65)

companionship, in the terms on which we are likely to find our proper mate. And so important will this ideal of companionship become, that marriages will be more and more frequently dissolved when it is found that companionship is impossible.

And this, even in the interest of the children, I believe that the moralists of the future will hold it is better for children to live with one parent in peace than with two parents who are mismated.

This involves a new conception of divorce. So far as I know, only two methods have yet been thought of to find out whether people are true companions. One is to live together experimentally before marriage; the other is to marry, make the experiment, and part if it is a failure. So much criticism has been poured on divorce, which is necessarily public, that an astounding number of people today prefer to make their experiments in some clandestine way before they commit themselves permanently.

The tendency, I believe, will eventually turn the other way. It is blighting to the soul to make sex experiments surreptitiously. The free adventures of love are entirely too likely to take the bloom from our spirit, and to leave us, if not enslaved to animal appetites, at least disillusioned. On the other hand, the attacks upon divorce, as though divorce were a means of breaking up the home, are absurd. No home which has not already broken up would think of divorce, and too many homes in which there is no outward divorce are already divided. We shall end, I believe, with a greater responsibility to expound to the young not only the physiology of sex, in which they now receive more than adequate instruction, but the psychology of marriage. We shall demand more and more that all mating shall be quite public. We shall permit those whose mating has failed, to part without the stigma of wrong-doing.

That this shifting of ideals has solved all problems, that the separation of the mismated can be accomplished always without tragedy, without heartache and without injustice, no one would pretend. From any catastrophe to the home, the children will always suffer. Yet unfortunately they suffer now, and sometimes more from the concealed unhappiness of their elders than they would from a public acknowledgment of the difficulties. In any case, I fancy that the children of the future, indeed the younger generation of today, are so far in harmony with the general tendency I have tried to indicate, that they too will ask from marriage, even marriage of their elders, primarily a noble and complete companionship.

I HAVE spoken of that modern education from which our times have learned to be sophisticated; but we are sophisticated also about our education as well as about our social relations. It is possible for any of us to read the history of the curriculum we have studied, and of the degrees for which our elders ask us to work. We know that to a large extent the teaching in our schools is still controlled by the courses prescribed in the universities, even though the majority of schoolchildren will not go to college. We know that in the universities the course of study is still controlled to an amazing extent by the medieval system of training for a theological degree. The education to which we are submitted is like a pyramid or cone, quite broad at the bottom and very narrow at the top.

On the other hand we are conscious that knowledge has a tendency to broaden out rather than to narrow. We know that in any other relation of life than our schools the pursuit of a subject opens out sequences of knowledge until, if we could go far enough, we should have a complete picture of life. The sophisticated critic of our education, therefore, protests vigorously against that narrowing cone. He declines to accept any longer a conception of learning which changes the young child in the elementary grade, full of curiosity about itself and the universe, into the Ph.D., with his thesis in his hand.

The sophisticated critic protests against the dogmatic statement that Latin and Greek are beyond other subjects essential to culture. He would be glad to accept the doctrine if it could be demonstrated pragmatically; but the proof is difficult, since the people who have gone in for the classics were usually cultured to begin with, and others seem to be cultured without having heard of Latin and Greek. Even before Athens and Rome were founded, there was culture in Egypt, and the best of Chinese or Japanese civilization has got on nicely without the poets and philosophers who are dear to us. The sophisticated person asks for a definition of culture which will fit all known cases.

I am the last person in the world to attack the classics. I cite only another illustration of that questioning mood which has replaced the old docility. If we have invited youth to think for itself, we must not resent the questions it asks. If we tell them with the old voice of authority that Latin or Greek will improve their minds, as it improved ours, we must not resent it if youth makes a careful scrutiny of our minds. If we lay before youth an entirely modern curriculum, if we call our school the "new school," or otherwise insinuate our faith that we are on the advance frontier, we still must not expect youth, nor indeed its parents, to take our word for it. The day of unsupported authority is gone.

And heaven knows we shall have difficulty in finding reasons for the insertion of this subject or that into the program and for the removal of it later. We ask the youngsters to take so many hours of science, so many hours of literature, so many hours of history, mathematics, or what-not, and in return we offer them a degree. The degree appeals to them less and less, I am glad to say; they begin to ask for an education. They will look us in the eye, unabashed by our greater number of years, and they will inquire how we arrived at those proportions—by what principles we discovered that so many hours of history, for example, was just what they needed for an education.

It makes no difference whether we answer them truthfully, or try to bluff. Put the best face on it we can, the sophisticated have already found us out. They know that when teachers get together to frame a program, they strive in the interest not of education but of their subjects. Each department speaks up for what it teaches. An educational program, therefore, as laid before us in the catalogues of our schools and colleges, is about as representative of general truth and universal principle as is a tariff bill. It has been evolved by rival forces working at cross-purposes, and concluding their efforts in a compromise.

OUR sophisticated youth is often more eager for a genuine education than we admit, and though young people may be ignorant, their natural instincts are usually sound. In the field of education their instincts correspond pretty closely to the ambitions their parents have for them. At present, in spite of much-heralded reforms, traditional education is firmly in the saddle. There must be far more sophistication, far more exposure of glaring defects, before we can hope for any marked improvement. But here it is easier than in most fields to guess at the directions which the improvement will take.

In the first place, there will be no prejudice against traditional subjects as such. Latin and Greek, properly taught, will be as useful as they ever were—when properly taught. Science will be important, when it is taught in an important way. As we become accustomed to it, it will cease to have the merely dramatic prestige which in our day it has enjoyed.

In the second place, the curriculum will be framed not as a resolution of contending interests in the faculty room, but as a result of unprejudiced study of the whole intellectual field. Those subjects will be called essential out of which other subjects germinate.

In the third place, this means that when we ask young children to begin a subject, it will be because that subject is really a doorway to something. We shall ask them to begin nothing which ends in a blind alley, or which they will later be asked to drop summarily.

In other words, education will begin like a geometrical system, with certain interests and attitudes in the individual, taken as axioms, and from that beginning the intellectual life will expand, as the rest of life does. In such an expansion I don't know where we shall find the proper moment to confer degrees; nor do I care. A sound education will resemble the training of an artist, like Michelangelo, for example, which begins with the rudiments of the craft and expands until it includes the study of human nature, of history, of science, of whatever has concerned the spirit of man. I don't know at what point Michelangelo's career it would have been proper to bestow a degree upon him.

SO firmly is the academic tradition established, I repeat, that dreams such as this will seem laughable. It is easy to

defend the tradition. Degrees are still necessary, because without a degree you can't become a teacher. Without a degree you can't enter a first rate law-school or medical school. These degrees are required by law, under pressure from the members of the professions involved, who wish to be sure that their associates of the future shall be cultured. According to the tradition, the holding of a degree proves that you are cultured, or it indicates that you have for some time been exposed to culture, and perhaps some of it has stuck. This logical absurdity will continue until there are enough sophisticated people in the world, even in the learned professions, to realize that if you wish to know whether a man is cultured, the quickest way is to look not at his degree but at him.

Our hope in education is in the kindergarten and in the elementary grades, where before the children come within the attraction of the university vortex, they benefit by an education which really expands. This expansion will continue to press out against the narrowing cone until the cone cracks.

IN the field of religion our sophistication has gone far, yet in no other field is it so easily misunderstood. Where our pieties are involved, it is hard to be reasonable or just, and men who are otherwise intelligent often resent criticism of their religion, even examination of it. Strange that in this one field, in his desire to know God, man should say that what was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him. In unimportant or materialistic matters he recognizes the possibility of infinite progress, but in the spiritual world his emotions lead him to insist that truth is finite, and that he has it all.

Such a point of view is under heavy attack from the large number of people to whom the knowledge of history and anthropology is now accessible. But though this point of view is under attack, it is not fair to say that religion is. The custodians of religion have too often yielded to a quite natural temptation to confuse truth with their peculiar way of expounding and defending it. They sincerely believe that to question them is to lack faith in God.

I doubt if the sophisticated of our time are inclined to question nearly so much as the theologians themselves have questioned in the formulas of their rivals. The sophisticated merely notice that many things which have been caught up in the tradition of any church or religion, are in themselves nonessential to that religion, however beautiful and memorable they may seem. The sophisticated may not object to the persistence of these elements in the tradition; they merely refuse to attach undue importance to them. The sophisticated man also knows how many doctrines are common to all religions. He does not conclude from that fact that the doctrines are therefore false. On the contrary, he believes that they are obviously the product of something universal in the spirit of man. He refuses, therefore, to accept the statement of any church that these doctrines are its particular invention. If the Christian minister or priest, in his enthusiasm for his message, tells

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us that it was Christianity which introduced to the world the doctrine of immortality, or that Christianity gave us a system of morality, the pagan world having had none, there will be many among his hearers who know he is mistaken.

WE cannot invite youth to inform itself about church history without calling its attention to the fact that the doctrines of Christ are not in all respects the doctrines of His church. The evidence is clear enough in the text and in history that human beings like to organize their ideals, even the most spiritual; that a religion which at the beginning is altogether spiritual will tend to develop materialistic and political aspects, and will at last be concerned about an earthly empire. The record makes it only too clear that theology, which begins as a clarification of the ardors of faith, may deteriorate into an exercise of logic, the study of which does not depend upon religious emotions, and does not necessarily generate them. And this logic ruthlessly carried out may lead to a lack of all the charities upon which the religion was originally based.

This is the sort of knowledge which has produced sophistication in religion. Examining himself and his neighbors, the sophisticated man observes that the authority of the church, so far as it is thoroughly dogmatic, is weakened. He observes that the promise of heaven and the threats of hell do not move him, nor do they influence his fellows. Not that he has no interest in the future life, nor that he disbelieves in it, but he sees no reason why the kingdom of heaven should not be entered here and now; and any presentation of religion seems to him grotesque which asks him to submit now to certain disciplines for which he will receive some reward after his death. He wishes no reward. What he wants is life.

He is particularly disturbed at the contradiction between the worldly practices of the church, between its unconscious materialism, and the high spirituality of its ideals. But he knows that religion has been in such a plight before. Christ criticised the church of his day for forgetting its spiritual mission, and for allowing the world to influence it. The sophisticated man will not be hasty to press this parallel, but he will notice it. When next he meets some efficient minister, priest or bishop of the modern type, he will not call him a Pharisee. The term would not be polite. Yet the sophisticated man would be glad to follow the leadership—and when he finds it, he does follow it—of any true minister of souls. The spiritual needs of mankind are constant. Our hearts set up their altars as naturally as our bodies fall in love. And souls as well as bodies are wounded, and need healing.

PERSONALLY I find nothing more hopeful for the future than the criticism which in our times is directed against the churches. In that criticism, however sophisticated it may be, is implied the validity of the ideals which a religion should stand for. When we are well past our present confusions, whatever outward appearance religion will wear, we are fairly safe in guessing that man in the first place will continue to have his gods, and will desire to worship them. What form the worship will take, it is idle to discuss; but if past experience is a reliable guide, there will be few innovations in it. The impulse to worship has always been an impulse to forgather with one's fellows, to contemplate the idea of the infinite, to celebrate it through the arts, through singing, through architecture and painting, through the stately motions of the ritualistic dance. Part of the satisfaction of worship is the sense of assurance which comes from joining one's fellows in a lofty and common emotion. This strengthening of courage and faith we are not likely to forego; two or three will still meet together.

And the power of the churches will probably continue where it always has been strong, in the pastoral care. The priest or the minister, whatever his theology, visiting his sick, counseling the afflicted and the distressed, will still be a healer of souls and a prophet of wisdom. I fancy that the theology itself will more and more give way before curiosity to know the life of Christ and all other saintly lives. I should not be enormously surprised if the churches, in their outer buildings, became simple and modest—still beautiful, I hope, but indicating a renewed conviction that the house of God is elsewhere than in stones and mortar.

And if the sophisticated ideal of religion which is spreading over the world ever realizes itself, public worship will be thought of as the result of the week's work, rather than a preparation for it. Worship will be as natural an expression of our daily life as in marriage love will be the flower and climax of companionship. There are good people who go to church now in order to store up enough spiritual momentum to carry them through their secular days. I would not seem stupid or blind to the value of such inspiration, especially for those whose sorrows or disasters call for fortitude. But in a life rightly directed, even in happiness and in youth, religion will be natural, and worship will be the attitude of our supreme moods, the outlet for the gratitude and the exaltation which life properly ordered will store up in us.

THE WITCH AND THE MAN WHO STOLE

(Continued from page 81)

moment he wavered, and then, moved by an impulse to which he only half assented, he rose, stepped across the hearth and plucked the shawl off her shoulders.

The woman started and gave a little cry, throwing herself backward in her chair and staring up at him, too surprised to speak. Juan fell back a pace, frightened by his own impudent daring.

For the first time he saw her eyes. They were not the eyes of a cat, nor were they in any way inhuman. They were large brown eyes, wide open, and the pupils were dilated as though they were eyes accustomed much to the dark. . . . . Whether she was angry with him Juan could not be sure, but looking into her eyes he knew that he was looking deep into a great bitterness, a great fear.

Her hands had clutched the edge of her chair and her body stiffened, as though for an effort.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded at last, in a voice that rose little above a whisper. "You are the first man who has seen my eyes in over a year."

"Then—then—" Juan stuttered.

"Then I have the evil eye!" she said bitterly. "You have heard it too."

"They say you cursed a man, and he died." Juan's voice was full of awe. "They say—"

"They say! They say!" she mocked. "Well, it is true. I cursed a man, and he died. He had promised to marry me. He went away with another woman—laughed at me. I cursed him, and he died."

SHE paused, staring at Juan; he could not take his eyes off hers, although the look in them filled him with terror.

"He caught a cold in his lungs and died," she went on, more quietly. "And ever since then I have had the evil eye—so they say. My own uncle drove me from his house, and boys threw stones at me. I came here because I had no other place to go, and at first I almost starved. But after a little while people began coming to me—because I was a witch. They came at night, alone. Oh, I learned secrets! Everyone who had a hatred or a fear that was too much for him to bear, came to me for help. None of them would look me in the eye. None of them would touch my hand. But they all wanted my spells. For good hard money I sold them horsehair rings to ward off evil, and amulets in little bags to bring luck and powders to make men love—"

She broke off and laughed harshly.

"Powders to make men love!" she repeated. "If I could make love, do you think I would be here?"

Juan stared at her a moment.

"Then you are not a witch," he said at last slowly. "You only fooled them with these things. You had no power—"

The woman shrugged and laughed again.

"You are what people say you are," she reminded him. "Everyone says I am a witch. They came and told me my charms worked. Sometimes I have almost believed. . . . . If I stay here long enough I will believe."

She paused. With a sudden passionate gesture she rose and tore open the front of her dress and struck herself upon the chest.

"Look at me!" she commanded. "Am I not a woman like other women? Touch me! Am I not flesh and blood? I am dying, here alone! It drives me mad to see only people who are afraid of the look in my eyes, the touch of my hand!"

JUAN went slowly toward her, with outstretched hands, like a man under a spell. He took her by the shoulders. With a growing assurance he drew her to him, feeling the soft pressure of her bosom and her breath in his face. As he did so, the terrible look, the look of a haunted being, faded out of her eyes. They became soft, almost tender, as though his touch had expelled a demon.

"Witch or no witch," he said, "I love you. I want you so that even if I knew you saw the devil every night it would make no difference. . . . . Tell me, did you lay a spell on me?"

The woman looked down, smiling. She hesitated a moment.

"I put one of my love potions in the stew," she said. "It is made of red pepper and baking powder, but it is supposed to fill a man with a love that nothing can break, and more than one lovesick girl has told me it worked."

"It has worked in me," Juan told her. "And if you go to the devil this very night, I go with you."

She lifted her head and looked him hard in the eyes for a moment. Then she offered him her mouth to kiss.

"We will not go to the devil," she said. "To tell you the truth, although I have incantations to summon him, I have never seen horn nor tail of him. . . . . But we will go away from here. I hate this place! I have money enough for us to live until your hair grows and you find work. We will go wherever you wish."

IN the last cold still hours of the winter night, the time when owls hoot after their hunting and coyotes yap at the moon, the time when witches fly and thieves go out to steal, a young man of the village, who was riding home from a dance in another town, watched while two forms emerged from the house of the witch and climb the long steep road out of the valley. In the light of half a moon, they were but dimly visible, and they cast long monstrous shadows that wavered over the ground. He stared at them in terror for he knew that no human soul would go abroad with the witch. He knew that he must be seeing the devil himself.

He watched them, fascinated, until they reached the top of the hill, and there, as he afterward told, they paused a moment and their figures merged and became as one—and then suddenly they disappeared into the shadows.

He fled in terror and told next day that the devil had run off with the witch. It was always believed in the village, for her house was found empty and no one ever dared to live in it again.

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT

(Continued from page 72)

"I don't mind—honest, Joe. I'm strong. We have lovely children. I was thinking today—"

"You know, Amy, I wonder if we really have the best children in the world, or if it's only my imagination? I think of them when I'm in the office. And when I wake up in the night, I like to think of them asleep in the house. But it *is* hard on you, Amy."

"I hope it's a boy. I don't know why—I'd rather bring boys into the world."

By and by they turned on the radio. They tuned right into some beautiful music—a man was singing "Lonesome Road." It brought tears to your eyes to listen to him. Joe drew long puffs from his pipe. Amelia folded her hands in her lap and felt her breath come and go. Beautiful music was such a comfort. One felt as if everything were on the verge of being explained. "This program is being sent to you through the courtesy of the Winkelmeier Sausage Company, makers of the Sausage That Suits."

"They oughtn't to allow so much advertising on the radio," Joe said dreamily. "It sort of spoils things."

Life was always doing that. The ugly and the common were forever breaking in. The vulgar thought and the delicate thought jostled. A really fine impulse was always being followed by a low one, creeping up from underneath. One felt so ashamed when that happened—gate-crashers in the mind. Amelia sat with her hands folded, listening to the radio.

ON the night of March twenty-third, Seth came home early in a state of high but suppressed excitement. This was the night he was to be initiated into the Brookstone Sun-worshipers, Lodge Number 147. He had thought this important step over very carefully and decided that he wanted to be a Sun-worshiper. Men told him they got a lot of good out of the lodge. It was an inspiration, they said. A bunch of fine fellows standing shoulder to shoulder. It was something he could do on his own hook, away from Lydia. Sometimes a man— Seth felt shaky in the pit of his stomach, just as he had the day he was married. It was one of those feverish March nights after a rain, when the wind blows warm over the shiny streets. When Seth went up from the station in a taxi, he smelled spring. Why did it always smell like that and tear your heart out? Seth had never told Lydia how spring—got him. He just couldn't tell her. She was fond of saying that all spring meant to Seth was a change from his heavy-weight to his mid-weight underwear.

Lydia was in the living-room, doing her evening exercises in faith. By this time in March her intellectual edge was somewhat nicked. It did not cut nearly as well as it used to. She still invited the intelligentsia to the house, but her heart was in New Thought. In February she had suffered a severe attack of laryngitis. Somebody had given her a book, and she was off. Seth was hoping her faith would be brief, because his life was actually in danger while it lasted. She wouldn't let him have any headaches. As for his sciatica—faugh! She threw away his pet atomizer. She threw away his aspirin. Tonight, as he came in, he smothered a cough.

He went upstairs and took a bath. He had heard men say that one should take a bath before being initiated. He put on fresh clothes all the way through. He was very clean and silent at the dinner-table. He felt solemn. Lydia talked until she noticed his abstraction.

"You're acting just like a baby," she said. "I think these men's lodges are the craziest things in the world, anyway. Why any sane sensible man would want to join something called *Sun-worshipers!* It's enough to make one despair of human intelligence."

"But Lydia, the men say they get inspiration—"

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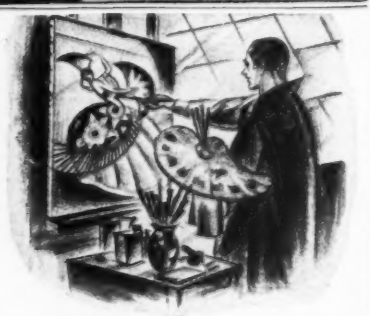

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After dinner, Seth went up into the bathroom, where he was safe. He locked the door and sat down on the edge of the tub. He said over to himself the ritual he had been memorizing so earnestly this past week: "I will be true; I will be faithful; I will endeavor as far as in me lies—" He told himself that he would be a loyal Sun-worshiper just as he had told himself long ago that he would be good to Lydia.

It was Sun-worshiper rules that the applicant for membership should present himself at the lodge-rooms alone. No one must fetch him. So at eight o'clock Seth solemnly put on his muffler and his coat and hat. If it were only two months ago, he might have had a nip of something to fortify him. But Lydia had taken up good citizenship. We should all obey the Constitution, no matter what. There was no use being a scofflaw. Give prohibition a chance. So there was not even gin in the house now. Seth had a private supply in his desk at the office. Men's offices in New York often indicated their home repressions. In their desks they had pictures, letters, postcards, medicine bottles, things their wives hadn't liked. Open a man's desk—the drawer he keeps locked from his secretary—and you have him.

SETH went up the stairs over the hardware store to the lodge-rooms. He knocked on the door. A slide opened, and a Face appeared. The theologians who invented the horrors of the Judgment Day should have said there would be a sliding panel and a Face. There is nothing quite like it. At the sight one's conscience bulges. This face belonged to Roy Miller. Seth knew it was good old Roy, and Roy knew it was Seth. But this was the Sun-worshipers.

"Who approaches?"

"I, Seth Smith."

"What is your desire?"

"I desire to become a bound and faithful member of the Sun-worshipers."

"Are you prepared?"

"Lord, yes—no, no, I don't mean that—I have searched my heart and I am prepared."

"Enter, Seth Smith."

Seth had been in the lodge-rooms only when the Woman's Club held evening lectures and musicales there. He remembered them as rather large and empty. But now they were transformed into an Oriental palace, thick with incense, soft with rugs, blazing with torches. From the ceiling was suspended a glowing sun. Up on a throne, with fans waving over his head, was George Hockenstorf. Only he was not George Hockenstorf now, and Seth would not dream of calling him George. He too was transformed. He was the Grand Sultan. Around the throne stood his viziers—Jerry Bend ("good old Jerry") Martin Schirmer ("nice boy, Martin"), and Gregory Jones ("a whizz at bridge, that bird!") But they were not Jerry and Martin and Gregory. No indeed. They were *taller*. They were like what they might be after death, having shed their funny names and their funny bodies and put on importance. Seth trembled. This was worse—much worse—than a church wedding. The thought rushed through his mind: "Now, see here, I may have made my mistakes, but I was never *dishonest*." . . . .

It was two hours later that Seth went down the stairs, a full member of the Brookstone Sun-worshipers, Lodge Number 147. It was also Sun-worshipers rules that a new member must go home alone. When Seth reached the street, he drew a long breath and passed his handkerchief over his forehead. The feverish damp had gone from the air. The sky was distinct with stars. Seth stood and looked up at the stars. Gosh, they were pretty. There was the Big Dipper, the Seven Sisters, the Coffin. Why, he hadn't looked at the stars in— Well, for the love of—there was the new moon behind that tree!

YEARS ago he had gone walking with a girl in Central Park. They stood still and wished on the faint new moon. He remembered now the pressure of her little hand on his arm, and the glow of her tilted face under a soft hood. They stood there by the steps where people go down to feed the swans. The wish had not come true. . . . . But Lord, how a man could remember a little hand on his arm, even when it had not meant so much at the time! Seth shook himself. He hadn't thought of it in— By the Lord, he'd like to go stand in that place in the Park and watch for her to come out from the trees, little ghost in a hood. They would make a better wish; they would go down to feed the swans. Strange how a happily married— Why had he lost her? Why do people lose such things?

Seth felt all unnerved and broken up. He didn't know when he— He felt like running. He felt like making crooning noises in his throat. He felt like standing out in a field somewhere and opening his arms wide. . . . . Was it true that he had missed so much in missing the girl by the swans, or was he only kidding himself? She had one of those faces you find in lockets. Now he was happily married. . . . .

He decided to go for a soda—not at Behr's fountain, but at Gunway's, where you sat at a little table. He did not want to go home—just yet. It was half-past ten. Gunway's would be kind of nice and empty. He wanted to—sit down and think awhile. Gunway's window was full of chocolate rabbits and sticks of wintergreen and molasses drops, and cards saying it was Easter.

He sat down at a round polished table that smelled of vanilla. A waitress in a white-frilled cap brought him a paper napkin and a misty glass of water and asked him what he wanted. Seth ordered a black-and-white soda. When it came, he sucked it very slowly, watching the chocolate rise in the straw, sink in the glass. The place was empty, as he had hoped. It was too early for the crowd after the movies. Life seemed very beautiful all of a sudden. It seemed to open out, have space. One got a glimpse of—how could one say it?—something beyond. As if life weren't just here and now, you know.

He had a hang-over from the initiation. Those torches! Gosh—it was all so beautiful. He hadn't realized. Those torches—and the men marching—and the Oath. Honest, it made him want to be better.

The Sun-worshipers Lodge was a fine inspiring thing. He ought to have joined long ago. Those men, now. They hadn't seemed like George and Roy and Martin. They'd seemed like something different and better—as if we could all be different and better and not *funny*. Seth sighed. The soda was gone. He couldn't stop remembering the swans, swimming without a sound there in the Park. Once in a while there were nights when a man came up out of the maze and *saw*.

No, he didn't want to go home. He felt so fine and uplifted. Powerful, as if he could do a lot. As if he had inside him more than just a life-insurance salesman. He had always wanted to do Big Things, and somehow he had just settled down to life insurance. But he had his moments when he was sure he could have been more. Those torches in the lodge-rooms had eaten his heart out. He didn't want to go home. He could imagine how it would be. Lydia would hear him come up the stairs. She would sit straight up and say: "So *now* you're a *Sun-worshiper!* I hope you're satisfied." . . . . No, he'd sit here awhile and keep all these good thoughts. He wouldn't let Lydia spoil them yet. There were times when she mustn't be allowed. . . . . He called the waitress.

"Another black-and-white, sister!"

CLIFFORD was riding in a taxicab with a baby in a tulle dress. Rhinestone heels on her slippers. Big red ribbon of a mouth. She was the goods. It was not the brave little girl he had mentioned to Joyce in November. He had ditched that one. He couldn't be faithful to any woman. A man had to have a change. But when a man got a new baby—hell, one woman wasn't so different from another woman. Especially when she was making love. Same old arms. Same old kisses on the same kind of lips. Funny place, this world.

He and this baby here had been to a night-club. They drank. They danced. They drank. They got familiar. Over and over. Sandwiches and gin. Big noise. Talking to the hoofers. Now they were going to her room. It was all cut and dried. In just a few minutes now she would be putting the key in the lock. He knew just what he'd see when she opened the door.

He was not too drunk to think or speak. That was never his way. He could hold a lot and act natural. The baby saw him join his hands in a supplicating gesture.

"Whasamatter. Big Boy? Got a pain?"

"I'm-praying-God-for-some-new-pleasure. Shut-your-trap-while-I-pray-you-damn'-canary!"

Chapter Eight

WHEN a woman takes off earrings, her motions are lovely and delicate. The tiny untwisting with thumb and finger, the sudden drop from the ear, the sharp jewel caught in the hand. When Joyce had laid away her crystal earrings in their velvet, she had felt soothed. There is no sensation more soothing than that of taking off jewels slowly and thoughtfully before a mirror, jewels warmed with the heat of one's body. Looking into the brilliant mirror where the lamp is reflected, seeing them unclasp, one by one. Unfastening the chain, pulling the ring, unsnaring the pin, laying them all in a fiery little heap.

That night Joyce came home from the New Year's party she held in her hand the large hot pearl that had hung around her neck all evening. How hot a jewel can grow, rising and falling with one's breath all evening! She lifted the cold lid of the silver box and laid it inside, ever so calm. It was a different pearl, you know, than it had ever been. When she lay in bed, she thought of the Big Town. Her body, in this new freedom, was so alive she could feel the knot of ribbon on her breast and the folds of her nightgown flowing over her knees, gathering about her ankles. Her bare arm, flung over the counterpane, knew the cold air clear to the shoulder. She had gone to sleep with joy curled beside her like a kitten. She could put out her hand and touch the fur of joy.

But in the morning, the kitten was gone. Not even the print of a paw to prove it had been there. Joyce never lost her new unencumbered composure, her new sense of being gathered up into a person. But it was not so simple to know just how to lead a new life. The next morning there was breakfast to eat. There was nothing she could do with her new attitude at breakfast, except perhaps to fumble as long as she liked with the oranges. ("Why don't you decide, Joyce, which orange you're going to take, and then *take* it?") But that seemed a crude way of being free.

She knew how an innocent habit can irritate to shrieking. She had aways been irritated by Clifford's harmless way of breaking his toast into small pieces before he buttered it. The sight of him buttering it, crumb by crumb—sometimes she had had to close her eyes. ("What's the matter, Joyce? Don't you feel good?" . . . . "I feel fine. Just sleepy.") When husbands and wives were bitter toward each other, it was not the large wrongs that rankled the most. It was the way a wife turned from side to side before a mirror, the way she walked, the way she held a fork, morning after morning after morning. (She holds her fork well enough, but she has done it too often.) A man may walk with his wife in the streets, a sort of moaning in his throat because she carries her handbag in that special clutch. (O God, let her carry her handbag different!)

With Clifford and Joyce it would be these matters of the oranges and toast. Only Joyce had never told Clifford about the toast. But she did not consider she would use her freedom in fumbling with oranges. She ate breakfast as usual. The only difference was that she noticed the geraniums more. They were very large and bright. They stained the blue air in the window. They blotted the snow on the lawn. You red-heads with your rough leaves and your harsh smell! You are just the flowers for breakfast.

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

Beware of breakfast. It is the most terrible meal of the day. Thoughts are too true and lightly guarded. Anything may leap free at the breakfast-table. By dinner time, people have fooled themselves into frames of mind and locked down the animals. But not in the morn-

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ing. The breakfast-table is to life what a rainy day is to a circus. The circus deceives no one in the rain. The flags look faded; the tents are dirty; the gilt looks grimy; the sideshows are such plain fakes. The Beautiful Frog Prince is only—oh, it's heartbreaking at a circus on a rainy day. But in the sunshine, one is quite sure it is worth seeing. One marries the Beautiful Frog Prince. Strike up the band! Step right in, ladies and gentlemen! You pays your money—

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

AND yet the breakfast-table is a proper place to discover which of those bubbles we blew out into last night's encouraging dark have disappeared. The air around our beds at night is thick with moony bubbles. Joyce was glad to see the resolves she made last night still floated. This morning, for a moment, she saw Clifford as in himself he really was. She had never done that before. There was a vapor of romance over him, even when she first met him. But now she saw him as anyone might see him, standing with other commuters, waiting for the train. Handsome brute, but unimportant and bleak in his mind. Terribly unimportant. There were so many handsome brutes in the world.

But the moment of clear vision was too difficult. It passed. Again there flowed around Clifford, as he ate his toast, all the easy illusions and concealing tenderness that gather around the image of love. It would be a long time before Joyce saw him steadily as he was. Love took such a long while dying. It was delirious with memories. It tossed on its pillow. It whimpered. And at the last it lay on its back, breathing and breathing. Just when you believed it was dead, it opened its eyes and gave you such a queer stare. And you thought of the time it was a baby and you held it on your lap.

It seemed to Joyce as if every morning that winter she resolved to "do something different today." But she could not find anything so very different. That was the pity. No one that winter would have observed any great change in her life. She looked the same, except for her hair in those gold coils back of her ears. Sometimes her eyes were purple underneath. She dressed the same, except that she no longer tried to wear Clifford's favorite shades. That spring she tried yellow in the evening, very daring for a blonde. Yellow with big coral ribbon, bright as laughter. Yellow rings. Coral slippers. A huge cloudy fan with a fog of frill. A coral web of a handkerchief. . . . . When April came, she did not bring the crocuses into the house. They seemed too young. She filled her bowls with uncustomary flowers. Damn the crocuses! But those were the only changes. Her days kept their usual form. It was alarming how usual the days kept in the face of freedom. One cannot go out and live as one can go out and buy violets. One wonders what there is to live. The hours fall into the abyss, like flowers thrown from a bowl, over the edge into darkness.

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

JOYCE could take the train to New York. What would happen? She could go almost anywhere. What would happen? A change of scene was useless, except as a drug or a stimulant, and Joyce was not after either of those. She wanted something impenetrable—something constant. She remembered Armistice Day when people in the city had gone mad with joy. They had shouted and thrown things and shouted and got drunk and shouted and— There was such a poverty. If the world were going to end tomorrow, people could only shout and drink and love and shout again. When one set foot on the actual doorstep of life, it appeared an empty place inside. Such a handsome façade, too. Really, life should not fool people with such a handsome façade.

Because she lived in the suburbs, Joyce thought of trains, often. People in settled towns rarely thought of such things. But a suburbanite was always conscious of the trains going out every morning with their load of office fodder, coming back every night. In and out, out and in, no matter what happened, no matter who died. That was the secret. The immovable machinery of the trains shuttled through sensitive human lives. No one could understand the suburbs who did not remember the trains. Fast morning expresses and slow noon locals—night expresses and late night locals. One thought in terms of trains.

Joyce had taken one trip on an observation platform. She had sat and glided backward, away from the double gleam of rail, away from the green country. Women in houses, children on the road, had waved as she left them all behind. That was how this winter seemed. When she went to parties, she was waving at the women in the houses. She felt Time leaving the days behind. It was not easy to accept the thought that Time was journeying. One felt so naturally eternal. *Other* people grew old. *Other* people died. "Good-by, tree. Good-by, child in the red dress." Once at a party Joyce wanted to stand up and scream: "See here. What are we going to do about this? Let's stop the train. Let's speak to the Conductor." But of course no one ever screamed. And no one, to the best of knowledge, had ever spoken to the Conductor.

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

WHAT was there to do? One couldn't go out and live as one could go out and buy violets. Joyce had gone to the circus, when she was small, and spent her good money wandering in and out of the side-shows. After a while she learned there had been a show in the Main Tent, and she had missed it. Now she wondered. She was going in and out of these funny little side-shows, and all the time there must be a big performance in the Main Tent. *Only where was it, and who was attending?*

Oh, this business, this business— Joyce hated people who said they were satisfied with sunsets and walks in the woods. The suburbs were thick with women who said they were happy so long as they could see a sunset. (They wrote poems about nature for the club paper.) Well, sunsets were a pleasure, and walks in the woods. Beauty was encouraging, in its place. But where was there any permanent satisfaction in sunsets? Thought always went away empty from the beauty of the world. It had no substance, no meaning. Joyce might as well feed her body on beach foam as feed her heart on shapes and colors.

Music was only opium to most listeners. Joyce always came out of a concert feeling a bit uplifted, a bit ratty. Books did better. They lasted longer. They were more easily understood. But any active person grew tired of living through books. ("I don't feel like just reading. Let's go somewhere!") This vicarious business. Let some exhausted woman sit down with a love-story and be contented imagining herself the heroine. Let some dead-weary man have his heart in his mouth with the desperado. But those who are not exhausted or stupid will sooner or later want to do their own adventuring. Joyce was not satisfied to live in a book. She wanted no Magic Carpet Series from any circulating library. "Let me hold the reins for a while, Uncle Marshall."

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

ONE trouble was that Joyce could not believe in God. ("Other refuge have I none—") Not to believe was a sort of nose-thumbing at this amazing web of cause and effect. But she couldn't help being impertinent. She couldn't quite make herself believe that Anybody Who Cared had anything to do with it. ("Other refuge have I none—") She could not find a faith that stayed, no matter who argued. And she earnestly wished she could. She longed to be convinced.

Many people nowadays were lonely from not believing. ("Other refuge have I none—") They wandered about their business, whistling in the dark. It was a pity, they said, to stir us all up and make us sensitive. They talked their brave little talk. And all the while they wished—God was such a fine trellis for a person's leaves! Joyce was not one of those smart tough souls who enjoy knocking on the universe and finding it hollow. She could never understand those who said they did not care about being immortal. She wondered if they were extra wise, or only unresourceful. For herself, she could not imagine the universe going on without her. But it would, you know.

Joyce wanted to be lovely in her mind. She admired anyone who had attained that coherence and consistency known as character. Without immortality, character seemed an especially brave occupation. It was like trying to mold a statue, not knowing when the uninterested hammer would descend. Leaving the work at night, covering it with a sheet, not knowing if it would be there in the morning—putting on the delicate touches, making it so fine, working so hard on the curl of the hair—why so careful? The worms are going to eat this brain that is trying to learn French. The human race quaintly taking aspirin for its colds. The human race, gallant and careful—

Joyce thought of the older women she knew in study clubs. If there were not a next world, they were being magnificent. ("They wore such beautiful gloves at the Study Club last Tuesday.") She thought of a girl Clifford had told her about, a girl in his office. She had gone to night school so as to fit herself for a better position. She had been going there two months when she caught pneumonia and died. ("Life is such a breath, little

Dolly!") There were more tragic things in the world, but that night-school girl haunted Joyce. Those last two ambitious months of her life, coming home late, getting tired. If there were a God, what a dumb God! But Joyce couldn't go by a church and hear singing without tears coming to her eyes.

Joyce could keep herself very busy with her house and children. The days would be decently filled. Whenever she didn't know what else to do, she could have the house redecorated. So many people redecorated when they were restless.

As for throwing herself into her children—one can't throw one's self into children all the time. One can't be bringing them up every minute. There are residue hours when one can only sit down and wait for things to take effect on those beloved little *Frankensteins*. Joyce simply could not throw herself into Cherry and Gam. It would be executing a high dive into a shallow pool. Not nearly enough water. Moreover, for one generation to occupy itself solely in caring for the next was making life a bucket brigade where no one ever got the bucket. Joyce wanted to hold it in her own two hands. There was no hurry. There was no fire.

Many women in Brookstone were trying these days to hold the bucket. They were starting little businesses on the side, hat-shops, dress-shops. Not because they needed the money, but just for something to do. ("You know the children are grown now, and I get lonely.") But a hat-shop or a dress-shop rarely lasted for long, because it did not answer any question. ("I gave up the shop. I don't know why. I just got sick of it.") It was no comfort. It was not vital.

I can't give you anything but love, baby—

What did other people think about life when they were alone by themselves and all their other thoughts fell away? Joyce wished she knew what life was like in the next compartment. No matter what people said, she could not be sure life meant to them what it did to her. There was not much use to talk about it. So many people were too sure. They had a place for everything, and everything in its place. They made a sort of bureau drawer out of life, a bureau drawer that God opened occasionally to get a handkerchief. As for those who were not so sure: "What I say is, as long as a man does his best—" "What do I care? I've had my fun here. I'm satisfied." "I think we are all drawn back to one central source of energy—" "What I say is, as long as a man does his best—" "Aw, what's the use of being immortal if you don't know it?" "What I say is, as long as a man does his best—" They were afraid of death. They woke up in the night and were afraid. "Y'know, I had such a pain last night, near my heart. D'you suppose it could really *be* anything?"

AT the theater they told you what life was—life in the next compartment. Moreover, the theater gave one an illusion of violent living. That was why dinner-and-theater was so popular. People said that a good show—well—took you out of yourself. Many of those who attended the theater had never known any deep emotions. They had never known what it was to hate terribly, to love madly, to suffer. Perhaps life had not brought them the occasions. Or they had been careful not to suffer. They had kept themselves canny and small. They had flattened their feelings down to keep away from the big danger. And all their ghastly moderation had resulted in a sort of emotional impotence. They could not have vivid feelings now, unless they were helped. At the theater they paid to be moved as they could not be moved by life. They mentioned their tears afterward. ("My handkerchief was wet, Molly!")

They had been exposed to many events, these people who went to the theater, but they had had few experiences. It is very difficult actually to experience anything, to pass through with eyes open and see and know. It requires a determination not to be numbed, not to crawl away. But changes of fortune numb most people or drive them under cover. They come out when it is all over. They forget events easily because they never really saw them. They were cowering under them all the time, cowering and squinting. But in the theater, with the help of good actors and the shocking lights, people can experience. They pass through love and hate with their eyes open. Perhaps the plays on the stage are not half so dramatic as their own lives. But people do not often realize their own dramas, because life unfolds so slowly and Aunt Minnie is so dull.

JOYCE lived with these trite observations all winter. She knew they were trite; she would have liked to think more extraordinary things. But she could not. She was not far enough along. She went around with a catch in her throat, discovering axioms. She suffered and struggled in her mind—and surged out into some simple conclusion the Greek girls knew in Thessaly when they were gathering olives. She thought one way when the weather was bright, another way when it rained. Cold and warm made a difference, too, and that was discouraging. And she knew that so much of what she toiled over in her thought was untrue, or partly true, or true and of no earthly use. At her feet lay the fragments of the broken mirror and she could not put together enough pieces even to see her own face.

But she did not lose heart. She kept on wondering what life was, when one became a Person. She kept on wondering how to get rid of the litter of the days, the rubbish, the dead hours. She was aware that larger life was often synonymous with love. But she did not want hers to be. Wasn't there anything besides love? Was the larger life only another man? She fought against that idea. It was a hard winter she passed, fumbling, trying to find the big performance in the Main Tent. Life must be more than the sum of its side-shows. Please, not-impossible God— You have something special for us, haven't You?

One thing she resolved: she was not going out after experience. She would wait for it to come to her.

Further engrossing chapters in this suburban pilgrim's progress in search of felicity will appear in the next, the August, issue.

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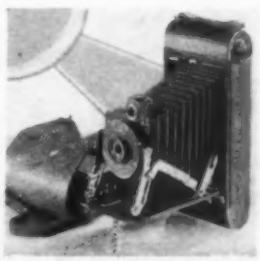
Brownies . . . genuine Eastman cameras . . . cost as little as $2. Kodaks, themselves, may be bought for $5. And Kodaks Petite . . . smart, compact, colorful little cameras with a touch of Paris about them are priced at $7.50, with case.

Decide today to catch those flying moments that some day you'll want to call back again. Visit the nearest Kodak dealer —there's one not far from you, wherever you are—and see the remarkably fine, surprisingly inexpensive Eastman cameras he has to show you.

He'll supply you, also, with the always dependable Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box. It gets the picture . . . clear, crisp, sparkling prints that make the most of every subject. This film is really snapshot insurance because of special features that guard against both under- and over-exposure.

Try it . . . in a modern Kodak . . . and see how many picture opportunities there are that you'll be glad you didn't miss. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.



The camera at the left is the Pocket Kodak Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, $10; with case, $12.50. Available in blue, brown, black and green.